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THE  
ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH  
POPULAR BALLADS

EDITED BY  
FRANCIS JAMES CHILD

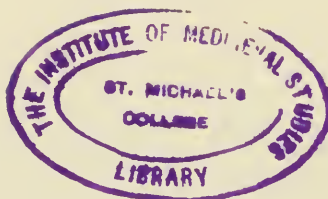
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## ADVERTISEMENT

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I WOULD acknowledge with particular gratitude the liberality of the HON. MRS MAXWELL-SCOTT in allowing the examination and use of the rich store of ballads accumulated at Abbotsford by her immortal ancestor ; and also that of LORD ROSEBURY in sending to Edinburgh for inspection the collection of rare Scottish broadsides formed by the late David Laing, and permitting me to print several articles.

The REV. S. BARING-GOULD has done me the great favor of furnishing me with copies of traditional ballads and songs taken down by him in the West of England.

I am much indebted to the REV. W. FORBES-LEITH for his good offices, and to MR MACMATH, as I have been all along, for help of every description.

F. J. CHILD.

OCTOBER, 1890.





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## HOBIE NOBLE

a. Caw's Poetical Museum, p. 193.    b. 'Hobie Noble,' Percy Papers.

SCOTT'S MINSTRELSY, I, 164, 1802, II, 90, 1833. The source is not mentioned, but was undoubtedly Caw's Museum, though there are variations of text, attributable to the editor. A copy in the Campbell MSS, I, 230, is again from the Museum, with several corrections, two of which are also found in Scott. Caw received the ballad, says Sir Walter, from John Elliot of Reidheugh. b seems to have been sent Percy (with 'Dick o the Cow') by Roger Halt, in 1775.

Hobie Noble, though banished from Bewcastle for his irregularities, will always command the hearty liking of those who live too late to suffer from them, on account of his gallant bearing in the rescue of Jock o the Side. See especially No 187, A, of which Hobie is the hero. All that we know of him is so much as we are told in that ballad and in this. He attached himself, after his expulsion from England, to the laird of Mangerton, who gives him the praise 'Thy coat is blue, thou has been true.'

Sim o the Mains, an Armstrong of the Whithaugh branch (the most important after that of Mangerton), undertakes to betray Hobie to the English land-sergeant. A tryst is set at Kershope-foot, the junction of that stream with the Liddel; and Hobie, who lives a little way up the Liddel, rides eagerly down the water to keep it. He meets five men, who ask him to join them in a raid into England. Hobie dares not go by day; the

land-sergeant is at feud with him on account of a brother's death, in which Hobie must have had a hand, and 'the great earl of Whitfield' has suffered from his depredations;\* but he will be their guide if they will wait till night. He takes them to the Foulbogshiel, where they alight, and word is sent by Sim to the land-sergeant at Askerton, his adversary's residence; the land-sergeant orders the men of the neighborhood to meet him at day-break. Hobie has a bad dream, wakes his comrades in alarm, and sets out to guide them across the Waste; but the sergeant's force come before him, and Sim behind; his sword breaks; he is bound with his own bow-string and taken to Carlisle. As he goes up the quarter called the Rickergate, the wives say one to the other, That's the man that loosed Jock o the Side! They offer him bread and beer, and urge him to confess stealing "my lord's" horses; he swears a great oath that he never had beast of my lord's. He is to die the next day, and says his farewell to Mangerton; he would rather be called 'Hobie Noble' and be hanged in Carlisle, than be called 'Traitor Mains' and eat and drink.

Mr R. B. Armstrong informs me that he has found no notice of Hobie Noble except that Hobbe Noble, with eight others, "lived within the Nyxons, near to Bewcastle."

1569. "Lancy Armistrang of Quhithaugh obliged him . . . for Sym Armistrang of the Mains and the rest of the Armistrangis of

\* The brother is Peter o Whitfield. 'Jock o the Side,' A, begins, 'Peeter a Whitefeld *he* hath slaine, and John a Side he is tane.' 'The great Earl of Whitfield,' 103, seemed to Scott a corruption, and he suggested 'the great Ralph' Whitfield; but Surtees gave him information (which has

not transpired) that led him to think that the reading 'Earl' might be right. Whitfield, in Northumberland, is a few miles southwest of Hexham, and about twenty-five, in a straight line, from Kershope, or the border.

his gang. Syme of the Mains was lodged in Wester Wemys." (Register of the Privy Council of Scotland.)

4. The Mains was a place a very little to the east of Castleton, on the opposite, or north, side of the Liddel. 13-17. Askerton is in the Waste of Bewcastle, "about seventeen miles" northeast of Carlisle. "Willeva and Spear-Edom [otherwise Spade-Adam] are small districts in Bewcastle dale, through which also the Hartlie-burn takes its course. Conscowthart-Green and Rodric-haugh and the Foulbogshiel are the names of places in

the same wilds, through which the Scottish plunderers generally made their raids upon England." (Scott.)

Sim o the Mains fled into England from the resentment of his chief, but was himself executed at Carlisle about two months after Hobie's death. "Such is at least the tradition of Liddesdale," says Scott. This is of course, notwithstanding the precision of the interval of two months, what Lord Bacon calls "an imagination as one would"; an appendage of a later generation, in the interest of poetical justice.

1 FOUL fa the breast first treason bred in!  
That Liddisdale may safely say,  
For in it there was baith meat and drink,  
And corn unto our geldings gay.  
Fala la diddle, etc.

2 We were stout-hearted men and true,  
As England it did often say;  
But now we may turn our backs and fly,  
Since brave Noble is sold away.

3 Now Hobie he was an English man,  
And born into Bewcastle dale,  
But his misdeeds they were sae great,  
They banishd him to Liddisdale.

4 At Kershope-foot the tryst was set,  
Kershope of the lily lee;  
And there was traitour Sim o the Mains,  
With him a private companie.

5 Then Hobie has graithd his body weel,  
I wat it was wi baith good iron and steel;  
And he has pulld out his fringed grey,  
And there, brave Noble, he rade him weel.

6 Then Hobie is down the water gane,  
Een as fast as he may drie;  
Tho they shoud a' brusten and broken their  
hearts,  
Frae that tryst Noble he would not be.

7 'Weel may ye be, my feiries five!  
And aye, what is your wills wi me?'  
Then they cryd a' wi ae consent,  
Thou'rt welcome here, brave Noble, to me.

8 Wilt thou with us in England ride?  
And thy safe-warrant we will be,  
If we get a horse worth a hundred punds,  
Upon his back that thou shalt be.

9 'I dare not with you into England ride,  
The land-sergeant has me at feid;  
I know not what evil may betide  
For Peter of Whitfield his brother's  
dead.

10 'And Anton Shiel, he loves not me,  
For I gat twa drifts of his sheep;  
The great Earl of Whitfield loves me not,  
For nae gear frae me he eer could  
keep.

11 'But will ye stay till the day gae down,  
Until the night come oer the grund,  
And I'll be a guide worth ony twa  
That may in Liddisdale be fund.

12 'Tho dark the night as pick and tar,  
I'll guide ye oer yon hills fu hie,  
And bring ye a' in safety back,  
If you'll be true and follow me.'

13 He's guided them oer moss and muir,  
Oer hill and houp, and mony ae down,  
Til they came to the Foulbogshiel,  
And there brave Noble he lighted down.

14 Then word is gane to the land-sergeant,  
In Askirton where that he lay:  
'The deer that ye hae hunted lang  
Is seen into the Waste this day.'



- 15 'Then Hobie Noble is that deer;  
I wat he carries the style fu hie!  
Aft has he beat your slough-hounds back,  
And set yourselves at little ee.
- 16 'Gar warn the bows of Hartlie-burn,  
See they shaft their arrows on the wa!  
Warn Willeva and Spear Edom,  
And see the morn they meet me a'.
- 17 'Gar meet me on the Rodrie-haugh,  
And see it be by break o day;  
And we will on to Conscowthart Green,  
For there, I think, w'll get our prey.'
- 18 Then Hobie Noble has dreamd a dream,  
In the Foulbogshiel where that he lay;  
He thought his horse was neath him shot,  
And he himself got hard away.
- 19 The cocks could crow, and the day could dawn,  
And I wat so even down fell the rain;  
If Hobie had no wakend at that time,  
In the Foulbogshiel he had been tane or slain.
- 20 'Get up, get up, my feiries five —  
For I wat here makes a fu ill day —  
And the warst clock of this companie  
I hope shall cross the Waste this day.'
- 21 Now Hobie thought the gates were clear,  
But, ever alas! it was not sae;  
They were beset wi cruel men and keen,  
That away brave Noble could not gae.
- 22 'Yet follow me, my feiries five,  
And see of me ye keep good ray,  
And the worst clock of this companie  
I hope shall cross the Waste this day.'
- 23 There was heaps of men now Hobie before,  
And other heaps was him behind,  
That had he been as wight as Wallace was  
Away brave Noble he could not win.
- 24 Then Hobie he had but a laddies sword,  
But he did more than a laddies deed;  
In the midst of Conscowthart Green,  
He brake it oer Jers a Wigham's head.
- 25 Now they have tane brave Hobie Noble,  
Wi his ain bowstring they band him sae;  
And I wat his heart was neer sae sair  
As when his ain five band him on the brae.
- 26 They have tane him [on] for West Carlisle;  
They askd him if he knew the way;  
Whateer he thought, yet little he said;  
He knew the way as well as they.
- 27 They hae tane him up the Ricker-gate;  
The wives they cast their windows wide,  
And ilka wife to anither can say,  
That's the man loosd Jock o the Side!
- 28 'Fy on ye, women! why ca ye me man?  
For it's nae man that I'm usd like;  
I'm but like a forfoughen hound,  
Has been fighting in a dirty syke.'
- 29 Then they hae tane him up thro Carlisle town,  
And set him by the chimney-fire;  
They gave brave Noble a wheat loaf to eat,  
And that was little his desire.
- 30 Then they gave him a wheat loaf to eat  
And after that a can o beer;  
Then they cried a', wi ae consent,  
Eat, brave Noble, and make good cheer!
- 31 Confess my lord's horse, Hobie, they say,  
And the morn in Carlisle thou's no die;  
'How shall I confess them?' Hobie says,  
'For I never saw them with mine eye.'
- 32 Then Hobie has sworn a fu great aith,  
By the day that he was gotten or born,  
He never had onything o my lord's  
That either eat him grass or corn.
- 33 'Now fare thee weel, sweet Mangerton!  
For I think again I'll neer thee see;  
I wad betray nae lad alive,  
For a' the goud in Christentie.
- 34 'And fare thee well now, Liddisdale,  
Baith the hie land and the law!  
Keep ye weel frae traitor Mains!  
For goud and gear he'll sell ye a'.
- 35 'I'd rather be ca'd Hobie Noble,  
In Carlisle, where he suffers for his faut,  
Before I were ca'd traitor Mains,  
That eats and drinks of meal and maut.'

- a. 9<sup>4</sup>. brother is dead: *cf.* b. (Dead is death.)  
 10<sup>2</sup>. For twa drifts of his sheep I gat: *corrected in Scott and in the Campbell MS.*  
 15<sup>4</sup>. lee, b lye: *corrected to fee in Campbell MS.* (ee = awe.)  
 16<sup>2</sup>. shaft is *corrected to sharp in Scott and the Campbell MS.*  
 24<sup>4</sup>. Jersawigham's: *cf.* b.  
 b. *There is a burden after the first, second, and fourth line, variously given; as, Fa (La, Ta) la`didle, Ta la la didle, etc., after the first and second; Fala didle, lal didle, Tal didle, tal diddle, after the fourth.*  
 2<sup>1,2</sup> *wanting.* 2<sup>3,4</sup>. 1<sup>5,6</sup> *in the MS.*  
 2<sup>3</sup>. flee. 2<sup>4</sup>. he is. 3<sup>1</sup>. Then for Now.  
 5<sup>2</sup>. both with. 5<sup>3</sup>. out a.  
 6<sup>3</sup>. If they should all have bursen.  
 6<sup>4</sup>. From. 7<sup>4</sup>. here *wanting.* 8<sup>1</sup>. Will.  
 8<sup>2</sup>. we shall. 8<sup>3</sup>. pound. 8<sup>4</sup>. shall.  
 9<sup>1</sup>. in. 9<sup>4</sup>. brother's dead (*death*).  
 10<sup>2</sup>. For twa drifts of his sheep I gott.  
 10<sup>3</sup>. not me. 10<sup>4</sup>. me that he can keep.  
 11<sup>3</sup>. worth other three. 11<sup>4</sup> *wanting.*

- 12<sup>1,2</sup> *written as* 11<sup>4</sup>: The pick and tar was never so dark but I'le guide you over yon hillies high.  
 12<sup>3,4</sup> *wanting.* 15<sup>1</sup>. he was that. 15<sup>3</sup>. slooth.  
 15<sup>4</sup>. little lye. 16<sup>2</sup>. shaft. 16<sup>3</sup>. Gar warn.  
 17<sup>1</sup>. me the morn.  
 17<sup>2</sup>. see that it be by the.  
 17<sup>3</sup>. Corscowthart. 17<sup>4</sup>. ow? 18<sup>3</sup>. beneath.  
 19<sup>1</sup>. cra: da. 19<sup>3</sup>. not. 19<sup>4</sup>. either tane.  
 21<sup>1</sup>. But H.: gates they had been. 21<sup>3</sup>. set.  
 21<sup>4</sup>. Noble he.  
 23<sup>1</sup>. lumps for heaps (*heaps in* 23<sup>2</sup>).  
 24<sup>3</sup>. Corscothart. 24<sup>4</sup>. Jers a wighams.  
 25<sup>1</sup>. They have tane now H. N.  
 25<sup>2</sup>. bow-strings.  
 25<sup>3</sup>. his heart was never so wae.  
 26<sup>1</sup>. on for. 27<sup>2</sup>. cuist. 27<sup>3</sup>. Then every.  
 27<sup>4</sup>. John of. 28<sup>3</sup>. for fouchald.  
 29<sup>3</sup>. brave *wanting*: for to. 30<sup>1</sup> *wanting.*  
 32<sup>3</sup>. had nothing. 33<sup>1</sup>. now for sweet.  
 33<sup>4</sup>. Crisenty. 34<sup>3</sup>. And keep.  
 35<sup>1</sup>. cald now.  
 35<sup>4</sup>. That eat and drank him a of.

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## JAMIE TELFER OF THE FAIR DODHEAD

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, I, 80, 1802; II, 3, 1833.

SCOTT, by whom this ballad was first published, and to whom alone it seems to be known, gives us no information how he came by it. He says, "There is another ballad, under the same title as the following, in which nearly the same incidents are narrated, with little difference except that the honor of rescuing the cattle is attributed to the Liddesdale Elliots, headed by a chief, there called Martin Elliot of the Preakin Tower, whose son, Simon, is said to have fallen in the action. It is very possible that both the Teviotdale Scotts and the Elliots were engaged in the affair, and that each claimed the honor of the victory." Ed. 1833, II. 3.

Scott has suggested that an article in the list of attempts upon England, fouled by the commissioners at Berwick in the year 1587, may relate to the subject of the ballad.

October, 1582.\*

Thomas Musgrave, de- { Walter Scott, Laird } 200 kine and  
 puty of Bewcastle, { of Buckluth, and his } oxen, 300 gait  
 and the tenants, against { complices; for } and sheep.

Bewcastle, of which Thomas Musgrave at the above date was deputy and captain, was, says Percy, a great rendezvous of thieves and moss-troopers down to the last century. "It

\* Nicolson and Burn, History of Westmorland and Cumberland, p. xxxi.

is handed down by report," he remarks, "that there was formerly an Order of Council that no inhabitant of Bewcastle should be returned on a jury." That the deputy of the warden, an officer of the peace, should be exhibited as making a raid, not in the way of retaliation, but simply for plunder, is too much out of rule even for Bewcastle, and does not speak favorably for the antiquity of the ballad.

Taking the story as it stands, the Captain of Bewcastle, who is looking for a prey, is taken by a guide to the Fair Dodhead, which he pillages of kye and everything valuable. Jamie Telfer, whose threat of revenge the Captain treats with derision, runs ten miles afoot to the Elliots of Stobs Hall, to whom he says he has paid mail, st. 11, and asks help. Gib Elliot denies the mail, and tells him to go to the Scotts at Branksome where he has paid it. Telfer keeps on to Coultart Cleugh, and there makes his case known to a brother-in-law, who gives him a mount "to take the fray" to Catslockhill. There William's Wat, who had often eaten of the Dodhead basket, gives him his company and that of two sons, and they take the fray to Branksome. Buccleuch collects a body of men of his name, and sends them out under the command of Willie Scott, who overtakes the marauders, and asks the Captain if he will let Telfer's kye go back. This he will not do for love or for fear. The Scotts set on them; Willie is killed, but two and thirty of the raiders' saddles are emptied, and the Captain is badly wounded and made prisoner. Nor is that all, for the Scotts ride to the Captain's house and loose his cattle, and when they come to the Fair Dodhead, for ten milk kye Jamie Telfer has three and thirty.

Walter Scott of Harden and Walter Scott of Goldielands, and, according to Scott of

Satchells, Scott of Commonsides, st. 26, were engaged with Buccleuch in the rescue of Kinmont Willie. So was Will Elliot of Gorrombye, st. 27<sup>4</sup>.

The ballad was retouched for the Border Minstrelsy, nobody can say how much. The 36th stanza is in Hardyknute style. St. 12 is not only found elsewhere (cf. 'Young Beichan,' E 6), but could not be more inappropriately brought in than here; Scott, however, is not responsible for that.

Scott makes the following notes on the localities:

2. Hardhaughswire is the pass from Liddesdale to the head of Teviotdale. Borthwick water is a stream which falls into the Teviot three miles above Hawick. 3. The Dodhead was in Selkirkshire, near Singlee, where there are still the vestiges of an old tower. 7. Stobs Hall: upon Slitterick. 10. Branksome Ha, the ancient family-seat of the lairds of Buccleuch, near Hawick. 13. The Coultart Cleugh is nearly opposite to Carlinrig, on the road between Hawick and Mossypaul. 26. The estates mentioned in this verse belonged to families of the name of Scott residing upon the waters of Borthwick and Teviot, near the castle of their chief. 27. The pursuers seem to have taken the road through the hills of Liddesdale in order to collect forces and intercept the forayers at the passage of the Liddel on their return to Bewcastle. 29. The Frostylee is a brook which joins the Teviot near Mossypaul. 33, 38. The Ritterford and Kershopeford are noted fords on the river Liddel. 36. The Dinlay is a mountain in Liddesdale. 44. Stanegirthside: a house belonging to the Forsters, situated on the English side of the Liddel.

---

1 It fell about the Martinmas tyde,  
Whan our Border steeds get corn and hay,  
The Captain of Bewcastle hath bound him to  
ryde,  
And he's ower to Tividale to drive a prey.

2 The first ae guide that they met wi,  
It was high up in Hardhaughswire;  
The second guide that they met wi,  
It was laigh down in Borthwick water.



- 3 'What tidings, what tidings, my trusty guide?'  
 'Nae tidings, nae tidings, I hae to thee;  
 But gin ye 'll gae to the Fair Dodhead,  
 Mony a cow's cauf I 'll let thee see.'
- 4 And when they cam to the Fair Dodhead,  
 Right hastily they clam the peel;  
 They loosed the kye out, ane and a',  
 And ranshakled the house right weel.
- 5 Now Jamie Telfer's heart was sair,  
 The tear aye rowing in his ee;  
 He pled wi the Captain to hae his gear,  
 Or else revenged he wad be.
- 6 The Captain turned him round and leugh;  
 Said, Man, there 's naething in thy house  
 But ae auld sword without a sheath,  
 That hardly now wad fell a mouse.
- 7 The sun was na up, but the moon was down,  
 It was the gryming of a new-fa'n snaw;  
 Jamie Telfer has run ten myles a-foot,  
 Between the Dodhead and the Stobs's Ha.
- 8 And when he cam to the fair tower-yate,  
 He shouted loud, and cried weel hie,  
 Till out bespak auld Gibby Elliot,  
 'Whae's this that brings the fray to me?'
- 9 'It's I, Jamie Telfer o the Fair Dodhead,  
 And a harried man I think I be;  
 There's naething left at the Fair Dodhead  
 But a waefu wife and bairnies three.'
- 10 'Gae seek your succour at Branksome Ha,  
 For succour ye 'se get nane frae me;  
 Gae seek your succour where ye paid black-  
 mail,  
 For, man, ye neer paid money to me.'
- 11 Jamie has turned him round about,  
 I wat the tear blinded his ee:  
 'I'll neer pay mail to Elliot again,  
 And the Fair Dodhead I'll never see.
- 12 'My hounds may a' rin masterless,  
 My hawks may fly frae tree to tree,  
 My lord may grip my vassal-lands,  
 For there again maun I never be!'
- 13 He has turned him to the Tiviot-side,  
 Een as fast as he could drie,  
 Till he cam to the Coultart Cleugh,  
 And there he shouted baith loud and hie.
- 14 Then up bespak him auld Jock Grieve:  
 'Whae's this that brings the fray to me?'  
 'It's I, Jamie Telfer o the Fair Dodhead,  
 A harried man I trew I be.
- 15 'There's naething left in the Fair Dodhead  
 But a greeting wife and bairnies three,  
 And sax poor ca's stand in the sta,  
 A' routing loud for their minnie.'
- 16 'Alack a wae!' quo auld Jock Grieve,  
 'Alack, my heart is sair for thee!  
 For I was married on the elder sister,  
 And you on the youngest of a' the three.'
- 17 Then he has taen out a bonny black,  
 Was right weel fed wi corn and hay,  
 And he's set Jamie Telfer on his back,  
 To the Catslockhill to tak the fray.
- 18 And whan he cam to the Catslockhill,  
 He shouted loud and cried weel hie,  
 Till out and spak him William's Wat,  
 'O whae's this brings the fray to me?'
- 19 'It's I, Jamie Telfer o the Fair Dodhead,  
 A harried man I think I be;  
 The Captain o Bewcastle has driven my  
 gear;  
 For God's sake, rise and succour me!'
- 20 'Alas for wae!' quo William's Wat,  
 'Alack, for thee my heart is sair!  
 I never cam bye the Fair Dodhead  
 That ever I fand thy basket bare.'
- 21 He's set his twa sons on coal-black steeds,  
 Himsel upon a freckled gray,  
 And they are on wi Jamie Telfer,  
 To Branksome Ha to tak the fray.
- 22 And when they cam to Branksome Ha,  
 They shouted a' baith loud and hie,  
 Till up and spak him auld Buccleuch,  
 Said, Whae's this brings the fray to me?
- 23 'It's I, Jamie Telfer o the Fair Dodhead,  
 And a harried man I think I be;  
 There's nought left in the Fair Dodhead  
 But a greeting wife and bairnies three.'



- 24 'Alack for wae!' quo the gude auld lord,  
 'And ever my heart is wae for thee!  
 But fye, gar cry on Willie, my son,  
 And see that he cum to me speedilie.
- 25 'Gar warn the water, braid and wide!  
 Gar warn it sune and hastilie!  
 They that winna ride for Telfer's kye,  
 Let them never look in the face o me!
- 26 'Warn Wat o Harden and his sons,  
 Wi them will Borthwick water ride;  
 Warn Gaudilands, and Allanhaugh,  
 And Gilmanscleugh, and Commonsie.
- 27 'Ride by the gate at Priesthaughswire,  
 And warn the Currors o the Lee;  
 As ye cum down the Hermitage Slack,  
 Warn doughty Willie o Gorrinberry.'
- 28 The Scotts they rade, the Scotts they ran,  
 Sae starkly and sae steadilie,  
 And aye the over-word o the thrang  
 Was, Rise for Branksome readilie!
- 29 The gear was driven the Frostylee up,  
 Frae the Frostylee unto the plain,  
 Whan Willie has lookd his men before,  
 And saw the kye right fast driving.
- 30 'Whae drives thir kye,' can Willie say,  
 'To make an outspeckle o me?'  
 'It's I, the Captain o Bewcastle, Willie;  
 I winna layne my name for thee.'
- 31 'O will ye let Telfer's kye gae back?  
 Or will ye do aught for regard o me?  
 Or, by the faith of my body,' quo Willie Scott,  
 'I'se ware my dame's cauf's skin on thee.'
- 32 'I winna let the kye gae back,  
 Neither for thy love nor yet thy fear;  
 But I will drive Jamie Telfer's kye  
 In spite of every Scott that's here.'
- 33 'Set on them, lads!' quo Willie than;  
 'Fye, lads, set on them cruellie!  
 For ere they win to the Ritterford,  
 Mony a toom saddle there sall be!'
- 34 Then till 't they gaed, wi heart and hand;  
 The blows fell thick as bickering hail;
- And mony a horse ran masterless,  
 And mony a comely cheek was pale.
- 35 But Willie was stricken ower the head,  
 And through the knapsap the sword has  
 gane;  
 And Harden grat for very rage,  
 Whan Willie on the grund lay slane.
- 36 But he's taen aff his gude steel cap,  
 And thrice he's waved it in the air;  
 The Dinlay snaw was neer mair white  
 Nor the lyart locks of Harden's hair.
- 37 'Revenge! revenge!' auld Wat can cry;  
 'Fye, lads, lay on them cruellie!  
 We'll neer see Tiviot side again,  
 Or Willie's death revenged sall be.'
- 38 O mony a horse ran masterless,  
 The splintered lances flew on hie;  
 But or they wan to the Kershope ford,  
 The Scotts had gotten the victory.
- 39 John o Brigham there was slane,  
 And John o Barlow, as I hear say,  
 And thirty mae o the Captain's men  
 Lay bleeding on the grund that day.
- 40 The Captain was run through the thick of the  
 thigh,  
 And broken was his right leg-bane;  
 If he had lived this hundred years,  
 He had never been loved by woman again.
- 41 'Hae back the kye!' the Captain said;  
 'Dear kye, I trow, to some they be;  
 For gin I suld live a hundred years  
 There will neer fair lady smile on me.'
- 42 Then word is gane to the Captain's bride,  
 Even in the bower where that she lay,  
 That her lord was prisoner in enemy's land,  
 Since into Tividale he had led the way.
- 43 'I wad loured have had a winding-sheet,  
 And helped to put it ower his head,  
 Ere he had been disgraced by the border Scot,  
 Whan he ower Liddel his men did lead!'
- 44 There was a wild gallant amang us a',  
 His name was Watty wi the Wudspurs,

- Cried, On for his house in Stanegirthside,  
If ony man will ride with us!
- 45 When they cam to the Stanegirthside,  
They dang wi trees and burst the door;  
They loosed out a' the Captain's kye,  
And set them forth our lads before.
- 46 There was an auld wyfe ayont the fire,  
A wee bit o the Captain's kin:  
'Whae dar loose out the Captain's kye,  
Or answer to him and his men?'
- 47 'It's I, Watty Wudspurs, loose the kye,  
I winna layne my name frae thee;
- And I will loose out the Captain's kye  
In scorn of a' his men and he.'
- 48 Whan they cam to the Fair Dodhead,  
They were a wellcum sight to see,  
For instead of his ain ten milk-kye,  
Jamie Telfer has gotten thirty and three.
- 49 And he has paid the rescue-shot,  
Baith wi gowd and white monie,  
And at the burial o Willie Scott  
I wat was mony a weeping ee.

28<sup>1</sup>, 32<sup>4</sup>, 38<sup>4</sup>. Scots, Scot. *In the last edition*,  
Scotts, Scott.  
29<sup>4</sup>. drivand *in the later edition*.  
31<sup>4</sup>. cauf *in the later edition*.  
37<sup>1</sup>. gan *in the later edition*.

40. "The Editor has used some freedom with  
the original. The account of the Captain's  
disaster (teste læva vulnerata) is rather too  
naive for literal publication."

## 191

## HUGHIE GRAME

- A. 'The Life and Death of Sir Hugh of the Grime.'  
a. Roxburghe Ballads, II, 294. b. Douce Ballads,  
II, 204 b. c. Rawlinson Ballads, 566, fol. 9. d.  
Pills to purge Melancholy, VI, 289, 17. e. Rox-  
burghe Ballads, III, 344.
- B. 'Hughie Graham,' Johnson's Museum, No 303, p.  
312; Cromek, Reliques of Robert Burns, 4th ed.,  
1817, p. 287; Cromek, Select Scottish Songs, 1810,  
II, 151.
- C. 'Hughie the Græme,' Scott's Minstrelsy, 1803, III,  
85; 1833, III, 107.
- D. 'Sir Hugh in the Grime's Downfall,' Roxburghe  
Ballads, III, 456, edited by J. F. Ebsworth for The  
Ballad Society, VI, 598.
- E. 'Sir Hugh the Græme,' Buchan's MSS, I, 53;  
Dixon, Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient  
Ballads, p. 73, Percy Society, vol. xvii.
- F. Macmath MS., p. 79, two stanzas.
- G. 'Hughie Grame,' Harris MS., fol. 27 b, one stanza.

THERE is a copy of the broadside among the  
Pepys ballads, II, 148, No 130, printed, like  
a, b, c, for P. Brooksby, with the variation,  
"at the Golden Ball, near the Bear Tavern,  
in Pye Corner." The ballad was given in  
Ritson's Ancient Songs, 1790, p. 192, from

A a, collated with another copy "in the hands  
of John Baynes, Esq." In a note, p. 332,  
Ritson says: "In the editor's collection is a  
somewhat different ballad upon the same  
subject, intitled 'Sir Hugh in the Grimes  
downfall, or a new song made on Sir Hugh

Page 9. I have received, too late for present use, three traditional copies of 'Hughie Grame' from Abbotsford, two of which are varieties of **B**, the third the original of **C**. **C** 2-5, 16, were taken from Ritson, not without changes. One of the varieties of **B** has **E** 15 in a form very near to No 169, **B** **b**, **c**.





in the Grime, who was hangd for stealing the Bishop's mare.' It begins, 'Good Lord John is a hunting gone.' This last was evidently the late and corrupt copy D. Of C Scott says: "The present edition was procured for me by my friend Mr W. Laidlaw, in Blackhouse, and has been long current in Selkirkshire. Mr Ritson's copy has occasionally been resorted to for better readings." B is partially rewritten by Cunningham, Songs of Scotland, I, 327. The copy in R. H. Evans's Old Ballads, 1810, I, 367, is A; that in The Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire, First Series, p. 47, is of course B; Aytoun, ed. of 1859, II, 128, reprints C; Maidment, 1868, II, 140, A, II, 145, C.

"According to tradition," says Stenhouse, "Robert Aldridge, Bishop of Carlisle, about the year 1560, seduced the wife of Hugh Graham, one of those bold and predatory chiefs who so long inhabited what was called the debateable land on the English and Scottish border. Graham, being unable to bring so powerful a prelate to justice, in revenge made an excursion into Cumberland, and carried off, *inter alia*, a fine mare belonging to the bishop; but being closely pursued by Sir John Scroope, warden of Carlisle, with a party on horseback, was apprehended near Solway Moss, and carried to Carlisle, where he was tried and convicted of felony. Great intercessions were made to save his life, but the bishop, it is said, being determined to remove the chief obstacle to his guilty passions, remained inexorable, and poor Graham fell a victim to his own indiscretion and his wife's infidelity. Anthony Wood observes that there were many changes in this prelate's time, both in church and state, but that he retained his office and preferments during them all." Musical Museum, 1853, IV, 297.

The pretended tradition is plainly extracted from the ballad, the bishop's name and the date being supplied from without. The *inter alia* is introduced, and the mare qualified as a fine one, to mitigate the ridiculousness of making Hugh Graham steal a mare to retaliate the wrong done him by the bishop. As Allan Cunningham remarks, "tradition, in all the varieties of her legends, never invented such an unnecessary and superfluous reason as this. By habit and by nature thieves, the Grames never waited for anything like a pretence to steal." In passing, it may be observed that Hugh is quite arbitrarily elevated to the rank of a predatory chief.

Scott suggested in 1803, Minstrelsy, I, 86 f., that Hugh Graham may have been one of more than four hundred borderers against whom complaints were exhibited to the lord bishop of Carlisle for incursions, murders, burnings, mutilations, and spoils committed by the English of Cumberland and Westmoreland upon Scots "presently after the queen's departure;" that is, after Mary Stuart's going to France, which was in 1548. Nearly a third of the names given in a partial list are Grames, but there is no Hugh among them.\* The bishop of Carlisle at the time was Robert Aldridge, who held the see from 1537 till his death in 1555.† Lord Scroope (Screw) is the English warden of the West Marches in A, C, D. A Lord Scroope had that office in 1542, but Lord Wharton, Lord Dacre, and others during the last years of Bishop Aldridge's life, say from 1548 to 1555. Henry Lord Scroope of Bolton was appointed to the place in 1563, retained it thirty years, and was succeeded by his son, Thomas.‡ Considering how long the Scroopes held the wardenship, and that the ballad is not so old as the middle of the sixteenth century, the fact that

\* I do not know whether the document cited is extant or accessible, or whether it was examined by Mr T. J. Carlyle for his paper on the Debateable Land; he mentions no Hugh Grame, p. 13 f.

Though Grames are numerous (in 1592 they were considered the greatest surname on the west border of England, R. B. Armstrong), I have found only one Hugh out of the ballad. Hugh's Francie, that is Hugh's son Francie, is in the list of the Grames transported to Ireland in 1607.

Nicolson and Burn, History of Westmorland and Cumberland, I, cxx.

† Nicolson and Burn, I, lxxxii, II, 279 f. As for Bishop Aldridge's character, his being a trimmer does not make him a "limmer." Ecclesiastics are not infrequently accused in ballads, but no man is to lose his reputation without better evidence than that.

‡ Nicolson and Burn, I, x, xliii, xcii.



a Lord Scroope was not warden in the precise year when the complaints were addressed to the bishop of Carlisle would be of no consequence if Scott's conjecture were well supported.

The story is the same in A-D, and in E also till we near the end, though there are variations in the names. The scene is at Carlisle in A, C, D; at Stirling in B, E. Lord Home, who appears as intercessor for Hugh Graham in C, exercises the authority of the Scottish warden and arrests Hugh in E. Lord Home was warden of the *east marches* of Scotland from 1550, and I know not how much earlier, to 1564. The Lord Boles of A may possibly represent Sir Robert Bowes, who was warden of the *east marches* of England in 1550 and earlier. The Whitefoords of B are adopted into the ballad from the region in which that version circulated, they being "an ancient family in Renfrewshire and Lanarkshire, and latterly in Ayrshire."\*

The high jump which Hugh makes in A

18, C 12, D 4 (fourteen, or even eighteen, feet, with his hands tied on his back), is presumably an effort at escape, though, for all that is said, it might be a leap in the air. In E 16-19, the prisoner jumps an eighteen-foot wall (tied as before), is defended by four brothers against ten pursuers, and sent over sea: which is certainly a modern perversion.

A is strangely corrupted in several places, 2<sup>2</sup>, 11<sup>4</sup>, 13<sup>2</sup>. Screw is plainly for Scroope. Garlard, sometimes printed Garland, is an obscuration of Cárliste. The extravagance in 16<sup>3</sup>, it is to be hoped, is a corruption also. Stanzas 3, 8 of B are obviously, as Cromek says, the work of Burns, and the same is true of 10<sup>3,4</sup>. But Burns has left some nonsense in 11, 12: 'my sword that's bent in the middle clear,' 'my sword that's bent in the middle brown.' We have more of this meaningless phraseology in E 10, 11, 12, where swords are pointed 'wi the metal clear,' 'brown,' 'fine.' Stanza 15 of E is borrowed from 'Johnie Armstrong.'

### A

a. Roxburghe Ballads, II, 294. b. Douce Ballads, II, 204 b. c. Rawlinson Ballads, 566, fol. 9. All printed for P. Brooksby: 1672-95(?). d. Pills to purge Melancholy, VI, 289, 17. e. Roxburghe Ballads, III, 344.

- 1 As it befell upon one time,  
About mid-summer of the year,  
Every man was taxt of his crime,  
For stealing the good Lord Bishop's mare.
- 2 The good Lord Screw he saddled a horse,  
And rid after this same scime;  
Before he did get over the moss,  
There was he aware of Sir Hugh of the Grime.
- 3 'Turn, O turn, thou false traytor,  
Turn, and yield thyself unto me;  
Thou hast stolen the Lord Bishops mare,  
And now thou thinkest away to flee.'
- 4 'No, soft, Lord Screw, that may not be!  
Here is a broad sword by my side,

And if that thou canst conquer me,  
The victory will soon be try'd.'

- 5 'I ner was afraid of a traytor bold,  
Although thy name be Hugh in the Grime;  
I 'le make thee repent thy speeches foul,  
If day and life but give me time.'
- 6 'Then do thy worst, good Lord Screw,  
And deal your blows as fast as you can;  
It will be try'd between me and you  
Which of us two shall be the best man.'
- 7 Thus as they dealt their blows so free,  
And both so bloody at that time, \*  
Over the moss ten yeomen they see,  
Come for to take Sir Hugh in the Grime.
- 8 Sir Hugh set his back against a tree,  
And then the men encompass him round;  
His mickle sword from his hand did flee,  
And then they brought Sir Hugh to the ground.

\* Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire, 1st Series, p. 50.

- 9 Sir Hugh of the Grime now taken is  
And brought back to Garlard town;  
[Then cry'd] the good wives all in Garlard  
town,  
'Sir Hugh in the Grime, thou 'st ner gang  
down.'
- 10 The good Lord Bishop is come to the town,  
And on the bench is set so high;  
And every man was taxt to his crime,  
At length he called Sir Hugh in the Grime.
- 11 'Here am I, thou false bishop,  
Thy humours all to fulfill;  
I do not think my fact so great  
But thou mayst put it into thy own will.'
- 12 The quest of jury-men was call'd,  
The best that was in Garlard town;  
Eleven of them spoke all in a breast,  
'Sir Hugh in the Grime, thou 'st ner gang  
down.'
- 13 Then another questry-men was call'd,  
The best that was in Rumary;  
Twelve of them spoke all in a breast,  
'Sir Hugh in the Grime, thou 'st now guilty.'
- 14 Then came down my good Lord Boles,  
Falling down upon his knee:  
'Five hundred pieces of gold would I give,  
To grant Sir Hugh in the Grime to me.'
- 15 'Peace, peace, my good Lord Boles,  
And of your speeches set them by!  
If there be eleven Grimes all of a name,  
Then by my own honour they all should  
dye.'
- 16 Then came down my good Lady Ward,  
Falling low upon her knee:
- 'Five hundred measures of gold I 'le give,  
To grant Sir Hugh of the Grime to me.'
- 17 'Peace, peace, my good Lady Ward,  
None of your proffers shall him buy!  
For if there be twelve Grimes all of a name,  
By my own honour they all should dye.'
- 18 Sir Hugh of the Grime 's condemn'd to dye,  
And of his friends he had no lack;  
Fourteen foot he leapt in his ward,  
His hands bound fast upon his back.
- 19 Then he lookt over his left shoulder,  
To see whom he could see or spy;  
Then was he aware of his father dear,  
Came tearing his hair most pittingfully.
- 20 'Peace, peace, my father dear,  
And of your speeches set them by!  
Though they have bereav'd me of my life,  
They cannot bereave me of heaven so high.'
- 21 He lookt over his right shoulder,  
To see whom he could see or spy;  
There was he aware of his mother dear,  
Came tearing her hair most pittingfully.
- 22 'Pray have me remembred to Peggy, my  
wife;  
As she and I walkt over the moor,  
She was the cause of [the loss of] my life,  
And with the old bishop she plaid the  
whore.
- 23 'Here, Johnny Armstrong, take thou my  
sword,  
That is made of the mettle so fine,  
And when thou comst to the border-side,  
Remember the death of Sir Hugh of the  
Grime.'

## B

Johnson's Museum, No 303, p. 312, contributed by Burns;  
Cromek, Reliques of Robert Burns, 4th ed., 1817, p. 287;  
Cromek, Select Scottish Songs, etc., 1810, II, 151. From  
oral tradition in Ayrshire.

- 1 OUR lords are to the mountains gane,  
A hunting o the fallow deer,  
And they hae gripet Hughie Graham,  
For stealing o the bishop's mare.

- 2 And they hae tied him hand and foot,  
And led him up thro Stirling town;  
The lads and lasses met him there,  
Cried, Hughie Graham, thou art a loun!
- 3 'O lowse my right hand free,' he says,  
'And put my braid sword in the same,  
He 's no in Stirling town this day  
Daur tell the tale to Hughie Graham.'

- 4 Up then bespake the brave Whitefoord,  
As he sat by the bishop's knee :  
'Five hundred white stots I'll gie you,  
If ye'll let Hughie Graham gae free.'
- 5 'O haud your tongue,' the bishop says,  
'And wi your pleading let me be !  
For tho ten Grahams were in his coat,  
Hughie Graham this day shall die.'
- 6 Up then bespake the fair Whitefoord,  
As she sat by the bishop's knee :  
'Five hundred white pence I'll gee you,  
If ye'll gie Hughie Graham to me.'
- 7 'O haud your tongue now, lady fair,  
And wi your pleading let it be !  
Altho ten Grahams were in his coat,  
It's for my honour he maun die.'
- 8 They've taen him to the gallows-knowe,  
He looked to the gallows-tree,  
Yet never colour left his cheek,  
Nor ever did he blink his ee.
- 9 At length he looked round about,  
To see whatever he could spy,

And there he saw his auld father,  
And he was weeping bitterly.

- 10 'O haud your tongue, my father dear,  
And wi your weeping let it be !  
Thy weeping's sairer on my heart  
Than a' that they can do to me.
- 11 'And ye may gie my brother John  
My sword that's bent in the middle clear,  
And let him come at twelve o'clock,  
And see me pay the bishop's mare.
- 12 'And ye may gie my brother James  
My sword that's bent in the middle brown,  
And bid him come at four o'clock,  
And see his brother Hugh cut down.
- 13 'Remember me to Maggy my wife,  
The niest time ye gang oer the moor ;  
Tell her, she staw the bishop's mare,  
Tell her, she was the bishop's whore.
- 14 'And ye may tell my kith and kin  
I never did disgrace their blood,  
And when they meet the bishop's cloak,  
To mak it shorter by the hood.'

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C

Scott's *Minstrelsy*, 1803, III, 85, 1833, III, 107, procured by W. Laidlaw in Blackhouse, and long current in Selkirkshire; with readings from Ritson's copy.

- 1 GUDE Lord Scroope's to the hunting gane,  
He has ridden oer moss and muir,  
And he has grippet Hughie the Græme,  
For stealing o the bishop's mare.
- 2 'Now, good Lord Scroope, this may not  
be !  
Here hangs a broad sword by my side,  
And if that thou canst conquer me,  
The matter it may soon be tried.'
- 3 'I neer was afraid of a traitor thief ;  
Although thy name be Hughie the Græme,  
I'll make thee repent thee of thy deeds,  
If God but grant me life and time.'
- 4 'Then do your worst now, good Lord Scroope,  
And deal your blows as hard as you can ;

It shall be tried, within an hour,  
Which of us two is the better man.'

- 5 But as they were dealing their blows so free,  
And both so bloody at the time,  
Over the moss came ten yeomen so tall,  
All for to take brave Hughie the Græme.
- 6 Then they hae grippet Hughie the Græme,  
And brought him up through Carlisle town ;  
The lasses and lads stood on the walls,  
Crying, Hughie the Græme, thou'se neer  
gae down !
- 7 Then they hae chosen a jury of men,  
The best that were in Carlisle town,  
And twelve of them cried out at once,  
Hughie the Græme, thou must gae down !
- 8 Then up bespak him gude Lord Hume,  
As he sat by the judge's knee :  
'Twenty white owsen, my gude lord,  
If you'll grant Hughie the Græme to me.'



- 9 'O no, O no, my gude Lord Hume,  
Forsooth and sae it mauna be;  
For were there but three Græmes of the name,  
They suld be hanged a' for me.'
- 10 'T was up and spake the gude Lady Hume,  
As she sat by the judge's knee:  
'A peck of white pennies, my good lord judge,  
If you'll grant Hughie the Græme to me.'
- 11 'O no, O no, my gude Lady Hume,  
Forsooth and so it mustna be;  
Were he but the one Græme of the name,  
He suld be hanged high for me.'
- 12 'If I be guilty,' said Hughie the Græme,  
'Of me my friends shall hae small talk;'  
And he has loupd fifteen feet and three,  
Though his hands they were tied behind his  
back.
- 13 He looked over his left shoulder,  
And for to see what he might see;  
There was he aware of his auld father,  
Came tearing his hair most piteouslie.
- 14 'O hald your tongue, my father,' he says,  
'And see that ye dinna weep for me!  
For they may ravish me o my life,  
But they canna banish me fro heaven hie.
- 15 'Fare ye weel, fair Maggie, my wife!  
The last time we came ower the muir  
'T was thou bereft me of my life,  
And wi the bishop thou playd the whore.
- 16 'Here, Johnnie Armstrang, take thou my  
sword,  
That is made o the metal sae fine,  
And when thou comest to the English side  
Remember the death of Hughie the Græme.'

## D

Roxburghe Ballads, III, 456; edited for the Ballad Society by J. W. Ebsworth, VI, 598.

- 1 Good Lord John is a hunting gone,  
Over the hills and dales so far,  
For to take Sir Hugh in the Grime,  
For stealing of the bishop's mare.  
He derry derry down
- 2 Hugh in the Grime was taken then  
And carried to Carlisle town;  
The merry women came out amain,  
Saying, The name of Grime shall never go  
down!
- 3 O then a jury of women was brought,  
Of the best that could be found;  
Eleven of them spoke all at once,  
Saying, The name of Grime shall never go  
down!
- 4 And then a jury of men was brought,  
More the pity for to be!  
Eleven of them spoke all at once,  
Saying, Hugh in the Grime, you are  
guilty.
- 5 Hugh in the Grime was cast to be hangd,  
Many of his friends did for him lack;
- For fifteen foot in the prisin he did jump,  
With his hands tyed fast behind his back.
- 6 Then bespoke our good Lady Ward,  
As she set on the bench so high:  
'A peck of white pennys I'll give to my lord,  
If he'll grant Hugh Grime to me.
- 7 'And if it be not full enough,  
I'll stroke it up with my silver fan;  
And if it be not full enough,  
I'll heap it up with my own hand.'
- 8 'Hold your tongue now, Lady Ward,  
And of your talkitive let it be!  
There is never a Grime came in this court  
That at thy bidding shall saved be.'
- 9 Then bespoke our good Lady Moor,  
As she sat on the bench so high:  
'A yoke of fat oxen I'll give to my lord,  
If he'll grant Hugh Grime to me.'
- 10 'Hold your tongue now, good Lady Moor,  
And of your talkitive let it be!  
There is never a Grime came to this court  
That at thy bidding shall saved be.'
- 11 Sir Hugh in the Grime lookd out of the door,  
With his hand out of the bar;

- There he spy'd his father dear,  
Tearing of his golden hair.
- 12 'Hold your tongue, good father dear,  
And of your weeping let it be!  
For if they bereave me of my life,  
They cannot bereave me of the heavens  
so high.'
- 13 Sir Hugh in the Grime lookd out at the  
door,  
Oh, what a sorry heart had he!
- There [he] spy'd his mother dear,  
Weeping and wailing 'Oh, woe is me!'
- 14 'Hold your tongue now, mother dear,  
And of your weeping let it be!  
For if they bereave me of my life,  
They cannot bereave me of heaven's fee.
- 15 'I'll leave my sword to Johnny Armstrong  
That is made of mettall so fine,  
That when he comes to the border-side  
He may think of Hugh in the Grime.'
- 

## E

Buchan's MSS, I, 53.

- 1 LORD HOME he is a hunting gane,  
Through the woods and valleys clear,  
And he has taen Sir Hugh the Græme,  
For stealing o the bishop's mare.
- 2 They hae taen Sir Hugh the Græme,  
Led him down thro Striaveling town;  
Fifeteen o them cried a' at ance,  
'Sir Hugh the Græme he must go down!'
- 3 They hae cauld a court to sit,  
Mang a' their best nobilitie;  
Fifeteen o them cried a' at ance,  
'Sir Hugh the Græme he now must die!'
- 4 Out it speaks the lady Black,  
And o her will she was right free:  
'A thousand pounds, my lord, I'll gie,  
If Hugh the Græme set free to me.'
- 5 'Hold your tongue, ye Lady Black,  
And ye'll let a' your pleadings be!  
Though ye woud gie me thousands ten,  
It's for my honour he must die.'
- 6 Then out it speaks her Lady Bruce,  
And o her will she was right free:  
'A hundred steeds, my lord, I'll gie,  
If ye'll gie Hugh the Græme to me.'
- 7 'O hold your tongue, ye Lady Bruce,  
And ye'll let a' your pleadings be!  
Though a' the Græmes were in this court,  
It's for my honour he must die.'
- 8 He looked over his shoulder,  
It was to see what he coud see,  
And there he saw his auld father,  
Weeping and wailing bitterlie.
- 9 'O hold your tongue, my old father,  
And ye'll let a' your mourning be!  
Though they bereave me o my life,  
They canno had the heavens frae me.
- 10 'Ye'll gie my brother John the sword  
That's pointed wi the metal clear,  
And bid him come at eight o'clock,  
And see me pay the bishop's mare.
- 11 'And, brother James, take here the sword  
That's pointed wi the metal brown;  
Come up the morn at eight o'clock,  
And see your brother putten down.
- 12 'And, brother Allan, take this sword  
That's pointed wi the metal fine;  
Come up the morn at eight o'clock,  
And see the death o Hugh the Græme.
- 13 'Ye'll tell this news to Maggy my wife,  
Niest time ye gang to Striaveling town,  
She is the cause I lose my life,  
She wi the bishop playd the loon.'
- 14 Again he ower his shoulder lookd,  
It was to see what he could see,  
And there he saw his little son,  
Was screaming by his nourice knee.
- 15 Then out it spake the little son,  
'Since 'tis the morn that he must die,



If that I live to be a man,  
My father's death revengd shall be.'

But he has trudged ower the plain  
As fast as ony bird that flew.

16 'If I must die,' Sir Hugh replied,  
'My friends o me they will think lack;'  
He leaped a wa eighteen feet high,  
Wi his hands bound behind his back.

18 He looked ower his left shoulder,  
It was to see what he could see;  
His brother John was at his back,  
And a' the rest o his brothers three.

17 Lord Home then raised ten armed men,  
And after him they did pursue;

19 Some they wound, and some they slew,  
They fought sae fierce and valiantly;  
They made his enemies for to yield,  
And sent Sir Hugh out ower the sea.

## F

Macmath MS., p. 79. "Received by me 20th August and 7th September, 1887, from my aunt, Miss Jane Webster, who derived it from her mother, Janet Spark, Kirkcudbrightshire."

1 'YE may tell to my wife Maggie,  
When that she comes to the fair,

She was the cause of all my ruin,  
It was her that stole the bishop's mare.

2 'Ye may tell to my wife Maggie,  
When that she comes to the town,  
She was the cause of all my ruin,  
It was her that stole the bishop's gown.'

## G

Harris MS., fol. 27 b.

DUKES an lords a huntin gane,  
Over hills an vallies clear;

There the 've bound him Hughie Grame,  
For stealin o the bishop's mare.

A. a. Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball,  
in West-smith-field, neer the Hospital-gate.

12<sup>2</sup>. Garland. 13<sup>1</sup>. another.  
22<sup>3</sup>. the causer of my life.

b. To a pleasant new northern tune.

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden-Ball,  
in Westsmithfield.

3<sup>3</sup>. Lords. 9<sup>3</sup>. Then cry'd *wanting*.

9<sup>4</sup>. never. 10<sup>4</sup>. of the. 12<sup>2</sup>. Garland.

13<sup>1</sup>. other. 21<sup>3</sup>. ware.

22<sup>3</sup>. the causer of my life. 22<sup>4</sup>. plays.

23<sup>3</sup>. borders.

c. Printed for P. Brooksby [*torn off*] West-smith-field.

2<sup>4</sup>. he *wanting*. 5<sup>3</sup>. of thy.

9<sup>3</sup>. Then cry'd *wanting*. 10<sup>4</sup>. of the.

11<sup>3</sup>. thy fact. 12<sup>2</sup>. Garland. 13<sup>1</sup>. other.

21<sup>3</sup>. ware. 22<sup>3</sup>. the causer of my life.

22<sup>4</sup>. plays. 23<sup>3</sup>. borders.

d. 2<sup>2</sup>. the same serime. 8<sup>1</sup>. again.

8<sup>2</sup>. compast. 9<sup>2,3</sup>, 12<sup>2</sup>. Garland.

9<sup>3</sup>. Then cry'd. 10<sup>1</sup>. the *wanting*.

11<sup>4</sup>. it *wanting*. 13<sup>1</sup>. other. 14<sup>3</sup>. will I.

17<sup>4</sup>. they *wanting*. 22<sup>3</sup>. cause of the loss.

e. *No imprint*.

2<sup>2</sup>. rid *wanting*: the same. 2<sup>3</sup>. he could.

5<sup>2</sup>. my *for* thy. 7<sup>1</sup>. as *wanting*.

8<sup>2</sup>. compast. 9<sup>2,3</sup>. Garland.

9<sup>3</sup>. Then cry'd. 10<sup>1</sup>. to town.

10<sup>4</sup>. calld to. 11<sup>2</sup>. for to. 13<sup>1</sup>. other.

14<sup>3</sup>. will I. 18<sup>4</sup>. With his. 19<sup>4</sup>. come.

22<sup>3</sup>. of the loss of.

B. 8<sup>4</sup>. blin' in *Johnson's Museum*: blink in *Cromek*.

D. Sir Hugh in the Grime's Downfall, or, A New Song made on Sir Hugh in the Grime, who was hangd for stealing the Bishop's Mare. London: Printed and sold by L. How. (About 1770?)

5<sup>2</sup>. did leet: cf. A 18<sup>2</sup>. 10<sup>4</sup>. bidding. 14<sup>1</sup>. tonge.

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## THE LOCHMABEN HARPER

A. a. 'The Blind Harper of Lochmaben,' Glenriddell MSS, XI, 42, 1791. b. 'The Blind Harper,' Johnson's Museum, No 579, 1803. c. 'The Lochmaben Harper,' *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, 1802, I, 65; 1833, I, 422.

B. 'Lochmaben Harper,' Glenriddell MSS, XI, 39.

C. 'The Auld Harper,' *The Edinburgh Topographi-*

*cal, Traditional, and Antiquarian Magazine*, 1849, p. 58.

D. Macmath MS, p. 35.

E. 'The Jolly Harper,' Buchan's MSS, I, 35; Dixon, *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads*, Percy Society, vol. xvii, p. 37.

THE Stationers' Registers, 22 July, 1564–22 July, 1565, Arber, I, 260, have an entry of a fee from Owyn Rogers for license to print "a ballett intituled The Blende Harper, etc."; and again, the following year, Arber, I, 294, of a fee from Lucas Haryson for license to print "a ballet intituled The Blynde Harpers, with the Answere." Nothing further is known of this ballet.

Boyd, the translator of Dante, had a recollection of a ballad of a Scotch minstrel who stole a horse from one of the Henries of England: Ritson, *Scotish Song*, I, xxxvi, note 25, 1794.

Printed in Scott's *Minstrelsy*, 1802 (A c), and the next year in the *Musical Museum* (A b), as communicated by Burns. Burns's copy differs very slightly from A a, however he came by it. Scott had access to the Glenriddell collection, and his ballad (of which he gives no account) was made by changing A a to his taste, substituting one stanza of his own in place of 18, and the last two of B, with alterations, for the last of A a. To reduce improbabilities, Scott put the Lord Warden for King Henry.

C was pointed out to me, and transcribed from the short-lived periodical in which it was printed, by Mr James Barclay Murdoch, to

whom I have been from the beginning indebted for the most essential help.

Of D Mr Macmath writes: This version was copied by me in fac-simile from the original manuscript in the handwriting of the late Rev. George Murray, of Troquhain, minister of Balmaclellan, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, and was in possession of his son, the Rev. George Murray, to whose kindness I was indebted for the loan of it. The late Mr Murray took down the ballad from the singing of Sarah Rae, a poor weak-minded woman of his parish. Sarah Rae was the last person known to Mr Murray — and he was a keen observer of such matters — to use the distaff. The present Mr George Murray wrote to me on 12th January, 1883: "I may add that I have heard her sing the ballad myself, to a very simple but particularly plaintive lilt — more like a rapid chant than an ordinary song — which rings in my ear yet, although I only heard it once, when a lad." \*

A-C. A harper of Lochmaben (blind, A, B) who means to steal the Wanton Brown, a horse of King Henry's, consults with his wife before setting about the business, and gets a few valuable hints; among them, to leave his mare's foal at home. He goes up to England, and has the good luck, so common in ballads,

\* See also a paper by Dr Arthur Mitchell in the *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*, XII, 260, June 11, 1877. Dr Mitchell was with Mr Murray when he

visited Sarah Rae, and he supplies the date 1866. The last stanza of the ballad and the burden are cited in this paper.

of finding King Henry at his gate. The king wants to hear some of his harping, and, as the harper makes a difficulty about the stabling of his mare, orders the beast to be put into his own stable. The harper harps all his hearers asleep; then makes his way softly to the stable, slips a halter over the Wanton's nose and ties him to the mare's tail, and turns the mare out. She goes straight to Lochmaben, to her foal, neighs at the harper's house, and is let in by the servant-lass, who exclaims at the braw foal that the mare has got. In the morning they find in England that both the Wanton Brown and the mare have been stolen. The harper breaks out into 'allaces:' he has lost a foal in Scotland and had his mare stolen in England! The king quiets him with a promise of a better mare and pay for his foal to boot.

In D, E, the harper steals the horse on a wager, which, however, is passed over lightly in D. The wager in E is with two knights of Stirling, five ploughs of land with one and five thousand pounds with the other, and "John" has to go all the way to London to win it. The knights pay their loss and then restore the Wanton Brown to Henry!—so great an improvement upon the dealings of the Scots with English horseflesh as to compel one to assign this particular version of the story to the nineteenth, if not the twentieth, century.\*

The twelve armed men in armor bright that guard the stable night and day in E 23 remind us of popular tales; as of the Grimms' 'Master Thief.'

A b is loosely translated by Knortz, *Schottische Balladen*, No 16, p. 58.

## A

a. Glenriddell MS. XI, 42, 1791; "from a MS. collection of Mr Henderson." b. Johnson's Museum, No 579, VI, 593, 1803, communicated by Burns. c. Scott's *Minstrelsy*, 1802, I, 65.

1 HEARD ye eer of the silly blind harper,  
That long livd in Lochmaben town,  
How he wad gang to fair England,  
To steal King Henry's Wanton Brown?  
Sing, Faden dilly and faden dilly  
Sing, Faden dilly and deedle dan

2 But first he gaed to his gude wife,  
Wi a' the speed that he coud thole;  
'This wark,' quo he, 'will never work  
Without a mare that has a foal.'

3 Quo she, Thou has a gude gray mare,  
That'al rin oer hills baith law and hie;  
Gae tak the gray mare in thy hand,  
And leave the foal at hame wi me.

4 'And tak a halter in thy hose,  
And o thy purpose dinna fail;  
But wap it oer the Wanton's nose,  
And tie her to the gray mare's tail.

5 'Syne ca her out at yon back geate,  
Oer moss and muir and ilka dale;  
For she'll neer let the Wanton bite  
Till she come hame to her ain foal.'

6 So he is up to England gane,  
Even as fast as he can hie,  
Till he came to King Henry's geate;  
And wha was there but King Henry?

7 'Come in,' quo he, 'thou silly blind harper,  
And of thy harping let me hear;  
'O, by my sooth,' quo the silly blind harper,  
'I'd rather hae stabling for my mare.'

8 The king he looks oer his left shoulder,  
And says unto his stable-groom,

\* The innocent comments of certain editors must not be lost. "The whole incident surely implies a very early and primitive system of manners, not to speak of the circumstance of the court being held at Carlisle, which never was the case in any late period of English history." (Chambers's *Scottish Ballads*, p. 306.) "In our version [E] the scene of the theft is laid at London, but Carlisle, we are in-

clined to think, is the true reading. The great distance between Scotland and London, and the nature of the roads in times of old, would render the event an improbable, if not altogether an impossible, one to have occurred; and we can easily imagine, when the court was at Carlisle, that such a good practical joke was planned and carried into execution by some waggish courtiers." (Dixon, p. 93 f.)



- Gae tak the silly poor harper's mare,  
And tie her side my Wanton Brown.
- 9 And ay he harpit, and ay he carpit,  
Till a' the lords had fitted the floor;  
They thought the music was sae sweet,  
And they forgot the stable-door.
- 10 And ay he harpit, and ay he carpit,  
Till a' the nobles were sound asleep;  
Than quietly he took aff his shoon,  
And safly down the stair did creep.
- 11 Syne to the stable-door he hies,  
Wi tread as light as light coud be,  
And when he opned and gaed in,  
There he fand thirty gude steeds and three.
- 12 He took the halter frae his hose,  
And of his purpose did na fail;  
He slipt it oer the Wanton's nose,  
And tied it to his gray mare's tail.
- 13 He ca'd her out at yon back geate,  
Oer moss and muir and ilka dale,  
And she loot neer the Wanton bite,  
But held her still gaun at her tail.
- 14 The gray mare was right swift o fit,  
And did na fail to find the way,  
For she was at Lochmaben geate  
Fu lang three hours ere 't was day.
- 15 When she came to the harper's door,  
There she gave mony a nicher and sneer;
- 'Rise,' quo the wife, 'thou lazey lass,  
Let in thy master and his mare.'
- 16 Then up she rose, pat on her claes,  
And lookit out through the lock-hole;  
'O, by my sooth,' then quoth the lass,  
'Our mare has gotten a braw big foal!'
- 17 'Come had thy peace, thou foolish lass,  
The moon's but glancing in thy eye;  
I'll wad my hail fee against a groat,  
It's bigger than eer our foal will be.'
- 18 The neighbours too that heard the noise  
Cried to the wife to put hir in;  
'By my sooth,' then quo the wife,  
'She's better than ever he rade on.'
- 19 But on the morn, at fair day light,  
When they had ended a' thier chear,  
King Henry's Wanton Brown was stawn,  
And eke the poor old harper's mare.
- 20 'Allace! allace!' says the silly blind harper,  
'Allace, allace, that I came here!  
In Scotland I've tint a braw cowte-foal,  
In England they've stawn my gude gray mare.'
- 21 'Come had thy tongue, thou silly blind harper,  
And of thy allacing let me be;  
For thou shalt get a better mare,  
And weel paid shall thy cowte-foal be.'

## B

Glenriddell MSS, XI, 39, 1791; "from Dr Clapperton, of Lochmaben."

- 1 HARD ye tell of the silly blind harper?  
Long he lived in Lochmaben town;  
He's away to fair Carlisle,  
To steal King Henry's Wanton Brown.  
Sing, Fadle didle dodle didle  
Sing, Fadle didle fadle doo
- 2 He has mounted his auld gray mare,  
And ridden oer both hills and mire,
- Till he came to fair Carlisle town,  
And askd for stabling to his mare.
- 3 'Harp on, harp on, thou silly blind harper,  
'Some of thy harping let us hear;'  
'By my sooth,' says the silly blind harper,  
'I would rather hae stabling to my mare.'
- 4 The king looked oer his left shoulder  
And called to his stable-groom:  
'Gae stable up the harper's mare,  
And just beyond the Wanton Brown.'



- 5 Ay he carped, and ay he harped,  
Till a' the lords gaed thro the floor;  
But and the musick was sae sweet  
The groom forgot the key o the stable-door.
- 6 Ay he harped, and ay he carped,  
Till a' the lords fell fast asleep,  
And, like a fause deceiver as he was,  
He quickly down the stair did creep.
- 7 He pulld a colt-halter out o his hoe,  
On purpose as I shall to you tell;  
He sliped it oer the Wanton's nose,  
And tyed it to his gray mare's tail.
- 8 'My blessing light upon my wife!  
I think she be a daily flower;  
She told me to ken my ain gray mare  
When eer I felt her by the ewer.'
- 9 'Harp on, harp on, thou silly blind harper,  
Some of thy harping let us hear.'  
'Oh and alas!' says the silly blind harper,  
'Oh and alas that eer I came here!
- 10 'For in Scotland I lost a good brown foal,  
And in England a good gray mare,
- 11 'Harp on, harp on, thou silly blind harper,  
Some of thy harping let us hear,  
And thy brown foal shall be well payed,  
And thou's hae a far better gray mare.'
- 12 Ay he harped, and ay he carped,  
And some of his harping he let them hear,  
And his brown foal it was well payed,  
And he got a better gray mare.
- 13 His mare's away to Lochmaben,  
Wi mony a nicker and mony a sneer;  
His wife cry'd, Rise up, you lazy lass,  
Let in your master and his mare.
- 14 The lazy lass was loth to rise;  
She looked through a little hole;  
'By my troth,' crys the lazy lass,  
'Our mare has brought a bonie foal.'
- 15 'Rise up, rise up, thou lazy lass,  
And, een as the sun it shines sae clear,  
I'll wager my life against a groat  
The foal was better than ever the mare.'

## C

The Edinburgh Topographical, Traditional, and Antiquarian Magazine, 1849, p. 58; communicated by W. G. "from the recitation of a friend, who learned it many years ago from her grandfather," a farmer in Wigtonshire, who died in 1813, at the age of ninety-four.

- 1 Ir's hae ye heard tell o the auld harper  
That lang lived in Lochmaben town,  
How he maun awa to England fair,  
To steal King Henry's Wanton Brown?  
Faw aiden diden an diden an diden  
Faw aiden diden faw aiden dee
- 2 Out then bespak his gude auld wife,  
I wat she spak out very wiselie;  
'Ye'll ride the mear to England fair,  
But the foal ye'll leave at hame wi me.
- 3 'Ye'll hide your halter in o your hose,  
And o your purpose ye'll no fail;
- Ye'll cast a hook on the Wanton's nose,  
And tie him to the gray mear's tail.
- 4 'Ye'll lead them awa by a back yett,  
And hound them out at a wee hole;  
The mear she'll neer [let] the Wanton bait  
Till hame at Lochmaben town wi her foal.'
- 5 Awa then rade the auld harper,  
I wat he rade right merrilie,  
Until he cam to England fair,  
Where wonned the gude King Henerie.
- 6 'Light down, light down, ye auld harper,  
And some o your harping let me hear;  
'O williwa!' quo the auld harper,  
Will I get stabling for my mear?'
- \* \* \* \* \*

- 7 And aye he harped and he carped,  
Till a' the lordlings fell asleep;  
Syne bundled his fiddles upon his back,  
And down the stairs fu fast did creep.
- 8 He's taen the halter out o his hose,  
And o his purpose he didna fail;  
He's cast a hook on the Wanton's nose,  
And tied him to the gray mear's tale.
- 9 He's led them awa by the back yett,  
And hounded them out at a wee hole;  
The mear she neer let the Wanton bait  
Till hame at Lochmaben town wi her foal.
- 10 And when they cam to the house-end,  
Wi mony a nicker but an a neigh,  
They waukend the auld wife out o her sleep;  
She was a-dreaming she was fouie.
- 11 'Rise up, rise up, my servant-lass,  
Let in your master and his mear;'  
'It's by my sooth,' the wee lassie goud say,  
'I'm in a sleeping drowsy air.'
- 12 Wi mony a gaunt she turned her round,  
And keekit through at a wee hole;
- 'It's by my sooth!' the wee lassie goud say,  
'Our mear has gotten a braw brown foal!'
- 13 'Lie still, lie still, ye lazy lass,  
It's but the moon shines in your ee;'  
'Na, by my sooth,' the lassie goud say,  
'And he's bigger than ony o his degree.'
- 14 Then lightly rose the gude auld wife,  
I wat the first up in a' the town;  
She took the grit oats intil her lap  
And fodderd King Henry's Wanton Brown.
- 15 King Henry's groom rase in the morn,  
And he was of a sorry cheer:  
'King Henry's Wanton Brown's awa,  
And sae is the silly auld harper's mear!'
- 16 Up then rase the auld harper,  
And loudly he did curse and swear:  
'In Scotland they but steald my foal,  
In England ye hae steald my mear!'
- 17 'It's haud your tongue,' King Henry did say,  
'Ye'll hae nae cause to curse or swear;  
Here's thirty guineas for your foal,  
And three times thirty for your mear.'

## D

Taken down by the Rev George Murray from the singing of Sarah Rae, a weak-minded woman of Balmaclellan, Kirkcudbright, 1866. Communicated by Mr Macmath.

- 1 THERE was a poor silly harper-man,  
And he lived in Lochmaben toon,  
And he has wagered wi lairds and lords,  
And mony a guinea against a croon.  
Tum tid iddly  
Dodaly diddely  
Tidaly diddaly  
Dodaly dan
- 2 And he has wagered wi lairds and lords,  
And mony a guinea against a croon,  
That into England he would go,  
And steal King Henerie's Wanton Broun.
- 3 Out spak the silly poor harper's wife,  
And O but she spak wililie:
- 'If into England you do go,  
Leave the wee-wee foal wi me.'
- 4 The harper he got on to ride,  
And O but he rode richt highlie!  
The very first man that he did meet,  
They said it was King Henerie.
- 5 'Licht doon, licht doon, ye silly poor harper,  
And o your harping let me hear;'  
'And by my sooth,' quoth the silly poor harper,  
'I'd rather hae stablins for my mear.'
- 6 O he lookit ower his left shoulder,  
And saw ane of the stable-grooms:  
'Go take the sillie poor harper's mear,  
And stable her by my Wanton Brown.'
- 7 And aye he harpit, and aye he carpit,  
Till a' the nobles fell on the floor,  
And aye he harpit, and aye he carpit,  
Till they forgot the key of the stable-door.

- 8 And aye he harpit, and aye he carpit,  
Till a' the nobles fell fast asleep;  
He has taen his harp upon his back,  
And doon the stair did softly creep.
- 9 He has taen a halter frae his hose,  
And o his purpose did not fail;  
He coost a wap on Wanton's nose,  
And tyed her to his ain mear's tail.
- 10 He ca'd her through at the bye-yett,  
Through mony a syre and mony a hole;  
She never loot Wanton licht till she  
Was at Lochmaben, at her foal.
- 11 And she came oer Lochmaben heights,  
Wi mony a nicker and mony a sneeze,  
And waukend the silly poor harper's wife,  
As she was a sleeping at her ease.
- 12 'Rise up, rise up, ye servant-lass,  
Let in the maister and the mear;'   
'By my sooth,' quoth the servant-lass,  
'I think my maister be na here.'
- 13 Up then rose the servant-lass,  
And lookit through a wee, wee hole;
- 'By my sooth,' quoth the servant-lass,  
'Our mear has gotten a waly foal.'
- 14 'Ye clatter, ye clatter, ye servant-lass,  
It is the moon shines in your ee;'   
'By my sooth,' quoth the servant-lass,  
'It's mair than ever her ain will be.'
- 15 It's whan the stable-groom awoke,  
Put a' the nobles in a fear;  
King Henerie's Wanton Brown was stown,  
And Oh! the silly poor harper's mear.
- 16 Out then spak the silly poor harper,  
Says, Oh, this loss I douna thole!  
In England fair a guid grey mear,  
In fair Scotland a guid cout-foal.
- 17 'Haud your tongue, ye sillie poor harper,  
And wi your carping let me be;  
Here's ten pounds for your auld gray mear,  
And a weel paid foal it's be to thee!'
- 18 And O the silly poor harper's wife,  
She's aye first up in Lochmaben toun;  
She's stealing the corn and stealing the hay,  
And wappin it oer to Wanton Broun.

## E

Buchan's MSS, I, 35; Dixon, *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads*, p. 37, Percy Society, vol. xvii.

- 1 THERE was a jolly harper-man,  
That harped aye frae toun to toun;  
A wager he made, with two knights he laid  
To steal King Henry's Wanton Brown.
- 2 Sir Roger he wagered five ploughs o land,  
Sir Charles wagered five thousand pound,  
And John he's taen the deed in hand,  
To steal King Henry's Wanton Brown.
- 3 He's taen his harp into his hand,  
And he gaed harping thro the toun,  
And as the king in his palace sat,  
His ear was touched wi the soun.
- 4 'Come in, come in, ye harper-man,  
Some o your harping let me hear;'
- 'Indeed, my liege, and by your grace,  
I'd rather hae stabling to my mare.'
- 5 'Ye'll gang to yon outer court,  
That stands a little below the toun;  
Ye'll find a stable snug and neat,  
Where stands my stately Wanton Brown.'
- 6 He's down him to the outer court,  
That stood a little below the toun;  
There found a stable snug and neat,  
For stately stood the Wanton Brown.
- 7 Then he has fixd a good strong cord  
Unto his grey mare's bridle-rein,  
And tied it unto that steed's tail,  
Syne shut the stable-door behind.
- 8 Then he harped on, an he carped on,  
Till all were fast asleep;

- Then down thro bower and ha he's gone,  
Even on his hands and feet.
- 9 He's to yon stable snug and neat,  
That lay a little below the toun;  
For there he placed his ain grey mare,  
Alang wi Henry's Wanton Brown.
- 10 'Ye'll do you down thro mire an moss,  
Thro mony bog an lairy hole;  
But never miss your Wanton slack;  
Ye'll gang to Mayblane, to your foal.'
- 11 As soon's the door he had unshut,  
The mare gaed prancing frae the toun,  
An at her bridle-rein was tied  
Henry's stately Wanton Brown.
- 12 Then she did rin thro mire an moss,  
Thro mony bog an miery hole;  
But never missed her Wanton slack  
Till she reachd Mayblane, to her foal.
- 13 When the king awaked from sleep  
He to the harper-man did say,  
O waken ye, waken ye, jolly John,  
We've fairly slept till it is day.
- 14 'Win up, win up, ye harper-man,  
Some mair o harping ye'll gie me:'  
He said, My liege, wi a' my heart,  
But first my gude grey mare maun see.
- 15 Then forth he ran, and in he came,  
Dropping mony a feigned tear:  
'Some rogue[s] hae broke the outer court,  
An stown awa my gude grey mare.'
- 16 'Then by my sooth,' the king replied,  
'If there's been rogues into the toun,  
I fear, as well as your grey mare,  
Awa is my stately Wanton Brown.'
- 17 'My loss is great,' the harper said,  
'My loss is twice as great, I fear;  
In Scotland I lost a gude grey steed,  
An here I've lost a gude grey mare.'
- 18 'Come on, come on, ye harper-man,  
Some o your music lat me hear;
- Well paid ye'se be, John, for the same,  
An likewise for your gude grey mare.'
- 19 When that John his money received,  
Then he went harping frae the toun,  
But little did King Henry ken  
He'd stown awa his Wanton Brown.
- 20 The knights then lay ower castle-wa,  
An they beheld baith dale an down,  
An saw the jolly harper-man  
Come harping on to Striveling toun.
- 21 Then, 'By my sooth,' Sir Roger said,  
'Are ye returned back to toun?  
I doubt my lad ye hae ill sped  
Of stealing o the Wanton Brown.'
- 22 'I hae been into fair England,  
An even into Lunan toun,  
An in King Henry's outer court,  
An stown awa the Wanton Brown.'
- 23 'Ye lie, ye lie,' Sir Charles he said,  
'An aye sae loud's I hear ye lie;  
Twall armed men, in armour bright,  
They guard the stable night and day.'
- 24 'But I did harp them all asleep,  
An managed my business cunninglie;  
If ye make light o what I say,  
Come to my stable an ye'll see.
- 25 'My music pleasd the king sae well  
Mair o my harping he wishd to hear;  
An for the same he paid me well,  
And also for my gude grey mare.'
- 26 Then he drew out a gude lang purse,  
Well stored wi gowd an white monie,  
An in a short time after this  
The Wanton Brown he lat them see.
- 27 Sir Roger produced his ploughs o land,  
Sir Charles produced his thousand pounds,  
Then back to Henry, the English king,  
Restored the stately Wanton Brown.



A. a. "I have here given another copy of this Border Ballad, which I took from a MS. collection of Mr Henderson. It varies a little from the former [A], which I had from Dr Clapperton of Lochmaben."

4<sup>4</sup>, 13<sup>4</sup>, 18<sup>4</sup>. *The Wanton Brown is a mare: so b, and D, 9<sup>4</sup>. But the Brown is a stallion in C, 3<sup>4</sup>, 8<sup>4</sup>, 13<sup>4</sup>, and is so made to be in A c, 13<sup>4</sup>, 17<sup>3</sup>: rightly, I should suppose.*

8<sup>2</sup>. say. 12<sup>4</sup>. to wanting.

b. *The third and fourth lines are repeated as burden.*

1<sup>1</sup>. O heard ye of a silly harper. 1<sup>2</sup>. Livd long.

1<sup>3</sup>. he did. 8<sup>1</sup>. he wanting.

9<sup>2</sup>. lords gae'd through. 9<sup>4</sup>. That they forgot.

14<sup>4</sup>. ere it. 15<sup>2</sup>. gae. 16<sup>1</sup>. raise.

17<sup>1</sup>. then (*misprint*) for those. 17<sup>3</sup>. gainst.

21<sup>3</sup>. shall.

c. *No burden.* 1<sup>1</sup>. O heard ye na o.

1<sup>2</sup>. How lang he lived. 1<sup>3</sup>. And how.

1<sup>4</sup>. steal the Lord Warden's.

2<sup>2</sup>. the haste. 2<sup>3</sup>. will neer gae weel.

3<sup>1</sup>. hast. 3<sup>2</sup>. That can baith lance oer laigh.

3<sup>3</sup>. Sae set thee on the gray mare's back.

4, 5, *wanting*.

6<sup>2</sup>. And even: he may drie.

6<sup>3</sup>. And when he cam to Carlisle gate.

6<sup>4</sup>. O whae: but the Warden, he.

7<sup>1</sup>. into my hall, thou. 7<sup>4</sup>. I wad.

8<sup>1</sup>. The Warden lookd ower. 8<sup>2</sup>. said.

8<sup>3</sup>. silly blind. 8<sup>4</sup>. beside.

9<sup>1</sup>. Then aye. 9<sup>2</sup>. the lordlings footed.

9<sup>3</sup>. But an the.

9<sup>4</sup>. The groom had nae mind o.

10<sup>2</sup>. were fast.

11<sup>1</sup> hied. 11<sup>4</sup>. gude *wanting*.

12<sup>1</sup>. took a cowl halter. 12<sup>2</sup>. he did.

13<sup>1</sup>. He turned them loose at the castle gate.

13<sup>2</sup>. muir and moss. 13<sup>3</sup>. neer let: bait.

13<sup>4</sup>. But kept him a-galloping hame to her foal.

14<sup>1</sup>. The mare she was: foot.

14<sup>2</sup>. She didna.

14<sup>4</sup>. A lang: before the day.

15<sup>3</sup>. Rise up.

16<sup>1</sup>. cloathes. 16<sup>2</sup>. keekit through at the.

16<sup>3</sup>. then cried. 16<sup>4</sup>. braw brown.

17<sup>1</sup>. haud thy tongue, thou silly wench.

17<sup>2</sup>. morn's: in your ee. 17<sup>3</sup>. He's.

18. Now all this while, in merry Carlisle,  
The harper harped to hie and law,

And the fiend thing dought they do but listen  
him to,

Untill that the day began to daw.

19<sup>3</sup>. Behold the Wanton Brown was gane.

19<sup>4</sup>. poor blind.

20<sup>1</sup>. quo the cunning auld.

20<sup>2</sup>. And ever allace. 20<sup>3</sup>. I lost a.

21, 22, *alteration of B 11, 12:*

Come cease thy allacing, thou silly blind harper,

And again of thy harping let us hear;

And weel payd sall thy cowl-foal be,

And thou sall have a far better mare.

Then aye he harped, and aye he carped,

Sae sweet were the harpings he let them hear!

He was paid for the foal he had never lost,

And three times ower for the gude gray mare.

B. 1<sup>2</sup>. in a Bell town: *see 13<sup>1</sup>.*

5. *The burden is here:* Sing, Fadle fiddle, etc.

C. "The following is an oral version of a ballad which appears in the first volume of the 'Minstrelsy.' I have written it down from the recitation of a friend who learned it many years ago from her grandfather, a Mr John Macreddie, farmer, Little Laight parish of Inch, Wigtonshire. He died in 1813, at the age of ninety-four, and is supposed to have acquired the song from tradition in his youth. On comparison, it will be found to differ in several respects from Sir Walter's version. 11 Hill Street, Anderston, Glasgow. W. G."

D. 3<sup>2</sup>, 4<sup>2</sup>, 6<sup>1</sup>, 18<sup>1</sup>, oh. 10<sup>1</sup>, at, 16<sup>1</sup>, then, *added by Mr Murray in pencil above the line, as if on reading over what he had written down.*

18<sup>4</sup>. *Dr Mitchell gives:* An waps. "The owerword," he adds, "was something like the following:"

Hey tum tidly

Doodlem didly

Hey tum tidly

Doodley dan.

E. 2<sup>2</sup>. *The reading is perhaps pounds.*

7<sup>2</sup>. *Absurdity could be avoided by exchanging grey mare and steed.*

24<sup>2</sup>. by for my.



## 193

## THE DEATH OF PARCY REED

A. 'A song of Parcy Reed and the Three False Halls,' the late Robert White's papers.

er's Table Book, 1846, VII, 361; J. H. Dixon, *Ancient Poems, Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, p. 99, Percy Society, vol. xvii, 1846.

B. 'The Death of Parcy Reed,' Richardson's Border-

OF B, which purports to have been taken down from an old woman's singing by James Telfer, Mr Robert White, from whom I received A, said in a letter to Mr J. H. Dixon: "Parcy Reed, as you suspect, is not genuine, for it bears marks of our friend's improvements. I have a copy of the original somewhere, but may not be able to find it." And again, Telfer himself, "in a letter to the late Robert Storey, the Northumbrian poet," wrote, "I will send Mr Dixon the real verses, but it is but a droll of a ballad." (J. H. Dixon, in *Notes and Queries*, Fourth Series, I, 108, V, 520.)

Comparison will show that almost the whole of A is preserved in B, and in fairly good form. B has also some stanzas not found in A which may be accepted as traditional. Telfer may have added a dozen of his own, and has retouched others.

Mr White, after remarking that there is no historical evidence to show when the event on which the ballad was founded occurred, informs us that almost every circumstance in the narrative has been transmitted to the present century by local tradition.

"Percival, or Parcy, Reed," in the words of Mr White, "was proprietor of Troughend, an elevated tract of land lying on the west side and nearly in the centre of Redesdale, Northumberland. The remains of the old tower may still be seen, a little to the west of the present mansion, commanding a beautiful and most extensive view of nearly the whole valley. Here he resided, and being a keen hunter and brave soldier, he possessed much

influence, and was appointed warden or keeper of the district. His office was to suppress and order the apprehension of thieves and other breakers of the law; in the execution of which he incurred the displeasure of a family of brothers of the name of Hall, who were owners of Girsonsfield, a farm about two miles east from Troughend. He also drew upon himself the hostility of a band of moss-troopers, Crosier by name, some of whom he had been successful in bringing to justice. The former were, however, artful enough to conceal their resentment, and under the appearance of friendship calmly awaited an opportunity to be avenged. Some time afterwards, they solicited his attendance on a hunting expedition to the head of Redesdale, and unfortunately he agreed to accompany them. His wife had some strange dreams anent his safety on the night before his departure, and at breakfast, on the following morning, the loaf of bread from which he was supplied chanced to be turned with the bottom upwards, an omen which is still accounted most unfavorable all over the north of England. Considering these presages undeserving of notice, Reed set out in company with the Halls, and, after enjoying a good day's sport, the party withdrew to a solitary hut in Batinghope, a lonely glen stretching westward from the Whitelee, whose little stream forms one of the chief sources of Reedwater. The whole of this arrangement had been previously planned by the Halls and Crosiers, and when the latter came down, late in the evening, to execute their purpose of vengeance, they found

Parcy Reed altogether a defenceless man. His companions not only deserted him, but had previously driven his sword so firmly in its scabbard that it could not be drawn, and had also moistened the powder with which the very long gun he carried with him was charged, so as to render both useless when he came to rely upon them for protection. Accordingly the Crosiers instantly put him to death; and so far did they carry out their sanguinary measures, even against his lifeless body, that tradition says the fragments thereof had to be collected together and conveyed in pillow-slips home to Troughend. Public indignation was speedily aroused against the murderers; the very name of Crosier was abhorred throughout Redesdale, and the abettors were both driven from their residence and designated as the fause-hearted Ha's, an appellation which yet remains in force against

them." (Richardson's Borderer's Table Book, VII, 361.)

The farm of Girsonsfield, according to the ballad, A 3, 18, belonged to the Halls. But that place has been the property of others, says Mr White, "ever since the reign of Elizabeth;" whence he concludes that the story is not to be dated later than the sixteenth century.

Parcy Reed is famed to have had a favorite dog named Keeldar, and, though a "peerless archer," to have killed him by an unlucky shot while hunting. Sir Walter Scott has celebrated this mishap and its consequence in 'The Death of Keeldar' (Table Book, as above, p. 240); and he alludes to the treacherous murder of Reed (with which he became acquainted through Robert Roxby's 'Lay of the Reedwater Minstrel,' 1809) in Rokeby, written in 1812, Canto I, xx.

# A

The late Robert White's papers; "Woodburn, December 1, 1829, Thomas Hedley, Bridge End, Corsonside Parish."

- 1 THE Liddesdale Crosiers hae ridden a race,  
And they had far better staid at hame,  
For they have lost a gallant gay,  
Young Whinton Crosier it was his name.
- 2 For Parcy Reed he has him taen,  
And he's delivered him to law,  
But auld Crosier has made answer  
That he'll gar the house of the Trough-  
end fa.
- 3 So as it happened on a day  
That Parcy Reed is a hunting gane,  
And the three false Halls of Girsonsfield  
They all along with him are gane.
- 4 They hunted up and they hunted down,  
They hunted all Reedwater round,  
Till weariness has on him seized;  
At the Batinghope he's fallen asleep.
- 5 O some they stole his powder-horn,  
And some put water in his lang gun:

'O waken, waken, Parcy Reed!

For we do doubt thou sleeps too sound.

6 'O waken, O waken, Parcy Reed!

For we do doubt thou sleeps too long;  
For yonder's the five Crosiers coming,  
They're coming by the Hingin Stane.

7 'If they be five men, we are four,

If ye will all stand true to me;  
Now every one of you may take one,  
And two of them ye may leave to me.'

8 'We will not stay, nor we dare not stay,

O Parcy Reed, for to fight with thee;  
For thou wilt find, O Parcy Reed,  
That they will slay both us and thee.'

9 'O stay, O stay, O Tommy Hall,

O stay, O man, and fight with me!  
If we see the Troughend again,  
My good black mare I will give thee.'

10 'I will not stay, nor I dare not stay,

O Parcy Reed, to fight for thee;  
For thou wilt find, O Parcy Reed,  
That they will slay both me and thee.'

- 11 'O stay, O stay, O Johnnie Hall,  
O stay, 'O man, and fight for me!  
If I see the Troughend again,  
Five yoke of oxen I will give thee.'
- 12 'I will not stay, nor I dare not stay,  
O Parcy Reed, for to fight with thee;  
For thou wilt find, O Parcy Reed,  
That they will slay both me and thee.'
- 13 'O stay, O stay, O Willie Hall,  
O stay, O man, and fight for me!  
If we see the Troughend again,  
The half of my land I will give thee.'
- 14 'I will not stay, nor I dare not stay,  
O Parcy Reed, for to fight with thee;  
For thou wilt find, O Parcy Reed,  
That they will slay both me and thee.'
- 15 'Now foul fa ye, ye traitors all,  
That ever ye should in England won!  
You have left me in a fair field standin,  
And in my hand an uncharged gun.'
- 16 'O fare thee well, my wedded wife!  
O fare you well, my children five!  
And fare thee well, my daughter Jane,  
That I love best that's born alive!
- 17 'O fare thee well, my brother Tom!  
And fare you well his children five!  
If you had been with me this day,  
I surely had been man alive.'
- 18 'Farewell all friends! as for my foes,  
To distant lands may they be tane,  
And the three false Halls of Girsonsfield,  
They'll never be trusted nor trowed again.'

## B

Richardsons' Borderers' Table Book, VII, 361, 1846;  
"taken down by James Telfer, of Saughtree, Liddesdale,  
from the chanting of an old woman named Kitty Hall, a native  
of Northumberland."

- 1 God send the land deliverance  
Frae every reaving, riding Scot;  
We'll sune hae neither cow nor ewe,  
We'll sune hae neither staig nor stot.
- 2 The outlaws come frae Liddesdale,  
They herry Redesdale far and near;  
The rich man's gelding it maun gang,  
They canna pass the puir man's mear.
- 3 Sure it were weel, had ilka thief  
Around his neck a halter strang;  
And curses heavy may they light  
On traitors vile oursels amang.
- 4 Now Parcy Reed has Crosier taen,  
He has delivered him to the law;  
But Crosier says he'll do waur than that,  
He'll make the tower o Troughend fa.
- 5 And Crosier says he will do waur,  
He will do waur if waur can be;  
He'll make the bairns a' fatherless,  
And then, the land it may lie lee.
- 6 'To the hunting, ho!' cried Parcy Reed,  
'The morning sun is on the dew;  
The cauler breeze frae off the fells  
Will lead the dogs to the quarry true.
- 7 'To the hunting, ho!' cried Parcy Reed,  
And to the hunting he has gane;  
And the three fause Ha's o Girsonsfield  
Alang wi him he has them taen.
- 8 They hunted high, they hunted low,  
By heathery hill and birken shaw;  
They raised a buck on Rookan Edge,  
And blew the mort at fair Ealylawe.
- 9 They hunted high, they hunted low,  
They made the echoes ring amain;  
With music sweet o horn and hound,  
They merry made fair Redesdale glen.
- 10 They hunted high, they hunted low,  
They hunted up, they hunted down,  
Until the day was past the prime,  
And it grew late in the afternoon.
- 11 They hunted high in Batinghope,  
When as the sun was sinking low;  
Says Parcy then, Ca off the dogs,  
We'll bait our steeds and homeward go.



- 12 They lighted high in Batinghope,  
Atween the brown and benty ground;  
They had but rested a little while  
Till Parcy Reed was sleeping sound.
- 13 There's nane may lean on a rotten staff,  
But him that risks to get a fa;  
There's nane may in a traitor trust,  
And traitors black were every Ha.
- 14 They've stown the bridle off his steed,  
And they've put water in his lang gun;  
They've fixed his sword within the sheath  
That out again it winna come.
- 15 'Awaken ye, waken ye, Parcy Reed,  
Or by your enemies be taen;  
For yonder are the five Crosiers  
A-coming owre the Hingin-stane.'
- 16 'If they be five, and we be four,  
Sae that ye stand alang wi me,  
Then every man ye will take one,  
And only leave but two to me:  
We will them meet as brave men ought,  
And make them either fight or flee.'
- 17 'We mayna stand, we canna stand,  
We daurna stand alang wi thee;  
The Crosiers haud thee at a feud,  
And they wad kill baith thee and we.'
- 18 'O turn thee, turn thee, Johnie Ha,  
O turn thee, man, and fight wi me;  
When ye come to Troughend again,  
My gude black naig I will gie thee;  
He cost full twenty pound o gowd,  
Atween my brother John and me.'
- 19 'I mayna turn, I canna turn,  
I daurna turn and fight wi thee;  
The Crosiers haud thee at a feud,  
And they wad kill baith thee and me'
- 20 'O turn thee, turn thee, Willie Ha,  
O turn thee, man, and fight wi me;  
When ye come to Troughend again,  
A yoke o owsen I'll gie thee.'
- 21 'I mayna turn, I canna turn,  
I daurna turn and fight wi thee;  
The Crosiers haud thee at a feud,  
And they wad kill baith thee and me.'
- 22 'O turn thee, turn thee, Tommy Ha,  
O turn now, man, and fight wi me;  
If ever we come to Troughend again,  
My daughter Jean I'll gie to thee.'
- 23 'I mayna turn, I canna turn,  
I daurna turn and fight wi thee;  
The Crosiers haud thee at a feud,  
And they wad kill baith thee and me.'
- 24 'O shame upon ye, traitors a'!  
I wish your hames ye may never see;  
Ye've stown the bridle off my naig,  
And I can neither fight nor flee.
- 25 'Ye've stown the bridle off my naig,  
And ye've put water i my lang gun;  
Ye've fixed my sword within the sheath  
That out again it winna come.'
- 26 He had but time to cross himsel,  
A prayer he hadna time to say,  
Till round him came the Crosiers keen,  
All riding graithed and in array.
- 27 'Weel met, weel met, now, Parcy Reed,  
Thou art the very man we sought;  
Owre lang hae we been in your debt,  
Now will we pay you as we ought.
- 28 'We'll pay thee at the nearest tree,  
Where we shall hang thee like a hound;'  
Brave Parcy raisd his fankit sword,  
And felld the foremost to the ground.
- 29 Alake, and wae for Parcy Reed,  
Alake, he was an unarmed man;  
Four weapons pierced him all at once,  
As they assailed him there and than.
- 30 They fell upon him all at once,  
They mangled him most cruellie;  
The slightest wound might caused his deid,  
And they hae gien him thirty-three;  
They hacket off his hands and feet,  
And left him lying on the lee.
- 31 'Now, Parcy Reed, we've paid our debt,  
Ye canna weel dispute the tale,'  
The Crosiers said, and off they rade;  
They rade the airt o Liddesdale.



- 32 It was the hour o gloaming gray,  
When herds come in frae fauld and pen;  
A herd he saw a huntsman lie,  
Says he, Can this be Laird Troughen?
- 33 'There's some will ca me Parcy Reed,  
And some will ca me Laird Troughen;  
It's little matter what they ca me,  
My faes hae made me ill to ken.
- 34 'There's some will ca me Parcy Reed,  
And speak my praise in tower and town;  
It's little matter what they do now,  
My life-blood rudds the heather brown.
- 35 'There's some will ca me Parcy Reed,  
And a' my virtues say and sing;  
I would much rather have just now  
A draught o water frae the spring.'
- 36 The herd flung aff his clouted shoon  
And to the nearest fountain ran;  
He made his bonnet serve a cup,  
And wan the blessing o the dying man.
- 37 'Now, honest herd, ye maun do mair,  
Ye maun do mair, as I you tell;  
Ye maun bear tidings to Troughend,  
And bear likewise my last farewell.
- 38 'A farewell to my wedded wife,  
A farewell to my brother John,  
Wha sits into the Troughend tower  
Wi heart as black as any stone.
- 39 'A farewell to my daughter Jean,  
A farewell to my young sons five;  
Had they been at their father's hand,  
I had this night been man alive.
- 40 'A farewell to my followers a',  
And a' my neighbours gude at need;  
Bid them think how the treacherous Ha's  
Betrayed the life o Parcy Reed.
- 41 'The laird o Clennel bears my bow,  
The laird o Brandon bears my brand;  
Whenever they ride i the Border-side,  
They'll mind the fate o the laird Trough-  
end.'

A. 10<sup>1</sup>, 12<sup>1</sup>, 14<sup>1</sup>, or *for nor*; cf. 8<sup>1</sup>.

12<sup>2</sup>. "O Parcy Reed, etc. (same as stanza 8,  
save at end, thee and me)." *The same  
abridgment and remark at 10<sup>2</sup>, 14<sup>2</sup>, but the*

*last words are there given as me and thee.  
Uniformity is to be expected.*

16<sup>1</sup>. fare thou: cf. 16<sup>2</sup>, 17<sup>1</sup>.

## 194

### THE LAIRD OF WARISTON

A. 'The Laird of Waristoun,' Jamieson's Popular Bal-  
lads, I, 109.

C. 'Death of Lord Warriston,' Buchan's Ballads of the  
North of Scotland, I, 56.

B. 'Laird of Wariestoun,' Kinloch MSS, VII, 217; Kin-  
loch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 49.

BIRRELL'S Diary, under the date of July  
2, 1600, has the following entry: "John Kin-  
land [Kincaid] of Waristone murderit be hes  
awin wyff and servant-man, and the nurische

being also upone the conspiracy. The said  
gentilwoman being apprehendit, scho was tane  
to the Girth Crosse upon the 5 day of Julii,  
and her heid struck fra her bodie at the Can-

nagait fit; quha diet verie patiently. Her nurische was brunt at the same tyme, at 4 houres in the morneing, the 5 of Julii." P. 49.

Both husband and wife belonged to houses of some note. The wife, Jean Livingston, was a daughter of John Livingston of Dunipace, "and related to many of the first families in Scotland."

Nothing seems to have been done to keep the murder from divulging. Warriston being only about a mile from Edinburgh, information very soon reached the authorities of justice, and those who were found in the house, the mistress, the nurse, and two female servants, were arrested. The crime was committed on Tuesday morning, not long after midnight. On Thursday such trial as there was took place, and it may have occupied three hours, probably less. At three o'clock on Saturday morning sentence was executed. This had been burning (*i. e.* after strangling), both for the principal and her accomplice, the nurse; but for the well-born woman, no doubt through the influence of her kindred, it was commuted to beheading. The servant-man who did the handiwork fled, but the penalty for undue devotion to his former master's daughter overtook him within four years. He was broken on a cart-wheel with a plough-coulter.

The judicial records in the case of Jean Livingston are lost, but the process of the murder and the provocation are known from a register of the trial of Robert Weir, the actual perpetrator, and partly also from Jean Livingston's own relation. Jean Livingston, having conceived a deadly hatred and malice against her husband, John Kincaid, "for the alleged biting of her in the arm and striking her divers times," sent word by her nurse, Janet Murdo, to Robert Weir, formerly servant to her father, to come to Wariston to speak with her concerning the murdering of him. The nurse, who, we may safely suppose, had been the witness of Kincaid's brutal behavior, was no unwilling agent. "She helped me too well in mine evil purpose," says her mistress; "for when I told her what I was minded to do, she consented to the doing of it, and . . . when I

sent her to seek the man who would do it, she said, I shall go and seek him, and if I get him not, I shall seek another; and if I get none, I shall do it myself." This the nurse confessed. The other two women knew nothing of the deed before it was done; "and that which they knew," says the mistress again, "they durst not tell for fear, for I had compelled them to dissemble." Robert Weir, having given consent, was put in a cellar, where he stayed till midnight, about which time he came up and went to Kincaid's chamber. Kincaid, who had waked with the "din," and was leaning over the side of his bed, was knocked to the floor by a blow in the neck, kicked in the belly, and then throttled. "As soon as that man gripped him and began his evil turn," says the wife, "so soon as my husband cried so fearfully, I leapt outover my bed and went to the hall, where I sat all the time till that unhappy man came to me and reported that mine husband was dead." She desired Weir, she says, to take her away with him, for she feared trial, albeit flesh and blood made her think that her father's interest at court would have saved her (this may have been an after-thought). But Weir refused, saying, You shall tarry still, and if this matter come not to light, you shall say he died in the gallery, and I shall return to my master's service. But if it be known, I shall fly and take the crime on me, and none dare pursue you.

A benevolent minister, who visited Jean Livingston in prison about ten o'clock on Thursday, the third day after the murder, found her "raging in a senseless fury, disdainfully taunting every word of grace that was spoken to her, impatiently tearing her hair, sometimes running up and down the house like one possessed, sometimes throwing herself on the bed and sprawling, refusing all comfort by word, and, when the book of God was brought to her, flinging it upon the walls, twice or thrice, most unreverently." His warnings of wrath to come and his exhortations to seek mercy through repentance were treated as "trittle, trattle," and she stubbornly refused to pray for herself, or to take part in his prayer, or to say so much as God

help me. He told her that she was promising herself impunity, but within a few hours, when she should have the sentence of death pronounced against her, the pride of her heart would be broken. The trial and sentence followed hard upon this, and when the minister returned, some time in the afternoon, he found a visible and apparent grace beginning in her. He remained with her till after midnight, and when he left her, Jean Livingston could say that she felt in her heart a free remission of all her sins. This worthy man came to the prison again early the next morning, and found God's grace wonderfully augmented in her. She was full of joy and courage. Those that stood about her said they never saw her so amiable or well-favored. The glory of God was shining both without and within her.

To follow no further this astounding chapter in psychology, this bairn of twenty-one years,\* with whom the Lord began to work in mercy upon Thursday at two hours in the afternoon, gave up her soul to him in peace upon the Saturday following at three hours in the morning. "When she came to the scaffold and was carried up upon it, she looked up to the Maiden with two longsome looks," but her serenity was not disturbed. She made a confession at each of the four corners of the scaffold, took "good night" cheerfully of all her friends, kissing them, and then, "as a constant saint of God, humbled herself on her knees and offered her neck to the axe." †

It may be gathered from Weir's indictment that it was the ill treatment which she had re-

ceived from her husband that incited the wife to the murder. Two of the ballads, A 4, B 2, make the same representation. An epitaph on Jean Livingston gives us to understand that both parties were very young, and were married against their will (*invita invito subjuncta puella puello*): whence perpetual disagreements (*nihil in thalamo nisi rixæ, jurgia, lites*).

In A, B, the strangling is done by the nurse and her lady, Man's Enemy personally knotting the tether in A; in C it is done by the nurse alone. In B 8 the great Dunipace, in his anger at hearing what his daughter has done, cries out for her to be put in a barrel of pikes ‡ and rolled down some lea. In C the father, mother, and brother come to see Jean, and would fain give everything to borrow her. This is a by much too flattering account of the behavior of her relatives, who were principally anxious to have her got out of the world with as little *éclat* as might be. None of them came near her in prison, though Wariston's brother did. C makes Wariston's mortal offence not the throwing a plate at her face (A) or striking her on the mouth (B), but the taxing her with a bairn by another man. § The unfriendly relations of the pair must have been notorious. In the prison the wife "purged herself very sincerely from many scandalous things she had been bruited with. Not that she would excuse herself that she was a sinner in the highest rank, but that she might clear herself from these false reports that her house was charged with:" Memorial, p. XXVII.

Wolff, *Halle der Völker*, II, 161; Grundtvig, III, 700, No 178, A-D, Prior, II, 160, Arwidsson, II, 62, No 80, and Grundtvig, *ib.* p. 698; Hoffmann, *Niederländische Volkslieder*, 1856, p. 19, No 3, Le Jeune, p. 87, No 3, Prior, II, 238; Pidal, *Asturian Romances*, p. 163, No 36; Grimms, K. - u. H. *märchen*, Nos 13, 89, 135; Asbjørnsen og Moe, p. 464. Sharpe, in his preface to the Memorial, p. v, gives B 8 in this form, "partly from tradition:"

Up spak the laird o Dunypace,  
Sat at the king's right knee;  
'Gar nail her in a tar-barrel  
And hurl her in the sea.'

§ The day before the execution Lady Wariston desired to see her infant son. The minister feared lest the sight of him should make her wae to leave him, but she assured that the contrair should be seen, took the child in her arms, kissed him, blessed him, and recommended him to the Lord's care, and sent him away again without taking of any sorrow. Memorial, p. ix.

\* So the Memorial referred to in the next note, p. vi. Sharpe, in his preface, p. iv, says nineteen. B 9 is of course quite wrong as to the duration of her married life.

† A Memorial of the Conversion of Jean Livingston, Lady Waristoun, etc., printed from the manuscript by C. K. Sharpe, Edinburgh, 1827. An Epitaphium Janetæ Livingstone is subjoined. The record of Weir's trial is given in the preface: see also Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, II, 445 ff. The Memorial is powerfully interesting, but, in Sharpe's words, would have been a mischievous present to the world, whatever one may think of the change of heart in this "dear saint of God," as she is therein repeatedly called. It may be noted that Jean Livingston, when it was supposed her last hour had come, called for a drink and drank to all her friends. Memorial, p. xiii: cf. "Mary Hamilton."

‡ Rolling in a spiked barrel is well known as a popular form of punishment. For some examples later than Regulus, see Grundtvig, II, 174, No 58; Grundtvig, II, 547, No 101, A-D, Prior, I, 349, Afzelius, No 3 (two copies),



## A

Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 109, as taken down by Sir Walter Scott from the recitation of his mother.

1 DOWN by yon garden green  
Sae merrily as she gaes;  
She has twa weel-made feet,  
And she trips upon her taes.

2 She has twa weel-made feet,  
Far better is her hand;  
She's as jimp in the middle  
As ony willow-wand.

3 'Gif ye will do my bidding,  
At my bidding for to be,  
It's I will make you lady  
Of a' the lands you see.'

\* \* \* \* \*

4 He spak a word in jest;  
Her answer wasna good;  
He threw a plate at her face,  
Made it a' gush out o blood.

5 She wasna frae her chamber  
A step but barely three,  
When up and at her richt hand  
There stood Man's Enemy.

6 'Gif ye will do my bidding,  
At my bidding for to be,  
I'll learn you a wile  
Avenged for to be.'

7 The Foul Thief knotted the tether,  
She lifted his head on hie,  
The nourice drew the knot  
That gard lord Waristoun die.

8 Then word is gane to Leith,  
Also to Edinburgh town,  
That the lady had killd the laird,  
The laird o Waristoun.

\* \* \* \* \*

9 'Tak aff, tak aff my hood,  
But lat my petticoat be;  
Put my mantle oer my head,  
For the fire I downa see.

10 'Now, a' ye gentle maids,  
Tak warning now by me,  
And never marry ane  
But wha pleases your ee.

11 'For he married me for love,  
But I married him for fee;  
And sae brak out the feud  
That gard my dearie die.'



## B

Kinloch MSS, VII, 217; from the recitation of Jenny Watson.

1 It was at dinner as they sat,  
And whan they drank the wine,  
How happy war the laird and lady  
Of bonnie Wariston!

2 The lady spak but ae word,  
The matter to conclude;  
The laird strak her on the mouth,  
Till she spat out o blude.

3 She did not know the way  
Her mind to satisfy,  
Till evil cam into [her] head  
All by the Enemy.

\* \* \* \* \*

4 'At evening when ye sit,  
And whan ye drink the wine,  
See that ye fill the glass weill up  
To the laird o Wariston.'

5 So at table whan they sat,  
And whan they drank the wine,  
She made the glass aft gae round  
To the laird o Wariston.

6 The nurice she knet the knot,  
And 'O she knet it sicker!  
The lady did gie it a twig,  
Till it began to wicker.



7 But word 's gane down to Leith,  
And up to Embro toun,  
That the lady she has slain the laird,  
The laird o Waristoun.

8 Word has gane to her father, the grit Dunipace,  
And an angry man was he;  
Cries, Gar mak a barrel o pikes,  
And row her down some lea!

9 She said, Wae be to ye, Wariston,  
I wish ye may sink for sin!

For I have been your wife  
These nine years, running ten;  
And I never loved ye sae well  
As now whan ye 're lying slain.

10 'But tak aff this gowd brocade,  
And let my petticoat stay,  
And tie a handkerchief round my face,  
That the people may not see.'

## C

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 56.

1 'MY mother was an ill woman,  
In fifteen years she married me;  
I hadna wit to guide a man,  
Alas! ill counsel guided me.

2 'O Warriston, O Warriston,  
I wish that ye may sink for sin!  
I was but bare fifteen years auld,  
Whan first I enterd your yates within.

3 'I hadna been a month married,  
Till my gude lord went to the sea;  
I bare a bairn ere he came hame,  
And set it on the nourice knee.

4 'But it fell ance upon a day,  
That my gude lord returnd from sea;  
Then I did dress in the best array,  
As blythe as ony bird on tree.

5 'I took my young son in my arms,  
Likewise my nourice me forebye,  
And I went down to yon shore-side,  
My gude lord's vessel I might spy.

6 'My lord he stood upon the deck,  
I wyte he haild me courteouslie:  
Ye are thrice welcome, my lady gay,  
Whae 's aught that bairn on your knee?'

7 She turnd her right and round about,  
Says, 'Why take ye sic dreads o me?  
Alas! I was too young married,  
To love another man but thee.'

8 'Now hold your tongue, my lady gay,  
Nae mair falsehoods ye 'll tell to me;  
This bonny bairn is not mine,  
You 've loved another while I was on sea.'

9 In discontent then hame she went,  
And aye the tear did blin her ee;  
Says, Of this wretch I 'll be revenged  
For these harsh words he 's said to me.

10 She 's counselld wi her father's steward  
What way she coud revenged be;  
Bad was the counsel then he gave,  
It was to gar her gude lord dee.

11 The nourice took the deed in hand,  
I wat she was well paid her fee;  
She kiest the knot, and the loop she ran,  
Which soon did gar this young lord dee.

12 His brother lay in a room hard by,  
Alas! that night he slept too soun;  
But then he wakend wi a cry,  
'I fear my brother 's putten down.

13 'O get me coal and candle light,  
And get me some gude companie;  
But before the light was brought,  
Warriston he was gart dee.

14 They 've taen the lady and fause nourice,  
In prison strong they hae them boun;  
The nourice she was hard o heart,  
But the bonny lady fell in swoon.

15 In it came her brother dear,  
And aye a sorry man was he:

- 'I woud gie a' the lands I heir,  
O bonny Jean, to borrow thee.'
- 16 'O borrow me, brother, borrow me?  
O borrowd shall I never be;  
For I gart kill my ain gude lord,  
And life is nae pleasure to me.'
- 17 In it came her mother dear,  
I wyte a sorry woman was she:  
'I woud gie my white monie and gowd,  
O bonny Jean, to borrow thee.'
- 18 'Borrow me, mother, borrow me?  
O borrowd shall I never be;  
For I gart kill my ain gude lord,  
And life's now nae pleasure to me.'
- 19 Then in it came her father dear,  
I wyte a sorry man was he;  
Says, 'Ohon, alas! my bonny Jean,  
If I had you at hame wi me!
- 20 'Seven daughters I hae left at hame,  
As fair women as fair can be;  
But I would gie them ane by ane,  
O bonny Jean, to borrow thee.'
- 21 'O borrow me, father, borrow me?  
O borrowd shall I never be;  
I that is worthy o the death,  
It is but right that I shoud dee.'
- 22 Then out it speaks the king himsell,  
And aye as he steps in the fleer;
- Says, 'I grant you your life, lady,  
Because you are of tender year.'
- 23 'A boon, a boon, my liege the king,  
The boon I ask, ye'll grant to me;  
'Ask on, ask on, my bonny Jean,  
Whateer ye ask it's granted be.'
- 24 'Cause take me out at night, at night,  
Lat not the sun upon me shine,  
And take me to yon heading-hill,  
Strike aff this dowie head o mine.
- 25 'Ye'll take me out at night, at night,  
When there are nane to gaze and see,  
And hae me to yon heading-hill,  
And ye'll gar head me speedilie.'
- 26 They've taen her out at nine at night,  
Loot not the sun upon her shine,  
And had her to yon heading-hill,  
And headed her baith neat and fine.
- 27 Then out it speaks the king himsell,  
I wyte a sorry man was he:  
'I've travell'd east, I've travell'd west,  
And sailed far beyond the sea,  
But I never saw a woman's face  
I was sae sorry to see dee.
- 28 'But Warriston was sair to blame,  
For slighting o his lady so;  
He had the wyte o his ain death,  
And bonny lady's overthrow.'

B. 4. *The MS indicates that this is the nurse's speech.*

5<sup>1</sup>. *whan struck out, as written over.*

8. *has struck out, 's substituted.*

10<sup>2</sup>. *stay struck out, be substituted.*

10<sup>3</sup>. *Originally handkerchief; hand struck out.*

*Kinloch has made several changes in printing:*

7<sup>1</sup>. has gane. 8<sup>3</sup>. *Fy!* gar. 8<sup>4</sup>. some brae.

9<sup>3</sup>. gud wife. *He gives as in 5<sup>1</sup>; be in 10<sup>2</sup>; handkerchief in 10<sup>3</sup>.*

C. 6<sup>4</sup>. Whase. *Perhaps, Wha's rather than Whae's.*

## 195

## LORD MAXWELL'S LAST GOODNIGHT

A. 'Lord Maxwell's Last Goodnight,' communicated to Percy by G. Paton, 1778.

B. 'Lord Maxwell's Goodnight,' Glenriddell MSS, XI, 18, 1791, Scott's *Minstrelsy*, I, 194, 1802; II, 133, 1833.

FIRST published in the *Minstrelsy* of the Scottish Border, "from a copy in Glenriddell's MS., with some slight variations from tradition." I understand this to mean, not that the variations were derived from tradition, but that the text of the *Minstrelsy* departs somewhat from that of the manuscript.

A and B agree entirely as to matter. The order of the stanzas, not being governed by an explicit story, might be expected to vary with every reciter.

In the year 1585, John, Lord Maxwell, having incurred the enmity of the king's favorite, the Earl of Arran, was denounced rebel, on such charges as were always at hand, and a commission was given to the Laird of Johnstone to pursue and take him. A hired force, by the aid of which this was expected to be done, was badly routed by the Maxwells in a sharp fight. Johnstone made a raid on Maxwell's lands; Maxwell burnt Johnstone's house. Finally, in one of their skirmishes, Johnstone was captured: "the grief of this overthrow gave Johnstone, shortly after he was liberated, his death."

After some years of feud, the two chiefs, "by the industry of certain wise gentlemen of the Johnstones," surprised all Scotland by making a treaty of peace. On April 1, 1592, they entered into a bond to forget and forgive all rancor and malice of the past, and to live in amity, themselves and their friends, in all time coming. A little more than a year after, a party of Johnstones, relying, no doubt, on the forbearance of their new ally, then warden of the West Marches, "rode a stealing" in the lands of Lord Sanquhar and of the knights of

Drumlanrig, Lag, and Closeburn, carried off a large booty, and killed eighteen men who endeavored to retrieve their property. (See No 184, 'The Lads of Wamphray.') The injured gentlemen made complaint to Maxwell as warden, and also procured a commission directing him to proceed against the Johnstones. Maxwell was in an awkward plight. To induce him to take action, several of the sufferers engaged to enter into a bond of manrent, or homage, to Maxwell, by which they should be obliged to service and he to protection. "Maxwell, thinking this to be a good occasion for bringing all Nithsdale to depend upon him, embraced the offer." But this bond, through negligence, came to the hands of Johnstone, who, seeing what turn matters would take, made a league with Scotts, Eliots, and others, and in a battle at Dryfe Sands, by superior strategy, defeated Maxwell, though the warden had much larger numbers. This was in December, 1593. "The Lord Maxwell, a tall man and heavy in armor, was in the chase overtaken and stricken from his horse. The report went that he called to Johnstone and desired to be taken as he had sometime taken his father, but was unmercifully used, and the hand that he reached forth cut off. But of this," says Spotiswood, "I can affirm nothing. There always the Lord Maxwell fell, having received many wounds." Drumlanrig, Closeburn, and other of the Nithsdale lairds of Maxwell's faction, barely escaped with their lives.

Sir James Johnstone soon made his peace with the king, whose warden had been slain while acting under royal authority. The heir



of the slain warden, John, the ninth Lord Maxwell, is said to have been only eight years old at the time of his father's death.\* If this was so, he became very early of age for all purposes of offence. The two clans kept up a bloody and destructive private war. Both chiefs were imprisoned and proclaimed rebel or traitor; Maxwell twice, first in 1601, as favoring popery, and again in 1607, for his extravagant turbulence; and in each case he made his own escape, the second time by the use of violence. At length, influenced perhaps by a conviction that his defiance of the law had gone too far for his safety, Maxwell seemed to be seriously disposed to reconcile himself with his inveterate enemy.† Sir James Johnstone, as it happened, had already asked Sir Robert Maxwell, who was his brother-in-law and cousin to Lord Maxwell, to speak to his kinsman with that view. Sir Robert had no wish to meddle, for his cousin, he said, was a dangerous man to have to do with. Lord John, however, spontaneously sent for Sir Robert, and said to him, You see my estate and the danger I stand in. I would crave your counsel as a man that tenders my weal. The result of much conference and writing (in which Sir Robert Maxwell, evidently feeling imperfect confidence in his cousin, acted with great caution) was that Lord Maxwell proposed a tryst with Sir James Johnstone, each of them to be accompanied by one person only, and no others to be present except Sir Robert, and faithfully promised, with his hands between Sir Robert's hands, that neither he nor the man he should bring with him should do any wrong, "whether they agreed or not." Johnstone accepted the terms and

made corresponding promises. The meeting came off the 6th of April, 1608. Johnstone brought Willie Johnstone with him, and Maxwell Charlie Maxwell, a man that Sir Robert strongly disapproved, but his chief undertook to be answerable for him. Sir Robert required the same guaranty on the part of Johnstone for his follower, and these men were ordered to keep away from one another. The two principals and their mediator between them rode off, with their backs to their men, and began their parley. Looking round, Sir Robert saw that Charlie Maxwell had left his appointed place and gone to Willie Johnstone, at whom, after some words between them, he fired a pistol. Sir Robert cried to Lord Maxwell, Fie, make not yourself a traitor and me both! Lord Maxwell replied, I am blameless. Sir James Johnstone slipped away to see to his follower's safety. Lord Maxwell followed Sir James, shot him in the back, and rode off.‡

Lord Maxwell fled the country, but was tried in his absence and sentenced to death, with forfeiture of his estates. He came back to Scotland after four years, was basely betrayed into the power of the government by a kinsman, and was beheaded at Edinburgh May 21, 1613.§

"Thus was finally ended," remarks Sir Walter Scott, "by a salutary example of severity, the 'foul debate' betwixt the Maxwells and Johnstones, in the course of which each family lost two chieftains: one dying of a broken heart, one in the field of battle, one by assassination, and one by the sword of the executioner."

A 1, 2, and *passim*. The very affectionate relations of Lord Maxwell and his 'lady and

\* Fraser, *The Book of Carlawerock*, I, 300. "John, ninth Lord Maxwell, was born about the year 1586." He was married in 1601, and imprisoned for his papistical propensity in the same year. Either the date is too late, or Maxwell was one of those avenging children who mature so very fast: see 'Jellon Grame,' II, 303, 513.

† Some sort of "agreement" had been made in 1605, as we see by the "Summons" referred to further on, and Lord Maxwell mentions this agreement in a conversation with Sir Robert Maxwell. *Pitcairn's Trials*, III, 36, 44.

‡ In the indictment ("Summons, etc., against John, Lord Maxwell"), it is said that Johnstone was shot through the shoulder with two poisoned bullets. If there was evidence as to this aggravating circumstance, it has not been made

accessible. In his "Offers of Submission," etc., by which Lord Maxwell hoped to avoid the extreme penalty of the law, he makes oath on his salvation and damnation that the unhappy slaughter was nowise committed upon forethought felony or set purpose; and on the scaffold, while declaring that he had justly deserved his death and asking forgiveness of the Johnstone family, he protested that his act had been without dishonor or infamy; meaning, of course, perjury.

§ *Spotiswood's History*, ed. 1655, pp. 338 f., 400 f., 504 f.; *Historie of King James the Sext*, pp. 209 f., 297-99; *Moyse's Memoirs*, p. 109 f.; *Pitcairn's Criminal Trials*, III, 31-40, 43-47, 51-53; Fraser, *The Book of Carlawerock*, 1873, pp. 300 f., 314, 321; Taylor, *The Great Historic Families of Scotland*, 1887, II, 10, 14-25.



only joy,' are a fiction of the ballad-maker. His wife was daughter of the first Marquis of Hamilton. Maxwell instituted a process of divorce against her, and she died while this was pending, before he fled the country in 1608. By his treatment of his wife he made her brother, the second marquis, and the Hamiltons generally, his enemies.\*

5, 6. Carclaverock castle had from far back belonged to the Maxwells, and is theirs still. They had a house, or castle, at Dumfries, and the custody of the "houses" of Lochmaben, Langholm, and Thrieve.

9, 10. Douglas of Drumlanrig, Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, and Grierson of Lag fled in the *saue qui peut* of Dryfe Sands, and the partisans of Lord Maxwell, who there lost his life, would naturally describe them as deserting their chief. They (or two of them) had entered into a "band" with Maxwell, as aforesaid. The ballad-maker seems to intimate that they were in a band with each other, or with somebody, to betray Maxwell.

11, and B 1. 'Robin in the Orchet,' 'Robert of Oarchyardtoan,' is properly Sir Robert Maxwell of Orchardton, Lord John's cousin, but it is evident, from the conjunction of mother and sisters, that the person here intended

is his brother Robert, to whom, some years after the execution and forfeiture of Lord John, the estates were restored.

14. Maxwell's wife, as said above, was no longer living. The "offers" which he made, to save his life, contain a proposal that he should marry the slain Sir James Johnstone's daughter, without any dowry.

"Goodnight" is to be taken loosely as a farewell. Other cases are 'John Armstrong's last Goodnight,' and the well-known beautiful fragment (?) of two stanzas called 'Armstrong's Goodnight;' again, Essex's last Goodnight, to the tune of The King's last Goodnight, Chappell, Roxburghe Ballads, I, 570, and Popular Music, p. 174. The Earl of Derby sings a Goodnight (though the name is not used) in 'Flodden Field,' No 168, III, 356, stanzas 36-58. Justice Shallow sang those tunes that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his Fancies, or his Goodnights: Second Part of Henry IV, III, 2. Lord Byron, in the preface to Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, says "the good-night in the beginning of the first canto was suggested by Lord Maxwell's Goodnight in the Border Minstrelsy."

### A

Communicated to Percy by G. Paton, Edinburgh, December 4, 1778.

- 1 'GOOD lord of the land, will you stay thane  
About my faither's house,  
And walk into these gardines green,  
In my arms I'll the embrace.
- 2 'Ten thousand times I'll kiss thy face;  
Make sport, and let's be mery:  
'I thank you, lady, fore your kindness;  
Trust me, I may not stay with the.

- 3 'For I have kil'd the laird Johnston;  
I vallow not the feed;  
My wiked heart did still incline;  
He was my faither's dead.

- 4 'Both night and day I did proceed,  
And a' on him revainged to be;  
But now have I gotten what I long sowght,  
Trust me, I may not stay with the.

- 5 'Aduie, Dumfries, that proper place!  
Fair well, Carlaurike faire!

\* In a petition presented to the Privy Council by Robert Maxwell in behalf of his brother, the 'sometime' Lord Maxwell, by his attorney, craves "forgiveness of his offence done to the Marquis of Hamilton [his wife's brother] and his friends." Pitcairn, III, 52. Whether this was penitence

or policy, it shows that great offence had been taken. Some verses inserted by Scott in his edition of the ballad, in which his lady urges Maxwell to go with her to her brother's stately tower, where "Hamiltons and Douglas baith shall rise to succour thee," are quite misplaced.

- Adue the castle of the Trive,  
And all my buldings there!
- 6 'Aduie, Lochmaben gaites so faire,  
And the Langhm shank, where birks bobs  
bony!  
Aduie, my leady and only joy!  
Trust me, I may not stay with the.
- 7 'Aduie, fair Eskdale, up and doun,  
Wher my poor frends do duell!  
The bangisters will beat them doun,  
And will them sore compell.
- 8 'I'll reveinge the cause mysell,  
Again when I come over the sea;  
Aduie, my leady and only joy!  
Fore, trust me, I may not stay with the.
- 9 'Aduie, Dumlanark! fals was ay,  
And Closburn! in a band;  
The laird of the Lag from my faither fled  
When the Jhohnstones struek of his hand.
- 10 'They wer three brethren in a band;  
I pray they may never be merry;  
Aduie, my leady and only joy!  
Trust me, I may not stay with the.
- 11 'Aduie, madam my mother dear,  
But and my sister[s] two!  
Fair well, Robin in the Orchet!  
Fore the my heart is wo.
- 12 'Aduie, the lillie, and fair well, rose,  
And the primros, spreads fair and bony!  
Aduie, my leady and only joy!  
Fore, trust me, I may not stay with the.'
- 13 He took out a good gold ring,  
Where at hang sygnets three:  
'Take thou that, my own kind thing,  
And ay have mind of me.
- 14 'Do not mary another lord  
Agan or I come over the sea;  
Aduie, my leady and only joy!  
For, trust me, I may not stay with the.'
- 15 The wind was fair, and the ship was clare,  
And the good lord went away;  
The most part of his frends was there,  
Giving him a fair convoy.
- 16 They drank the wine, they did not spare,  
Presentting in that good lord's sight;  
Now he is over the floods so gray;  
Lord Maxwell has te'n his last good-night.

## B

Glenriddell MSS, XI, 18. 1791.

- 1 'ADIEW, madam my mother dear,  
But and my sisters two!  
Adiew, fair Robert of Oarchyardtoan!  
For thee my heart is woe.
- 2 'Adiew, the lilly and the rose,  
The primrose, sweet to see!  
Adiew, my lady and only joy!  
For I manna stay with thee.
- 3 'Tho I have killed the laird Johnston,  
What care I for his feed?  
My noble mind dis still incline;  
He was my father's dead.
- 4 'Both night and day I laboured oft  
Of him revenged to be,
- And now I've got what I long sought;  
But I manna stay with thee.
- 5 'Adiew, Drumlanrig! false was ay,  
And Cloesburn! in a band,  
Where the laird of Lagg fra my father fled  
When the Johnston struck off his hand.
- 6 'They were three brethren in a band;  
Joy may they never see!  
But now I've got what I long sought,  
And I maunna stay with thee.
- 7 'Adiew, Dumfries, my proper place,  
But and Carlaverock fair,  
Adiew, the castle of the Thrieve,  
And all my buildings there!
- 8 'Adiew, Lochmaben's gates so fair,  
The Langholm shank, where birks they be!

- Adiew, my lady and only joy!  
And, trust me, I maunna stay with thee.
- 9 'Adiew, fair Eskdale, up and down,  
Where my poor friends do dwell!  
The bangisters will ding them down,  
And will them sore compel.
- 10 'But I'll revenge that feed mysell  
When I come on'r the sea;  
Adiew, my lady and only joy!  
For I maunna stay with thee.'
- 11 'Lord of the land, will you go then  
Unto my father's place,  
And walk into their gardens green,  
And I will you embrace.
- 12 'Ten thousand times I'll kiss your face,  
And sport, and make you merry;'  
'I thank thee, my lady, for thy kindness,  
But, trust me, I maunna stay with thee.'
- 13 Then he took off a great gold ring,  
Where at hang signets three:  
'Hae, take thee that, my ain dear thing,  
And still hae mind of me.
- 14 'But if thow marry another lord  
Ere I come on'r the sea —  
Adiew, my lady and only joy!  
For I maunna stay with thee.'
- 15 The wind was fair, the ship was close,  
That good lord went away,  
And most part of his friends were there,  
To give him a fair convey.
- 16 They drank thair wine, they did not spare,  
Even in the good lord's sight;  
Now he is oer the floods so gray,  
And Lord Maxwell has taen his good-  
night.

- A. 1<sup>2</sup>. faither's place? So B.  
4<sup>2</sup>. And a' to be revaingd on him. Cf. B.  
5<sup>2</sup>. Fair well the Lanrike faires. (?)  
9<sup>4</sup>. struet. (?)  
13<sup>1,2</sup>. He took out a good gold ring [where it  
hang, *partly erased*.]  
Where it hang signets three.
- B. *Written in stanzas of eight lines.*  
4<sup>1</sup>. laboured.  
*The variations of the Minstrelsy, being editorial, do not require to be recorded, but some of them have a certain interest.*  
1<sup>2</sup>. sisters three. 14. My heart is wae for thee.

- 3<sup>8</sup>. mind their wrath disdains.  
6<sup>3,4</sup>. Their treacherous art and cowardly heart  
Has twin'd my love and me.
- 11 Lord of the land, that ladye said,  
O wad ye go wi me  
Unto my brother's stately tower,  
Where safest ye may be!
- 12<sup>1,2</sup>. There Hamiltons and Douglas baith  
Shall rise to succour thee.  
14<sup>3</sup>. His life is but a three days' lease.  
15<sup>1</sup>. was clear, as in A.

## 196

## THE FIRE OF FRENDRAUGHT

A. a. 'The Fire of Frendraught,' Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 161, 1827. b. 'Burning of Frendraught,' Maidment's *North Countrie Garland*, p. 4, 1824.

B. 'The Burning of Frendraught,' Kinloch MSS, V, 399.

C. 'The Fire of Frendraught,' from a note-book of Dr Joseph Robertson's.

D. Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, II, 35, 1794.

E. Kinloch MSS, VI, 27, one stanza.

A a was communicated to Motherwell by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. (Corrections have here been adopted from Motherwell's *Errata*: see also the *Musical Museum*, 1853, IV, 322\*.) A b, says Motherwell, has the "disadvantage of containing a very considerable number of slight verbal and literal inaccuracies." The implication is, or should be, that these variations are of editorial origin. Some of the readings of b are in themselves better than those of a. b is repeated in Buchan's *Gleanings*, p. 165. The copy in Maidment's *Scottish Ballads*, 1868, I, 267, is a with a reading or two from b, arbitrary alterations, and some misprints.

Dr Joseph Robertson has, in one of his notebooks, "*Adversaria*," p. 63, the two following stanzas, given him by a gentleman of Buchan as belonging to 'The Burning of Frendraught House.'

'Will ye play at the cards, Lord John?  
Will ye drink at the wine?  
Or will ye [gang] to a weel made bed,  
And sleep till it be time?'

'I'll no play at the cards, ladie,  
I'll no drink at the wine;  
But I'll gang to a weel made bed,  
An sleep till it be time.'

Undoubtedly these stanzas may have occurred in a version of this ballad, but they are a commonplace, and sometimes an intrusive one. See II, 109, 'Fair Janet,' F 4, 5; 154,

'Young Hunting,' K 8, 9; 164, 'Clerk Saunders,' F, 5, 6; 409, 'Willie o Douglas Dale,' B 20.

The modern, and extremely rapid, ballad of 'Frennet Hall' appeared originally (I suppose) in Herd's *Scottish Songs*, 1776, I, 142, and was afterwards received into Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, II, 31, *The Musical Museum*, No 286, etc.

James Crichton of Frendraught and William Gordon of Rothiemay (a neighboring estate\*) had a fierce quarrel about fishing-rights pertaining to lands which Gordon had sold to Crichton. A legal decision was rendered in favor of Frendraught, who, however, pursued his adversary with excessive vigor and procured him to be outlawed. After this, Rothiemay would hear to no terms of peace, and collected a party of loose fellows with the intent to waste Frendraught's lands. Frendraught obtained a commission to arrest Rothiemay, and on the first day of the year 1630 set out to put this in force, accompanied, among others, by his uncle (George Gordon) James Leslie, son of the laird of Pitcaple, and John Meldrum, who was married to young Leslie's aunt. Rothiemay, hearing of Frendraught's coming, rode out to meet him, and there was a fight, in which Rothiemay and George Gordon were mortally

\* Frendraught is in the parish of Forgue, Aberdeenshire, Rothiemay in Banffshire; they lie on opposite sides of the Deveron.



wounded, and Meldrum badly. The feud waxed hot, and Frendraught's lands were in danger of being burned and ravaged by Highlanders, with whom John Gordon of Rothiemay, son to the slain laird, had combined for the purpose. But in the end, by the strenuous exertions of the Marquis of Huntly and others, a settlement was effected. The laird of Rothiemay and the children of George Gordon were "to remit their father's slaughter mutually," and in satisfaction thereof the laird of Frendraught was to pay a certain sum of money to young Rothiemay and to George Gordon's children: "which both, Frendraught obeyed and performed willingly, and so, all parties having shaken hands, they were heartily reconciled."

This broil was no sooner settled than another sprouted, a side-shoot from the same stem. Meldrum, who had been with Frendraught in the affray with Rothiemay, and had been wounded, was dissatisfied with such requital as he received, and, getting nothing more by his bickering and threats, helped himself one night to two of Frendraught's best horses. Summoned to court for the theft, he "turned rebel" and did not appear. Frendraught obtained a commission to arrest him, and went to look for him at Pitcaple, a place belonging to John Leslie, Meldrum's brother-in-law. He did not find Meldrum, but fell in with James Leslie, Pitcaple's son, who had also been of Frendraught's party at the encounter on New Year's day. There was talk about Meldrum's behavior, in which Frendraught comported himself forbearingly; but James Leslie and Robert Crichton, a kinsman of Frendraught, had hot words, which ended in Leslie's getting a dangerous shot in the arm. Hereupon the larger part of the surname of Leslie rose in arms against the Crichtons. Frendraught, grieved for what had happened to James Leslie, betook himself to the Marquis of Huntly, and entreated him to make peace. The marquis sent for the Leslies, and did his best to recon-

cile them, but Pitcaple would listen to nothing until he knew whether his son James was to live or die. Huntly, fearing for Frendraught's safety, kept him two days at the Bog of Gight, and then, hearing that the Leslies were lying in wait, sent his own son, Viscount Melgum, and the young laird of Rothiemay, to protect him on the way home. Arrived there, the laird and his lady begged these young gentlemen to remain overnight, "and did their best, with all demonstration of love and kindness, to entertain them, thinking themselves happy now to have purchased such friends who had formerly been their foes." At about two in the morning the tower of Frendraught house, in which these guests lay, took fire, and they with four of their servants were burnt to death. This occurred on the eighth (ninth) of October.

So far Sir Robert Gordon, uncle of the lady of Frendraught and cousin of the Marquis of Huntly, who was perfectly acquainted with all the parties and circumstances. He goes on to say, with entire fairness: "The rumor of this unhappy accident did speedily spread itself throughout the whole kingdom, every man bewailing it, and constructing it diversely as their affections led them; some laying an aspersion upon Frendraught, as if he had wilfully destroyed his guests, who had come thither to defend him against his enemies; which carried no appearance of truth; for, besides the improbability of the matter, he did lose therein a great quantity of silver, both coined and uncoined, and likewise all his writs and evidents were therein burnt."\*

The monstrous wickedness of this act would not, in the light of the history of those times, afford an argument that would of itself avail to clear Frendraught; but what words could describe his recklessness and folly! Supposing him willing to set fire to his own house, and sacrifice his silver and securities, for the gratification of burning young Rothiemay with the rest, he knew very well what consequences he had to expect. He had been glad to com-

\* A Genealogical History of the Earldom of Sutherland, 1813, pp. 412, 416 ff. Sir Robert Gordon's book stops before the (inconclusive) legal and judicial proceedings were

finished. He seems to share the suspicion of the "most part," that the Leslies and Meldrum set the fire.

pound his feud with the Rothiemays by the payment of money (some say the considerable sum of 50,000 merks). He had been alarmed, and with good reason, at the prospect of a feud with the Leslies. But what were these to a feud with the Marquis of Huntly, which would bring down upon him, and did bring down upon him, not only the reprisals of the Gordons, but spoliation from all the brigands of the country? \*

‘Lewed people demen gladly to the badder ende,’

says Chaucer, and so it was with ballad-makers, and sometimes even with clerks; John Spalding, for instance, the other contemporary authority upon this subject, who gives a lively and detailed account of the burning of the tower, as follows.†

“The viscount was laid in a bed in the Old Tower, going off the hall, and standing upon a vault, wherein there was a round hole, devised of old, just under Aboyne’s‡ bed. Robert Gordon, born in Sutherland, his servitor, and English Will, his page, was both laid beside him in the same chamber. The laird of Rothiemay, with some servants beside him, was laid in an upper chamber just above Aboyne’s chamber; and in another room above that chamber was laid George Chalmer of Noth, and George Gordon, another of the viscount’s servants; with whom also was laid

Captain Rollok, then in Frendraught’s own company. Thus all being at rest, about midnight that dolorous tower took fire in so sudden and furious manner, yea, and in a clap, that this noble viscount, the laird of Rothiemay, English Will, Colin Ivat, another of Aboyne’s servitors, and other two, being six in number, were cruelly burnt and tormented to the death, but help or relief; the laird of Frendraught, his lady and whole household looking on, without moving or stirring to deliver them from the fury of this fearful fire, as was reported. Robert Gordon, called Sutherland Robert, being in the viscount’s chamber, escaped this fire with his life. George Chalmer and Captain Rollok, being in the third room, escaped also this fire, and, as was said, Aboyne might have saved himself also if he had gone out of doors, which he would not do, but suddenly ran up stairs to Rothiemay’s chamber, and wakened him to rise, and as he is wakening him, the timber passage and lofting of the chamber hastily takes fire, so that none of them could win down stairs again; so they turned to a window looking to the close, where they piteously cried help, help, many times, for God’s cause! the laird and the lady, with their servants, all seeing and hearing this woeful crying, but made no help nor manner of helping; § which they perceiving, they cried oftentimes mercy

\* See Spalding, *Memorials of the Troubles in Scotland and in England, 1624–1645*, Spalding Club, I, 45–51, 420–23, 430–35, and the continuator of Sir Robert Gordon, p. 474 f. Frendraught is generally represented to have been utterly ruined in his estate, but that is probably an exaggeration. His sufferings are thus depicted in the Charges against the Marquis of Huntly and others anent the disorders in the North (Spalding, I, 420): “Forasmuch as the Lords of Secret Council are informed that great numbers of sorners and broken men of the clan Gregor, clan Lachlan (etc.), as also divers of the name of Gordon . . . have this long time, and now lately very grievously, infested his Majesty’s loyal subjects in the north parts, especially the laird of Frendraught and his tenants, by frequent slaughters, herships, and barbarous cruelties committed upon them, and by a late treasonable freraising within the said laird of Frendraught his bounds, whereby not only is all the gentleman’s lands laid waste, his whole goods and bestial spoiled, slain and mangled, some of his servants killed and cruelly demeaned, but also the whole tenants of his lands and domestics of his house have left his service, and himself, with the hazard of his life, has been forced to steal away under night and have his refuge to his Majesty’s Council, etc.” It was reported

that Frendraught obtained a decree against the marquis for 200,000 merks (Scots) for scathe, and another for 100,000 pounds (or merks) for spoliation of tithes, but that he recovered the money does not appear. (Spalding, I, 71, 115.) In 1636, through the exertions of Sir Robert Gordon, Huntly and Frendraught were brought to submit all differences on either side, “and particularly a great action of law prosecuted by Frendraught against the marquis,” to the arbitration of friends. Huntly died before a decision was reached, but “the Laird of Frendraught retired himself home to his own lands, and there lived peaceably.” (Genealogical History of Sutherland, p. 479.)

† Memorials, I, 17 ff., and the Appendix, p. 381 ff.

‡ So John Gordon, Viscount Melgum, the second son of the Marquis of Huntly, was indifferently called, though the title of Viscount Aboyne belonged to his elder brother, George, and was not conferred upon him until after John’s death. Sir Robert Gordon says that the Marquis of Huntly “ordained” for Melgum the lands of Aboyne, and others. Melgum was married to Sophia Hay, daughter of the Earl of Errol, as appears also in the ballad.

§ What manner of helping Frendraught could have given Spalding does not “condescend upon.” The way down



at God's hands for their sins, syne clasped in other arms, and cheerfully suffered this cruel martyrdom. Thus died this noble viscount, of singular expectation, Rothiemay, a brave youth, and the rest, by this doleful fire never enough to be deplored, to the great grief and sorrow of their kin, friends, parents, and whole country people, especially to the noble marquis, who for his goodwill got this reward."

Spalding tells us that it was reported that, the morning after the fire, Lady Frendraught, riding on a small nag, and with no attendants but a boy to lead her horse, came weeping to the Bog, desiring to speak with the marquis, but was refused. The Huntly-Gordons, the Earl of Errol (brother of Viscountess Melgum), and many other friends held a council, and after serious consideration came to the conclusion that the fire "could not come by chance, sloth, or accident, but was plotted and devised of set purpose;" Frendraught, his lady, his friends and servants, one or other, knowing thereof. The marquis, however, was resolved not to revenge himself "by way of deed," but to invoke the laws. Frendraught, as far as we can see, desired a legal inquiry no less than Huntly. He addressed himself to the Lord Chancellor and to the Privy Council, and offered to undergo any form of trial, and, delays occurring, he repeated to the Council his wish to have "that hidden mystery brought to a clear light." Examinations and prosecutions, extended to the middle of the year 1634, failed to fix the

guilt of the fire on him or anybody, although John Meldrum, on the strength of some threats which he had uttered, was wrongfully convicted of the act and was executed.\*

A. The date is the eighteenth of October, new style for the eighth. When Gordon and Rothiemay (having convoyed Frendraught safely home) are on the point of returning, Lady Frendraught urges them to stay, in token of good feeling between Huntly and her husband. Lord John is quite disposed to comply, but Rothiemay says that his horse has been tampered with since their coming, and he fears that he is fey. After the regular evening-mass of ballads (which would have suited Lady Frendraught, a concealed Catholic, but not her husband), Lord John and Rothiemay are laid in one chamber, an arrangement which would have allowed both to escape, as Robert Gordon did, who slept in his master's room. Lord John wakes with the smoke and heat, and rouses Rothiemay. The doors and windows are fastened. Rothiemay goes to the 'wire-window,' and finds the stanchions too strong to be dealt with. He sees Lady Frendraught below, and cries to her for mercy; her husband killed the father, and now she is burning the son. Lady Frendraught is sorry that she must burn Lord John in order to burn Rothiemay, but there is no help; the keys are cast in the deep draw-well.† [Robert] Gordon, who has escaped though the keys were in the well, calls to his master to jump from the window; he will catch him in his arms. His

stairs was barred by fire, the windows were barred with iron. ["But the stairs or monty being in fire, and the windows grated with strong bars of iron, there was no moyen to escape:" Blakhal's Narration, Spalding Club, p. 125.] Ladders and crowbars occur to us, but a tower with walls ten feet thick was not expected to burn, the servants had not been drilled in managing fires, people smoked from their beds at two in the morning are not apt to have their wits about them, and the combustion was rapid.

\* All the documents will be found in the Appendix to Spalding. Dr John Hill Burton, in *Narratives from Criminal Trials in Scotland*, 1852, I, 202 ff., leans hard against Frendraught. "With pretty abundant materials, it is impossible, even at the present day, entirely to clear up the mystery, but we can see by what machinations inquiry was baffled." "It will be seen that no evidence against him was received, that it was considered an offence to accuse him." "Frendraught, though he had with a high hand averted even the pretence of inquiry on the part of the government, did

not go unpunished, *whether he was guilty or not.*" Dr Burton speaks with more reserve in his *History of Scotland*, VI, 209; little more is insisted on than a wish of the Court to foster the Crichtons as a balance to the power of the house of Huntly. It is clear that Frendraught had all the consideration and help from the government which he could claim. Mr Charles Rampini, who has discussed the affair in *The Scottish Review*, X, 143 ff., 1887, concludes favorably to Frendraught's innocence of the fire.

† "Many years ago, when the well was cleared out, this tradition was corroborated by their finding the keys: at least, such was the report of the country." (Finlay, I, xxi, citing a correspondent.) Of course we should have had to believe everything against Lady Frendraught, even that she had been so simple as to throw them in, if keys had been found in the well; but the land-steward of the proprietor of the estate informed the late Mr Norval Clyne that the draw-well was searched, and no keys were found.

master answers that no fire shall part him and Rothiemay, and besides, the window is fast. He throws his finger-rings down, to be given to his lady. When the servant goes home to his mistress, she reproaches him for coming back alive and leaving his master dead. She tears off the clothes which her maid puts on her, exclaiming that she won a sore heart the day she was married, and that that day has returned (which is not easy to understand: see Appendix).

B. This fragment represents Lady Frendraught as being very importunate with Lord John: she presses him three times over to stay, and promises him a morning-gift of lands if he will comply; by a perversion of tradition, Strathbogie, which had been in his family three hundred years, and which, further on, he offers to give her if she will let him out. Finding that he cannot escape (perhaps stanza 7 should come later), Lord John takes out his psalm-book and sings three verses, with 'God end our misery' at each verse's end. In 9 he sees his elder brother, Lord George, from the window, and asks what news he has, but a defect conceals from us the point of this passage. Stanza 16 seems to belong to Lord John's wife.

C. When the gentlemen are in their saddles, ready to ride away, Lady Frendraught, on her bare knees, begs them to remain, and promises them a firloft of red gold if they will. When everybody has gone to bed, the doors

are locked and the windows shut. The reek begins to rise and the joists to crack; Lord John betakes himself to the window, and finds the stanchions too strong to break. He goes back and wakens Rothiemay, and proposes to him to praise the Lord in the fifty-third psalm,\* for there is treason about them. He calls to Lady Frendraught, walking on the green, for mercy; she replies that the keys are in the well, and the doors were locked yesterday. He reproaches her for burning her own flesh. George Chalmers (who really escaped, though lodged in the third story) is described as leaping the ditches and coming, from without, to Rothiemay's help, and Colin Irving (the Colin Ivat of Spalding, who was burnt) as doing the same in behalf of Lord John, to whom he calls to jump into his arms. Lord John is burning, and there is little more left of him than his spirit; but he throws down a purse of gold for the poor and his rings for his wife. Lady Rothiemay comes in the morning to cry vengeance on Frendraught, who has betrayed the gay Gordons, killed her lord, and burnt her son. †

D. " 'There are some intermediate particulars,' Mr Boyd says, 'respecting the lady's lodging her victims in a turret or flanker which did not communicate with the castle.' 'This,' adds he, 'I only have from tradition, as I never heard any other stanzas besides the foregoing.' The author of the original, we may perceive, either through ignorance or

\* This is, of course, the style of the kirk. The fifty-third psalm of the Vulgate would not have been out of place for Lord John, who was a Catholic; but no doubt Lord John is taken for a Presbyterian in the ballad, and the 'three' is for rhyme. Father Blakhal maintains that Frendraught burnt his tower, not to rid himself of Rothiemay, but out of theological malice to Melgum "for his zeal in defending and protecting the poor Catholics against the tyranny of our puritanical bi-hops and ministers." "As he [Melgum] was dying for the defence of the poor Catholics, God did bestow upon him the grace to augment the number at the last hour of his life, persuading the Baron of Rothiemay to abjure the heresy of Calvin, and make the profession of the Catholic faith openly, to the hearing of the traitor and all who were with him in the court. They two being at a window, and whilst their legs were burning, they did sing together *Te Deum*; which ended, they did tell at the window that their legs being consumed even to their knees, etc. . . . And so this noble martyr finished this mortal life, at the

age of four and twenty years." A Brief Narration, etc., p. 124 f.

Blakhal, who is far from being a cautious writer, also tells us that "the traitor," Frendraught, "with his men, in arms, walked all the night in the court," to kill Gordon and Rothiemay, if they should escape from the fire. There is a passage of the same purport in one of Arthur Johnston's two poems on the burning of Frendraught, "*Querela Sophiæ Hayæ*," etc.:

Cur vigil insuetis noctem traduxit in armis,  
Cætera cum somno turba sepulta foret?

The other piece ends with a ferocious demand for the use of torture to discover the guilty party. (*Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum*, Amsterdam, 1637, pp. 585, 587; or, A. I. *Pœmata Omnia*, Middelburg, 1642, pp. 329, 331.)

† Stanza 21 recalls the verses in Hume of Godscroft:

Edinburgh castle, towne, and tower,  
God grant thou sink for sinne! etc.



design, had deviated from the fact in supposing Lady Frennet's husband to have been slain by Lord John's father." Ritson, p. 36.

It may be noted that three of the most tragical of the Scottish historical ballads are associated with the name of Gordon: the Burning of Towie, as we might call 'Captain

Car,' No 178, through Adam Gordon, uncle of the first marquis of Huntly; the Burning of Donibristle, known as 'The Bonny Earl of Murray,' No 181, of which the responsibility is put upon the marquis (then earl) himself; and the Burning of Frendraught, in which his son perished.

### A

a. Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 161, from a MS. of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. b. Maidment's *North Countrie Garland*, p. 4; "long preserved by tradition in Aberdeenshire, and procured from an intelligent individual resident in that part of Scotland."

- 1 THE eighteenth of October,  
A dismal tale to hear  
How good Lord John and Rothiemay  
Was both burnt in the fire.
- 2 When steeds was saddled and well bridled,  
And ready for to ride,  
Then out it came her false Frendraught,  
Inviting them to bide.
- 3 Said, 'Stay this night untill we sup,  
The morn untill we dine;  
'T will be a token of good greement  
'Twixt your good lord and mine.'
- 4 'We 'll turn again,' said good Lord John;  
'But no,' said Rothiemay,  
'My steed's trapand, my bridle's broken,  
I fear the day I'm fey.'
- 5 When mass was sung, and bells was rung,  
And all men bound for bed,  
Then good Lord John and Rothiemay  
In one chamber was laid.
- 6 They had not long cast off their cloaths,  
And were but now asleep,  
When the weary smoke began to rise,  
Likewise the scorching heat.
- 7 'O waken, waken, Rothiemay!  
O waken, brother dear!  
And turn you to our Saviour;  
There is strong treason here.'

- 8 When they were dressed in their cloaths,  
And ready for to boun,  
The doors and windows was all secur'd,  
The roof-tree burning down.
- 9 He did him to the wire-window,  
As fast as we could gang;  
Says, Wae to the hands put in the stancheons!  
For out we 'll never win.
- 10 When he stood at the wire-window,  
Most doleful to be seen,  
He did espy her Lady Frendraught,  
Who stood upon the green.
- 11 Cried, Mercy, mercy, Lady Frendraught!  
Will ye not sink with sin?  
For first your husband killed my father,  
And now you burn his son.
- 12 O then out spoke her Lady Frendraught,  
And loudly did she cry;  
'It were great pity for good Lord John,  
But none for Rothiemay;  
But the keys are casten in the deep draw-well,  
Ye cannot get away.'
- 13 While he stood in this dreadful plight,  
Most piteous to be seen,  
There called out his servant Gordon,  
As he had frantic been:
- 14 'O loup, O loup, my dear master!  
O loup and come to me!  
I 'll catch you in my arms two,  
One foot I will not flee.
- 15 'O loup, O loup, my dear master!  
O loup and come away!  
I 'll catch you in my arms two,  
But Rothiemay may lie.'

- 16 'The fish shall never swim in the flood,  
Nor corn grow through the clay,  
Nor the fiercest fire that ever was kindled  
Twin me and Rothiemay.
- 17 'But I cannot loup, I cannot come,  
I cannot win to thee;  
My head 's fast in the wire-window,  
My feet burning from me.
- 18 'My eyes are seething in my head,  
My flesh roasting also,  
My bowels are boiling with my blood;  
Is not that a woeful woe?
- 19 'Take here the rings from my white fingers,  
That are so long and small,  
And give them to my lady fair,  
Where she sits in her hall.
- 20 'So I cannot loup, I cannot come,  
I cannot loup to thee;  
My earthly part is all consumed,  
My spirit but speaks to thee.'
- 21 Wringing her hands, tearing her hair,  
His lady she was seen,
- And thus addressed his servant Gordon,  
Where he stood on the green.
- 22 'O wae be to you, George Gordon!  
An ill death may you die!  
So safe and sound as you stand there,  
And my lord bereaved from me.'
- 23 'I bad him loup, I bad him come,  
I bad him loup to me;  
I 'd catch him in my arms two,  
A foot I should not flee. &c.
- 24 'He threw me the rings from his white fingers,  
Which were so long and small,  
To give to you, his lady fair,  
Where you sat in your hall.' &c.
- 25 Sophia Hay, Sophia Hay,  
O bonny Sophia was her name,  
Her waiting maid put on her cloaths,  
But I wot she tore them off again.
- 26 And aft she cried, Ohon! alas! alas!  
A sair heart 's ill to win;  
I wan a sair heart when I married him,  
And the day it 's well returnd again.

## B

Kinloch MSS, V, 399, in the handwriting of John Hill Burton.

\* \* \* \* \*

- 1 'YE 'LL stay this night wi me, Lord John,  
Ye 'll stay this night wi me,  
For there is appearence of good greement  
Betwixt Frendraught and thee.'
- 2 'How can I bide, or how shall I bide,  
Or how can I bide wi thee,  
Sin my lady is in the lands of Air,  
And I long till I her see?'
- 3 'Oh stay this night wi me, Lord John,  
Oh stay this night wi me,  
And bonny ['s] be the morning-gift  
That I will to you gie.
- 4 'I 'll gie you a Strathboggie lands,  
And the laigh lands o Strathray,  
. . . . .
- 5 'Ye 'll stay this night wi me, Lord John,  
Ye 'll stay this night wi me,  
And I 'll lay you in a bed of down,  
And Rothiemay you wi.'
- 6 When mass was sung, and bells were rung,  
And a' men bun to bed,  
Gude Lord John and Rothiemay  
In one chamber were laid.  
  
\* \* \* \* \*
- 7 Out hes he taen his little psalm-buik,  
And verses sang he three,  
And aye at every verse's end,  
'God end our misery!'

- 8 The doors were shut, the keys were thrown  
Into a vault of stone,  
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- 9 He is dune him to the weir-window,  
The stauncheons were oer strong;  
There he saw him Lord George Gordon  
Come haisling to the town.
- 10 'What news, what news now, George Gordon?  
Whats news hae you to me?  
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- 11 He 's dune him to the weir-window,  
The stauncheons were oer strang;  
And there he saw the Lady Frendraught,  
Was walking on the green.
- 12 'Open yer doors now, Lady Frendraught,  
Ye 'll open yer doors to me;  
And bonny 's be the mornin-gift  
That I shall to you gie.
- 13 'I 'll gie you a' Straboggie lands,  
And the laigh lands o Strathbrae,  
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- 14 'Now there 's the rings frae my fingers,  
And the broach frae my breast-bone;  
Ye 'll gae that to my gude ladye  
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- \* \* \* \* \*
- 15 'How can I loup, or how shall I loup?  
How can I loup to thee?  
When the blood is boiling in my body,  
And my feet burnin frae me?'  
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- \* \* \* \* \*
- 16 'If I was swift as any swallow,  
And then had wings to fly,  
I could fly on to fause Frendraught  
And cry vengeance till I die.'

## C

From a note-book of Dr Joseph Robertson: "procured in the parish of Forgue by A. Scott; communicated to me by Mr John Stuart, Aberdeen, 11 October, 1832."

- 1 It was in October the woe began —  
It lasts for now and aye, —  
The burning o the bonny house o fause Frend-  
raught,  
Lord John and Rothiemay.
- 2 When they were in their saddles set,  
And ready to ride away,  
The lady sat down on her bare knees,  
Beseeching them to stay.
- 3 'Ye 's hae a firlot o the gude red gowd,  
Well straiket wi a wan;  
And if that winna please you well,  
I 'll heap it wi my han.'
- 4 Then out it spake the gude Lord John,  
And said to Rothiemay,  
'It is a woman that we 're come o,  
And a woman we 'll obey.'
- 5 When a' man was well drunken,  
And a' man bound for bed,  
The doors were lockd, the windows shut,  
And the keys were casten by.
- 6 When a' man was well drunken,  
And a' man bound for sleep,  
The dowy reek began to rise,  
And the joists began to crack.
- 7 He 's deen him to the wire-window,  
And ruefu strack and dang;  
But they would neither bow nor brack,  
The staunchions were so strang.
- 8 He 's deen him back and back again,  
And back to Rothiemay;  
Says. Waken, waken, brother dear!  
Waken, Rothiemay!
- 9 'Come let us praise the Lord our God,  
The fiftieth psalm and three;  
For the reek and smoke are us about,  
And there 's fause treason tee.

- 10 'O mercy, mercy, Lady Frendraught!  
As ye walk on the green :'  
'The keys are in the deep draw-well,  
The doors were lockt the streen.'
- 11 'O woe be to you, Lady Frendraught!  
An ill death may you die!  
For think na ye this a sad torment  
Your own flesh for to burn?'
- 12 George Chalmers was a bonny boy;  
He leapt the stanks so deep,  
And he is on to Rothiemay,  
His master for to help.
- 13 Colin Irving was a bonny boy,  
And leapt the stanks so deep:  
'Come down, come down, my master dear!  
In my arms I 'll thee kep.'
- 14 'Come down? come down? how can I come?  
How can I come to thee?  
My flesh is burning me about,  
And yet my spirit speaks to thee.'
- 15 He 's taen a purse o the gude red gowd,  
And threw it oer the wa:  
'It's ye 'll deal that among the poor,  
Bid them pray for our souls a'.'
- 16 He 's taen the rings off his fingers,  
And threw them oer the wa;  
Says, Ye 'll gie that to my lady dear,  
From me she 'll na get more.
- 17 'Bid her make her bed well to the length,  
But no more to the breadth,  
For the day will never dawn  
That I 'll sleep by her side.'
- 18 Ladie Rothiemay came on the morn,  
She kneeled it roun and roun:  
'Restore your lodgers, fause Frendraught,  
That ye burnd here the streen.'
- 19 'O were I like yon turtle-dove,  
Had I wings for to fie,  
I 'd fly about fause Frendraught  
Crying vengeance till I die.
- 20 'Frendraught fause, all thro the ha's,  
Both back and every side;  
For ye 've betrayd the gay Gordons,  
And lands wherein they ride.
- 21 'Frendraught fause, all thro the ha's;  
I wish you 'd sink for sin;  
For first you killd my own good lord,  
And now you 've burnd my son.
- 22 'I caredna sae muckle for my good lord  
I saw him in battle slain,  
But a' is for my own son dear,  
The heir o a' my lan.
- 23 'I caredna sae muckle for my good lord  
I saw him laid in clay,  
But a' is for my own son dear,  
The heir o Rothiemay.'

## D

Ritson's *Scottish Songs*. 1794, II, 35; remembered by the Rev. Mr Boyd, translator of *Daute*, and communicated to the editor by J. C. Walker.

- 1 THE reek it rose, and the flame it flew,  
And oh! the fire augmented high,  
Until it came to Lord John's chamber-window,  
And to the bed where Lord John lay.
- 2 'O help me, help me, Lady Frennet!  
I never ettled harm to thee;  
And if my father slew thy lord,  
Forget the deed and rescue me.'
- 3 He looked east, he looked west,  
To see if any help was nigh;  
At length his little page he saw,  
Who to his lord aloud did cry:
- 4 'Loup down, loup down, my master dear!  
What though the window 's dreigh and hie?  
I 'll catch you in my arms twa,  
And never a foot from you I 'll flee.'
- 5 'How can I loup, you little page?  
How can I leave this window hie?  
Do you not see the blazing low,  
And my twa legs burnt to my knee?'



## E

Kinloch MSS, VI, 27, in the handwriting of Joseph Robertson when a youth.

Now wake, now wake you, Rothiemay!  
I dread you sleep oer soun;  
The bed is burnin us about  
And the curtain 's faain down.

A. a. 23, 24. *The &c. at the end denote that the servant repeated the substance of 15-18 and of 20, which, however, was not written out.*

b. 1<sup>1</sup>. day of. 1<sup>4</sup>. Were. 2<sup>1</sup>, 5<sup>1</sup>, 5<sup>4</sup>, 8<sup>3</sup>. were.  
2<sup>3</sup>. out there came the. 6<sup>2</sup>. but new.  
6<sup>3</sup>. the *wanting*. 7<sup>3</sup>. to your. 8<sup>1</sup>. dressed wi.  
9<sup>1</sup>. did flee to. 10<sup>1</sup>. While he.  
10<sup>3</sup>, 12<sup>1</sup>. the *for* her. 11<sup>1</sup>. Cried *wanting*.  
12<sup>5</sup>. The keys were casten. 12<sup>6</sup>. win away.  
13<sup>3</sup>. Then called. 15<sup>4</sup>. may lay.  
17<sup>1</sup>. But *wanting*. 18<sup>1</sup>. are southering.  
19<sup>2</sup>. Which are. 20<sup>1</sup>. So *wanting*.

20<sup>4</sup>. but *wanting*. 21<sup>2</sup>. fair *for* she.  
21<sup>3</sup>. Calling unto his. 22<sup>4</sup>. lord burned.  
23<sup>2</sup>. come to. 23<sup>4</sup>. would not: *no &c.*  
24<sup>4</sup>. sit: *no &c.* 25<sup>2</sup>. O *wanting*.  
25<sup>4</sup>. I wat *wanting*. 26<sup>1</sup>. One alas *wanting*.  
26<sup>2</sup>. heart 's easy wan.  
26<sup>4</sup>. And, well *wanting*.

*Some readings of b are preferable, as in 6<sup>2</sup>, 18<sup>1</sup>, 21<sup>3</sup>, 22<sup>4</sup>; others also, which may be editorial improvements.*

B. 16. "This is another stanza which I afterwards received."

C. 4<sup>1</sup>. *A small stroke between out and it.*

## APPENDIX

A 26 And aft she cried, 'Ohon! alas! alas!  
A sair heart 's ill to win;  
I wan a 'sair heart when I married him,  
And the day it 's well returned again.'

My friend the late Mr Norval Clyne thought that this obscure stanza might perhaps be cleared up by the following verses, communicated to him in 1873 by the Rev. George Sutherland, Episcopal clergyman at Tillymorgan, Aberdeenshire.

## YOUNG TOLQUHON

WORD has come to Young Tolquhon,  
In his chamber where he lay,  
That Sophia Hay, his first fair love,  
Was wedded and away.

'Sophia Hay, Sophia Hay,  
My love, Sophia Hay,

I wish her anes as sair a heart  
As she 's gien me the day.

'She thinks she has done me great wrang,  
But I don't think it so;  
I hope to live in quietness  
When she shall live in woe.

'She 'll live a discontented life  
Since she is gone from me;  
Ower seen, ower seen, a wood o green  
Will shortly cover me.

'When I am dead and in my grave,  
Cause write upon me so:  
"Here lies a lad who died for love,  
And who can blame my woe."

Mr Sutherland wrote: This fragment I took down from the recitation of my mother, twenty or twenty-five years ago. She was born in 1790, and her great-grandmother was a servant of the last Forbes of Tolquhon. She had a tradition that Sophia Hay was one of the Errol family, and mar-

ried Lord John Gordon, who was burned at Frendraught. Mr Clyne remarked: The Young Tolquhon at the time of this marriage, about 1628, was Alexander Forbes, eldest son of William Forbes of Tolquhon. Alexander is recorded to have died without issue, and the following additional particulars, singularly suggestive of a determination on the unfortunate lover's part to renounce the world, have been communicated to me by Dr John Stuart. In 1631 William Forbes granted a charter of the lands of Tolquhon to his second son Walter and his heirs male, and in 1632 another deed of the same sort to Walter, with the express consent of Alexander, his elder brother. In 1641 Alexander is supposed to have been dead, as Walter is then styled "of Tolquhon." The lady's somewhat enigmatical exclamation,

'I wan a sair heart when I married him,  
And the day it 's well returned again,'

may have its explanation in the words of Young Tolquhon,

'I wish her anes as sair a heart  
As she 's gien me the day.'

Mr Clyne did not fail to observe that Father Blakhal has recorded of Lady Melgum that he had often heard her say that she had never loved anybody but her husband, and never would love another (Narration, p. 92). This testimony, if not decisive, may be considered not less cogent as to the matter of fact than anything in 'Young Tolquhon' to the contrary. But it may be that stanza 24 became attached to the Frendraught ballad in consequence of the coexistence of this or some similar ballad of Young Tolquhon.

## 197

### JAMES GRANT

Motherwell's MS., p. 470, communicated apparently by Buchan; 'The Gordons and the Grants,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 220.

THERE was an implacable feud between the Grants of Ballindalloch and the Grants of Carron, "for divers ages," Sir Robert Gordon says, certainly for ninety years after 1550. This fragment has to do with the later stage of their enmity. In 1628, John Grant of Ballindalloch killed John Grant of Carron. James Grant of Carron, uncle of the slain man, burnt all the corn, barns, and byres of Ballindalloch young and old, and took to the hills (1630). The Ballindallochs complained to Murray, the lieutenant, and he, "to gar ane devil ding another," set the Clanchattan upon James Grant. They laid siege to a house where he was with a party of his men; he made his way out, was pursued, and was taken after receiving eleven arrow-wounds. When he was well enough to travel, he was

sent to Edinburgh, and, as everybody supposed, to his death; but after a confinement of more than a year he broke ward (October, 1632). Large sums were offered for him, alive or dead; but James Grant was hard to keep and hard to catch, and in November, 1633, he began to kythe again in the north. A gang of the forbidden name of McGregor, who had been brought into the country by Ballindalloch to act against James Grant, beset him in a small house in Carron where he was visiting his wife, having only his son and one other man with him; but he defended himself with the spirit of another Cloudesly, shot the captain, and got off to the bog with his men.\*

\* Gordon's History of Sutherland, p. 414; Spalding's Memorials, I, 11, 21-23, 29 f., 43 f.

"The year of God one thousand six hundred thirty-six, some of the Marquis of Huntly's followers and servants did invade the rebel James Grant and some of his associates, hard by Strathbogy. They burnt the house wherein he was, but, the night being dark and windy, he and his brother, Robert Grant, escaped." \*

This last escapade of James Grant may perhaps be the one to which this fragment has reference, though Ballindalloch was not personally engaged in the assault on the house, and I know of no Douglas having sheltered

Grant of Carron. One almost wonders that this mettlesome and shifty outlaw was not celebrated in a string of ballads.

Early in 1639, James Grant got his peace from the king; later in the year, he joined the "barons" at Aberdeen with five hundred men, and in 1640, we are told, "he purchased his remission orderly and went home to his own country peaceably (against all men's expectation, being such a blood-shedder and cruel oppressor) after he had escaped so many dangers." †

---

1 'AWAY with you, away with you, James de Grant!

And, Douglas, ye'll be slain;  
For Baddindalloch's at your gates,  
With many brave Highland men.'

2 'Baddindalloch has no feud at me,  
And I have none at him;  
Cast up my gates baith broad and wide,  
Let Baddindalloch in.'

3 'James de Grant has made a vaunt,  
And leaped the castle-wa;  
But, if he comes this way again,  
He'll no win sae well awa.

4 'Take him, take him, brave Gordons,  
O take him, fine fellows a'!  
If he wins but ae mile to the Highland hills,  
He'll defy you Gordons a'.'

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*As printed by Buchan:*

1<sup>s</sup>, 2<sup>1,4</sup>. Balnadallach. 1<sup>4</sup>. man. 2<sup>4</sup> come in.

3<sup>4</sup>. nae won. 4<sup>s</sup>. on the Highland hill.

\* Gordon's History, pp. 481, 460; Spalding, with details, I, 70.

† Spalding, I, 141, 188, 244.

## 198

## BONNY JOHN SETON

A. 'Bonny John Seton,' Maidment's *North Countrie Garland*, p. 15; Buchan's *Gleanings*, p. 161; Maidment's *Scottish Ballads and Songs, Historical and Traditionary*, I, 280.

B. 'The Death of John Seton,' Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, II, 136.

BUCHAN had another copy, sent him in manuscript by a young lady in Aberdeen, in which the Earl Marischal was made prominent: *Ballads*, II, 321. Aytoun, I, 139, had a copy which had been annotated by C. K. Sharpe, and from this he seems to have derived a few variations. The *New Deeside Guide* [1832], p. 5 (nominally by James Brown, but written by Dr Joseph Robertson), gives A, with a few trifling improvements which seem to be editorial.

A, B, 1-8. The ballad is accurate as to the date, not commonly a good sign for such things. On Tuesday, the eighteenth of June, 1639, Montrose began an attack on the bridge of Dee, which had been fortified and manned by the royalists of Aberdeen to stop his advance on the city. The bridge was bravely defended that day and part of the next by Lieutenant-Colonel Johnston (not Middleton; Middleton was of the assailants). The young Lord of Aboyne, just made the king's lieutenant in the north, had a small body of horse on the north side of the river. Montrose's cavalry were sent up the south side as if to cross (though there was no ford), and Aboyne's were moved along the opposite bank to resist a passage. This exposed the latter to Montrose's cannon, and the Covenanters let fly some shot at them, one of which killed "a gallant gentleman, John Seton of Pitmeddin, most part of his body above the

saddle being carried away." Johnston's leg was crushed by stones brought down from one of the turrets of the bridge by a cannon-shot, and he had to be carried off. The loss of their commander and the disappearance of Aboyne's horse discouraged the now small party who were holding the bridge, and they abandoned it. Aboyne rode off, and left Aberdeen to shift for itself.\*

A 9-12, B 9-13. The spoiling of John Seton by order of Sir William Forbes of Craigievar is not noticed by Gordon and Spalding, though other matters of not greater proportion are.

A 13-15. The reference is to the affair called the Raid of Stonehaven, June 15, three days before that of the Bridge of Dee. Aboyne's Highlanders, a thousand or more, were totally unused to artillery, and a few shots from Montrose's cannon lighting among them so frightened them that "they did run off, all in a confusion, never looking behind them, till they were got into a moss."†

B 14-17. "When Montrose entered Aberdeen," says James Gordon, "the Earl Marischal and Lord Muchall pressed him to burn the town, and urged him with the Committee of Estates' warrant for that effect. He answered that it were best to advise a night upon it, since Aberdeen was the London of the north, and would prejudice themselves by want of it. So it was taken to consideration

\* Gordon, *History of Scots Affairs*, II, 276-80; Spalding, *Memorials*, I, 209-11. Seton is called a bold, or brave, baron, in A 2, B 3, not in the mediæval way, but as one of the gentlemen of the king's party. The Gordons and their associates "at this time were called the Barons, and their actings, by way of derision, the Barons' Reign." Gordon, p. 261. "Northern," B 1<sup>3</sup>, should be southern, as in A.

† Gordon, II, 274; Spalding, I, 208; Napier's *Montrose and the Covenanters*, I, 284 f. The Hieland men, says Baillie, "avowed that they could not abide *the musket's mother*, and so fled in troops at the first volley." Letters, ed. Laing, I, 221.



for that night, and next day the Earl Marischal and Lord Muchall came protesting he would spare it. He answered he was desirous so to do, but durst not except they would be his warrant. Whereupon they drew up a paper, signed with both their hands, declaring that they had hindered it, and promising to interpose with the Committee of Estates

for him. Yet the next year, when he was made prisoner and accused, this was objected to Montrose, that he had not burned Aberdeen, as he had orders from the Committee of Estates. Then he produced Marischal and Muchall's paper, which hardly satisfied the exasperated committee." \*

### A

Maidment's North Countrie Garland, p. 15.

1 UPON the eighteenth day of June,  
A dreary day to see,  
The southern lords did pitch their camp  
Just at the bridge of Dee.

2 Bonny John Seton of Pitmeddin,  
A bold baron was he,  
He made his testament ere he went out,  
The wiser man was he.

3 He left his land to his young son,  
His lady her dowry,  
A thousand crowns to his daughter Jean,  
Yet on the nurse's knee.

4 Then out came his lady fair,  
A tear into her ee;  
Says, Stay at home, my own good lord,  
O stay at home with me!

5 He looked over his left shoulder,  
Cried, Souldiers, follow me!  
O then she looked in his face,  
An angry woman was she:  
'God send me back my steed again,  
But neer let me see thee!'

6 His name was Major Middleton  
That manned the bridge of Dee,  
His name was Colonel Henderson  
That let the cannons flee.

7 His name was Major Middleton  
That manned the bridge of Dee,  
And his name was Colonel Henderson  
That dung Pitmeddin in three.

8 Some rode on the black and grey,  
And some rode on the brown,  
But the bonny John Seton  
Lay gasping on the ground.

9 Then bye there comes a false Forbes,  
Was riding from Driminere;  
Says, Here there lies a proud Seton;  
This day they ride the rear.

10 Cragievar said to his men,  
'You may play on your shield;  
For the proudest Seton in all the lan  
This day lies on the field.'

11 'O spoil him! spoil him!' cried Cragievar,  
'Him spoiled let me see;  
For on my word,' said Cragievar,  
'He had no good will at me.'

12 They took from him his armour clear,  
His sword, likewise his shield;  
Yea, they have left him naked there,  
Upon the open field.

13 The Highland men, they're clever men  
At handling sword and shield,  
But yet they are too naked men  
To stay in battle field.

14 The Highland men are clever men  
At handling sword or gun,  
But yet they are too naked men  
To bear the cannon's rung.

15 For a cannon's roar in a summer night  
Is like thunder in the air;  
There's not a man in Highland dress  
Can face the cannon's fire.

\* History of Scots Affairs, II, 281, note: see also what is added to that note.

## B

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 136.

1 It fell about the month of June,  
On Tuesday, timouslie,  
The northern lords hae pitchd their camps  
Beyond the brig o Dee.

2 They ca'ed him Major Middleton  
That mand the brig o Dee;  
They ca'ed him Colonel Henderson  
That gard the cannons flee.

3 Bonny John Seton o Pitmedden,  
A brave baron was he;  
He made his tesment ere he gaed,  
And the wiser man was he.

4 He left his lands unto his heir,  
His ladie her dowrie;  
Ten thousand crowns to Lady Jane,  
Sat on the nourice knee.

5 Then out it speaks his lady gay,  
'O stay my lord wi me;  
For word is come, the cause is won  
Beyond the brig o Dee.'

6 He turned him right and round about,  
And a light laugh gae he;  
Says, I wouldna for my lands sae broad  
I stayd this night wi thee.

7 He's taen his sword then by his side,  
His buckler by his knee,  
And laid his leg in oer his horse,  
Said, Sodgers, follow me!

8 So he rade on, and further on,  
Till to the third mile corse;  
The Covenanters' cannon balls  
Dang him aff o his horse.

9 Up then rides him Craigievar,  
Said, Wha's this lying here?  
It surely is the Lord o Aboyne,  
For Huntly was not here.

10 Then out it speaks a fause Forbes,  
Lived up in Druminner;  
'My lord, this is a proud Seton,  
The rest will ride the thinner.'

11 'Spulyie him, spulyie him,' said Craigievar,  
'O spulyie him, presentlie;  
For I could lay my lugs in pawn  
He had nae gude will at me.'

12 They've taen the shoes frae aff his feet,  
The garters frae his knee,  
Likewise the gloves upon his hands;  
They've left him not a flee.

13 His fingers they were sae sair swelld  
The rings would not come aff;  
They cutted the grips out o his ears,  
Took out the gowd signots.

14 Then they rade on, and further on,  
Till they came to the Crabestane,  
And Craigievar, he had a mind  
To burn a' Aberdeen.

15 Out it speaks the gallant Montrose,  
Grace on his fair body!  
'We winna burn the bonny burgh,  
We'll even laet it be.'

16 Then out it speaks the gallant Montrose,  
'Your purpose I will break;  
We winna burn the bonny burgh,  
We'll never build its make.

17 'I see the women and their children  
Climbing the craigs sae hie;  
We'll sleep this night in the bonny burgh,  
And even lat it be.'

B. 11<sup>1,2</sup>. Spulzie.

*Readings in Aytoun which may have been  
derived from Sharpe:*

A. 4<sup>2</sup>. The tear stood in.

8<sup>3</sup>. But bonny John Seton o Pitmeddin.

B. 8<sup>3</sup>. And there the Covenanters' shot.

8<sup>4</sup>. It dang him frae his.

10<sup>2</sup>. Was riding frae D.

10<sup>3</sup>. This is the proudest Seton of a'.

14<sup>3</sup>. And wha sae ready as Craigievar.

- 15<sup>1</sup>. Then up and spake the gude.  
 16<sup>2</sup>. As he rade owre the field.  
 16<sup>3</sup>. Why should we burn the bonny.  
 16<sup>4</sup>. When its like we couldna build.

*Readings in The New Deeside Guide :*

- A. 1<sup>2</sup>. lords their pallions pitched.  
 2<sup>2</sup>. A baron bold. 3<sup>1</sup>. To his.  
 4<sup>1</sup>. and came. 5<sup>5</sup>. your steed.  
 11<sup>4</sup>. He bore : to me. 15<sup>4</sup>. cannon's rair.

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### THE BONNIE HOUSE O AIRLIE

A. a. Sharpe's Ballad Book, p. 59, No 20. b. 'The Bonnie House o Airly,' Finlay's Ballads, II, 25. c. Skene MS., pp. 28, 54. d. 'The Bonny House of Airly,' Campbell MSS, II, 113. e. 'The Bonny House of Airly,' an Aberdeen stall-copy, without date. f. 'The Bonny House o Airly,' another Aberdeen stall-copy, without date. g. Hogg's Jacobite Relics, II, 152. h. Kinloch MSS, VI, 5, one stanza.

B. Kinloch MSS, V, 273.

C. a. 'The Bonny House of Airley,' Kinloch MSS, V, 205. b. 'Young Airly,' Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song, p. 226. c. 'The Bonny House o Airlie,' Smith's Scottish Minstrel, II, 2. d. 'The Bonny House o Airlie,' Christie's Traditional Ballad Airs, II, 276, 296.

D. Kinloch MSS, V, 106 ; Kinloch MSS, VII, 207 ; Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 104.

THE earliest copy of this ballad hitherto found is a broadside of about 1790 (a hundred and fifty years later than the event celebrated), which Finlay combined with two others, derived from recitation, for his edition (A b). C b, c, d, are not purely traditional texts, and A g has borrowed some stanzas from C b. C b is transcribed into the Campbell MSS, I, 184. Aytoun's edition, 1859, II, 270, is compounded from A a, A b, with half a dozen words changed, and it is not quite clear how the editor means to be understood when he says, "the following, I have reason to believe, is the original."

One summer day, Argyle, who has a quarrel with Airlie, sets out to plunder the castle of that name. The lord of the place is at the time with the king. Argyle (something in the style of Captain Car) summons Lady Ogilvie to come down and kiss him ; else he will not leave a standing stone in Airlie. This she will not do, for all his threat. Argyle demands of the lady where her dowry is

(as if it were tied up in a handkerchief). She gives no precise information : it is east and west, up and down the water-side. Sharp search is made, and the dowry is found in a plum-tree (balm-tree, cherry-tree, palm-tree, A a, b, d, e, g). Argyle lays or leads the lady down somewhere while the plundering goes forward. She tells him that no Campbell durst have taken in hand such a thing if her lord had been at home. She has born seven (ten) sons, and is expecting another ; but had she as many more (a hundred more), she would give them all to King Charles.

In A d 7 Lady Ogilvie asks the favor of Argyle that he will take her to a high hill-top that she may *not* see the burning of Airlie ; the passage is of course corrupt. In A g 7 she more sensibly asks that her face may not be turned that way. In C a 5, 6, b 5, 6, the rational request is made that she may be taken to some dark dowey glen \* to avoid the sight ; but Argyle leads her "down to the top of the town," and bids her look at the plundering, a ; sets her upon a bonnie knowe-tap, and

Isla and the Melgum." Christie, Traditional Ballad Airs, II, 296.

\* "The deep, deep den" referred to in the ballad is the Den of Airlie, celebrated for its fine scenery and romantic beauty. It extends about a mile below the junction of the



bids her look at Airlie fa'ing, b. D 7, 8, goes a step further. The lady asks that she may be thrown over the castle-wall rather than see the plundering; Argyle lifts her up 'sae rarely' and throws her over, and she never saw it.

In C a 8 Argyle would have Lord Airlie informed that one kiss from his lady would have saved all the plundering. In D 5 he tells Lady Ogilvie that if she had surrendered on the first demand there would have been no plundering; and this assurance he repeats to 'Captain' Ogilvie, whom he meets on his way home.

A b 2, D 1, 2, represent Argyle to be acting under the orders of Montrose, or in concert with him.

A piece in five or six stanzas which appears, with variations, in Cromeck's Remains, p. 195, Hogg's Jacobite Relics, II, 151, Cunningham's Songs of Scotland, III, 218, under the caption of 'Young Airly' (the title of C b also in Cromeck), moves forward the burning of Airlie to "the 45;" not very strangely (if there is anything traditional in these verses), when we consider the prominence of the younger Lord Ogilvie and his wife among the supporters of Charles Edward. (The first three of Cromeck's stanzas are transcribed into Campbell MSS, I, 187.) No doubt the Charlie and Prince Charlie of some versions of our ballad were understood by the reciters to be the Young Chevalier.

The Committee of Estates, June 12, 1640, gave commission to the Earl of Argyle to rise in arms against certain people, among whom was the Earl of Airlie, as enemies to religion and unnatural to their country, and to pursue them with fire and sword until they should be brought to their duty or else utterly subdued and rooted out. The Earl of Airlie had gone to England, fearing lest he should be pressed to subscribe the Covenant, and had

left his house to the keeping of his eldest son, Lord Ogilvie. Montrose, who had signed the commission as one of the Committee, but was not inclined to so strenuous proceedings, invested Airlie, forced a surrender, and put a garrison in the place to hold it for the "public." Argyle did not interpret his commission in this mild way. He took Airlie in hand in the beginning of July, and caused both this house and that of Forthar, belonging to Lord Ogilvie, to be pillaged, burned, and demolished. Thereafter he fell upon the lands both of the proprietor and his tenantry, and carried off or destroyed "their whole goods, gear, corns, cattle, horse, nolt, sheep," and left nothing but bare bounds.

According to one writer, Lady Ogilvie was residing at Forthar, and, being big with child, asked leave of Argyle to stay till she was brought to bed; but this was not allowed, and she was put out, though she knew not whither to go. By another account, Argyle accused Montrose of having suffered the lady to escape.\*

The ballad puts Lady Airlie in command of the house or castle, but none of the family were there at the time it was sacked. She is called Lady Margaret in A b 4, but her name was Elizabeth. The earl, James, is called the great Sir John in C a 9. A 10 and the like elsewhere are applicable to the younger Lady Ogilvie in respect to the unborn child. Chambers says that Lady Airlie had three children and Lady Ogilvie but one, and "the poet must be wrong." "The poet," besides being inaccurate, does not tell the same story in all the versions, and this inconsistency is again observable in 'Geordie,' A 9, B 18, C 8, etc.

'Gleyd Argyle' is "generally described as of mean stature, with red hair and squinting eyes."† His morals appear to some disadvantage again in 'Geordie,' I a 23.

\* Spalding's Memorials, ed. 1850, I, 290-2; Gordon's History of Scots Affairs, III, 164 f.; also, II, 234; Gardiner, History of England, 1603-1642, ed., 1884, IX, 167 f. Both Spalding and Gordon say that Montrose besieged Airlie but did not succeed in taking it. Argyle, continues Spalding, "raises an army of about 5,000 men and marches towards Airlie; but the Lord Ogilvie, hearing of his coming with such irresistible forces, resolves to fly and leave the house manless, and so for their own safety they wisely fled. But

Argyle most cruelly and inhumanly enters the house of Airlie," etc. A letter of Argyle's to one Dugald Campbell (dated July, 1640) would seem to show that he was not there in person during the razing and burning. "You need not let know," says Argyle, "that ye have directions from me to fire it." Notes and Queries, Fifth Series, IX, 364; reprinted by Gardiner.

† Napier, Montrose and the Covenanters, 1838, I, 129.



## A

a. Sharpe's Ballad Book, p. 59, No 20, 1823. b. Finlay's Ballads, II, 25, 1808, from two recited copies and "one printed about twenty years ago on a single sheet." c. Skene MS., pp. 28, 54, from recitation in the north of Scotland, 1802-3. d. Campbell MSS, II, 113, probably from a stall-copy. e, f. Aberdeen stall copies, "printed for the book-sellers." g. Hogg's Jacobite Relics, II, 152, No 76, "Cromek and a street ballad collated, 1821." h. Kinloch MSS, VI, 5, one stanza, taken down from an old woman's recitation by J. Robertson.

- 1 It fell on a day, and a bonny simmer day,  
When green grew aits and barley,  
That there fell out a great dispute  
Between Argyll and Airlie.
- 2 Argyll has raised an hunder men,  
An hunder harnessd rarely,  
And he's awa by the back of Dunkell,  
To plunder the castle of Airlie.
- 3 Lady Ogilvie looks oer her bower-window.  
And oh, but she looks weary!  
And there she spy'd the great Argyll,  
Come to plunder the bonny house of Airlie.
- 4 'Come down, come down, my Lady Ogilvie,  
Come down, and kiss me fairly :'  
'O I winna kiss the fause Argyll,  
If he should na leave a standing stane in  
Airlie.'

## B

Kinloch MSS, V, 273.

- 1 It fell on a day, a clear summer day,  
When the corn grew green and bonny,  
That there was a combat did fall out  
'Tween Argyle and the bonny house of Airly.
- 2 Argyle he did raise five hundred men,  
Five hundred men, so many,  
And he did place them by Dunkeld,  
Bade them shoot at the bonny house of Airly.
- 3 The lady looked over her own castle-wa,  
And oh, but she looked weary!  
And there she espied the gleyed Argyle,  
Come to plunder the bonny house of Airly.
- 5 He hath taken her by the left shoulder,  
Says, Dame where lies thy dowry?  
'O it's east and west yon wan water side,  
And it's down by the banks of the Airlie.'
- 6 They hae sought it up, they hae sought it down,  
They hae sought it maist severely,  
Till they fand it in the fair plumb-tree  
That shines on the bowling-green of Airlie.
- 7 He hath taken her by the middle sae small,  
And O but she grat sairly!  
And laid her down by the bonny burn-side,  
Till they plundered the castle of Airlie.
- 8 'Gif my gude lord war here this night,  
As he is with King Charlie,  
Neither you, nor ony ither Scottish lord,  
Durst avow to the plundering of Airlie.
- 9 'Gif my gude lord war now at hame,  
As he is with his king,  
There durst nae a Campbell in a' Argyll  
Set fit on Airlie green.
- 10 'Ten bonny sons I have born unto him,  
The eleventh neer saw his daddy;  
But though I had an hundred mair,  
I'd gie them a' to King Charlie.'
- 4 'Come down the stair now, Madam Ogilvie,  
And let me kiss thee kindly;  
Or I vow and I swear, by the sword that I  
wear,  
That I winna leave a standing stone at  
Airly.'
- 5 'O how can I come down the stair,  
And how can I kiss thee kindly,  
Since you vow and you swear, by the sword  
that you wear,  
That you winna leave a standing stone on  
Airly?'
- 6 'Come down the stair then, Madam Ogilvie,  
And let me see thy dowry ;'  
'O 't is east and it is west, and 't is down by  
yon burn-side,  
And it stands at the planting sae bonny.

7 'But if my brave lord had been at hame this  
day,  
As he is wi Prince Charlie,  
There durst na a Campbell in all Scotland  
Set a foot on the bowling-green of Airly

8 'O I hae born him seven, seven sons,  
And an eighth neer saw his daddy,  
And tho I were to bear him as many more,  
They should a' carry arms for Prince  
Charlie.'

## C

a. Kinloch MSS, V, 205, recited by John Rae. b. Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song, p. 226, 1810. c. Smith's Scottish Minstrel, II, 2. d. Christie's Traditional Ballad Airs, II, 276, "from the recitation of a relative."

- 1 It fell on a day, on a bonny summer day,  
When the corn grew green and yellow,  
That there fell out a great dispute  
Between Argyle and Airley.
- 2 The great Argyle raised five hundred men,  
Five hundred men and many,  
And he has led them down by the bonny  
Dunkeld,  
Bade them shoot at the bonny house of  
Airley.
- 3 The lady was looking oer her castle-wa,  
And O but she looked weary!  
And there she spied the great Argyle,  
Came to plunder the bonny house of Airley.
- 4 'Come down stairs now, Madam,' he says,  
'Now come down and kiss me fairly ;'  
'I'll neither come down nor kiss you,' she says,  
'Tho you should na leave a standing stane  
in Airley.'
- 5 'I ask but one favour of you, Argyle,  
And I hope you'll grant me fairly

To tak me to some dark doweey glen,  
That I may na see the plundering of Airley.'

- 6 He has taen her by the left shoulder,  
And O but she looked weary!  
And he has led her down to the top of the town,  
Bade her look at the plundering of Airley.
- 7 'Fire on, fire on, my merry men all,  
And see that ye fire clearly ;  
For I vow and I swear by the broad sword I  
wear  
That I winna leave a standing stane in Air-  
ley.
- 8 'You may tell it to your lord,' he says,  
'You may tell it to Lord Airley,  
That one kiss o his gay lady  
Wad hae sav'd all the plundering of Airley.'
- 9 'If the great Sir John had been but at hame,  
As he is this night wi Prince Charlie,  
Neither Argyle nor no Scottish lord  
Durst hae plundered the bonny house of  
Airley.
- 10 'Seven, seven sons hae I born unto him,  
And the eight neer saw his dady,  
And altho I were to have a hundred more,  
The should a' draw their sword for Prince  
Charlie.'

## D

Kinloch MSS, V, 106, in the handwriting of James Beattie, and from the recitation of Elizabeth Beattie.

- 1 O GLEWD Argyll has written to Montrose  
To see gin the fields they were fairly,  
And to see whether he *should* stay at hame,  
'Or come to plunder bonnie Airly.

2 Then great Montrose has written to Argyll  
And that the fields they were fairly,  
And not to keep his men at hame,  
But to come and plunder bonnie Airly.

3 The lady was looking oer her castle-wa,  
She was carrying her courage sae rarely,

- And there she spied him gleyd Argyll,  
Was coming for to plunder bonnie Airly.
- 4 'Wae be to ye, gleyd Argyll!  
And are ye there sae rarely?  
Ye might hae kept your men at hame,  
And not come to plunder bonnie Airly.'
- 5 'And wae be to ye, Lady Ogilvie!  
And are ye there sae rarely?  
Gin ye had bowed when first I bade,  
I never wad hae plunderd bonnie Airly.'
- 6 'But gin my guid lord had been at hame,  
As he is wi Prince Charlie,  
There durst not a rebel on a' Scotch ground  
Set a foot on the bonnie green of Airly.
- 7 'But ye'll tak me by the milk-white hand,  
And ye'll lift me up sae rarely,  
And ye'll throw me outoure my [ain] castle-  
wa,  
Let me neuer see the plundering of Airly.'
- 8 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
And he's lifted her up sae rarely,  
And he's thrown her outoure her ain castle-wa,  
And she neuer saw the plundering of Airly.
- 9 Now gleyd Argyll he has gane hame,  
Awa frae the plundering of Airly,  
And there he has met him Captain Ogilvie,  
Coming over the mountains sae rarely.
- 10 'O wae be to ye, gleyd Argyll!  
And are you there sae rarely?  
Ye might hae kept your men at hame,  
And no gane to plunder bonnie Airly.'
- 11 'O wae be to ye, Captain Ogilvie!  
And are you there sae rarely?  
Gin ye wad hae bowed when first I bade,  
I neer wad hae plunderd bonnie Airly.'
- 12 'But gin I had my lady gay,  
Bot and my sister Mary,  
One fig I wad na gie for ye a',  
Nor yet for the plundering of Airly.'

- A. b. 1<sup>2</sup>. When the corn grew green and yellow.  
2<sup>1,2</sup>. The Duke o Montrose has written to Ar-  
gyle To come in the morning early.  
2<sup>3</sup>. An lead in his men by.  
2<sup>4</sup>. the bonnie house o Airly.  
3<sup>1</sup>. The lady lookd oer her window sae lie.  
4<sup>1</sup>. down Lady Margaret he says.  
4<sup>2,3</sup> (*cf. f.*).

'Or before the morning clear day light,  
I'll no leave a standing stane in Airly.'

'I wadna kiss thee, great Argyle,  
I wadna kiss thee fairly,  
I wadna kiss thee, great Argyle,  
Gin you shoudna leave a standing stane in  
Airly.'

- 5<sup>1</sup>. by the middle sae sma.  
5<sup>2</sup>. Says, Lady, where is your drury?  
5<sup>3,4</sup>. It's up and down by the bonnie burn-side,  
Among the planting of Airly.  
6<sup>2</sup>. They sought it late and early.  
6<sup>3</sup>. And found: bonnie balm-tree.

- 7<sup>1</sup>. by the left shoulder.  
7<sup>3</sup>. And led: to yon green bank.  
8<sup>1</sup> (10<sup>1</sup>). lord had been at hame.  
8<sup>2</sup> (10<sup>2</sup>). As this night he is wi C.  
8<sup>3</sup> (10<sup>3</sup>). There durst na a Campbell in a' the  
west.  
8<sup>4</sup> (10<sup>4</sup>). Hae plundered the bonnie house.  
9. *Wanting.*  
10<sup>1</sup> (9<sup>1</sup>). O it's I hae seven braw sons, she says.  
10<sup>2</sup> (9<sup>2</sup>). And the youngest.  
10<sup>3</sup> (9<sup>3</sup>). had as mony mae.  
10<sup>4</sup> (9<sup>4</sup>). to Charlie.  
c. 1-5<sup>1</sup> are repeated at p. 54, with some differ-  
ences.  
1<sup>1</sup>. fell about a [the] Lammass time.  
1<sup>2</sup>. corn [the corn] grew green and yellow.  
2<sup>1</sup>. has gathered three hunder.  
2<sup>2</sup>. Three hunder men and mair O.  
2<sup>3</sup>. is on to. 2<sup>4</sup>. the bonnie house o A.  
3<sup>1</sup>. The lady lookit oure the castle-wa.  
3<sup>2</sup>. she was sorry.  
3<sup>3</sup>. Whan she saw gleyd Argyle an his [300]  
men.  
4<sup>1</sup>. Come down the stair, Lady Airly [he says].

- 4<sup>2</sup>. An it's ye maun kiss [An kiss me fairly].  
 4<sup>4</sup>. I wad na kiss ye, gleyd Argyll.  
 4<sup>4</sup>. Atho [Tho] ye leave na.  
 5<sup>1</sup>. Come down the stair, Lady Airly, he says.  
 5<sup>2</sup>. An tell whar. 5<sup>3</sup>. Up and down the bonnie.  
 5<sup>4</sup>. And by the bonnie bowling-green o.  
 6. *Wanting*. 7<sup>1</sup>. took: the milk-white hand.  
 7<sup>2</sup>. And led her fairly.  
 7<sup>3</sup>. Up an down the bonnie water-side.  
 7<sup>4</sup>. the bonnie house o Airly.  
 8<sup>1</sup>. But an: were at hame (= 9<sup>1</sup>).  
 8<sup>2</sup>. awa wi Charley.  
 8<sup>3</sup>. The best Campbell in a' your kin.  
 8<sup>4</sup>. Durst na plunder the b. h. o. A.  
 9. *Wanting*.  
 10<sup>1</sup> (7<sup>1</sup>). Seven sons have I born, she says.  
 10<sup>2</sup> (7<sup>2</sup>). The eight: its.  
 10<sup>3</sup> (7<sup>3</sup>). Altho: as many mare.  
 10<sup>4</sup> (7<sup>4</sup>). a' to fight for Charley.
- d. 1<sup>2</sup>. When corn grew green. 2<sup>1</sup>. has hired.  
 2<sup>2</sup>. A hundred men and mairly. 2<sup>3</sup>. to the.  
 2<sup>4</sup>. the b. h. of A.  
 3<sup>1</sup>. The lady lookit over her window.  
 3<sup>2</sup>. lookit waely. 3<sup>3</sup>. she saw. 3<sup>4</sup>. Coming.  
 4<sup>3</sup>. I wadna kiss the great. 4<sup>4</sup>. Tho you.  
 5<sup>1</sup>. by the milk-white hand.  
 5<sup>2</sup>. Lady, where's your.  
 5<sup>3</sup>. It's up and down yon bonny burn-side.  
 5<sup>4</sup>. It shines in the bowling-green of A.  
 6<sup>2</sup>. sought it late and early.  
 6<sup>3</sup>. They've found: the bonny cherry-tree.  
 6<sup>4</sup>. That grows in.  
*Between 6 and 7:*
- There is ae favour I ask of thee,  
 I beg but ye'll grant it fairly:  
 That ye will take me to yon high hill-top,  
 That I maunna see the burning of Airly.
- 7<sup>1</sup>. by the left shoulder. 7<sup>2</sup>. lookit queerly.  
 7<sup>3</sup>. he's led. 7<sup>4</sup>. the b. h. of A.  
*Between 7 and 8:*
- He's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
 He's led her right and fairly;  
 He's led her to yon high hill-top,  
 Till they've burned the bonny house of Airly.
- 8<sup>2</sup>. away wi Prince Charlie.  
 8<sup>3</sup>. The great Argyle and a' his men.  
 8<sup>4</sup>. Wadna hae plunderd the b. h. of A.  
 9. *Wanting*.  
 10<sup>3</sup>. And if I had a hundred men.
- 10<sup>4</sup>. to Prince.
- e. 1<sup>2</sup>. When the corn grew green and yellow.  
 2<sup>2</sup>. A hundred men and mairly.  
 2<sup>3</sup>. he has gone to.  
 2<sup>4</sup>. the bonny house of Airly.  
 3<sup>1</sup>. The lady looked over her window.  
 3<sup>2</sup>. looked. 3<sup>4</sup>. Coming.  
 4<sup>1</sup>. down, madam, he says.  
 4<sup>3</sup>. thee, great Argyle. 4<sup>4</sup>. If you.  
 5<sup>1</sup>. by the middle so small.  
 5<sup>2</sup>. Says, Lady, where is your.  
 5<sup>3</sup>. It is up and down the bonny burn-side.  
 5<sup>4</sup>. Among the plantings of A.  
 6<sup>2</sup>. They sought it late and early.  
 6<sup>3</sup>. And found it in the bonny palm-tree.  
 7<sup>1</sup>. by the left shoulder.  
 7<sup>2</sup>. she looked weary.  
 7<sup>3</sup>. down on the green bank.  
 7<sup>4</sup>. he plundered the b. h. of A.  
 8<sup>1</sup>. O if my lord was at home: this night  
*wanting*.  
 8<sup>2</sup>. As this night he's wi Charlie.  
 8<sup>3,4</sup>. Great Argyle and all his men Durst not  
 plunder the b. h. of A.  
 9. *Wanting*.  
 10<sup>1</sup>. 'Tis ten: unto him *wanting*.  
 10<sup>3</sup>. But though. 10<sup>4</sup>. to Charlie.
- f. 1<sup>2</sup>. When the clans were a' wi Charlie.  
 2<sup>1</sup>. has called a hundred o his men.  
 2<sup>2</sup>. To come in the morning early.  
 2<sup>3</sup>. And they hae gane down by.  
 2<sup>4</sup>. plunder the b. h. of A.  
 3<sup>1</sup>. L. O. looked frae her window sae hie.  
 3<sup>2</sup>. she grat sairly.  
 3<sup>3</sup>. To see Argyle and a' his men.  
 4<sup>1</sup>. down, Lady Ogilvie, he cried.  
 4<sup>3,4</sup>. Or ere the morning's clear daylight I'll  
 no leave a standing.  
*After 4:*
- I wadna come doon, great Argyle, she cried,  
 I wadna kiss thee fairly,  
 I wadna come doon, false Argyle, she cried,  
 Though you shouldna leave a standing stane  
 in Airly.
- 5-7. *Wanting*.
8. But were my ain guid lord at hame,  
 As he is noo wi Charlie,  
 The base Argyle and a' his men  
 Durstna enter the bonny house o Airly.



9. *Wanting.*

10<sup>1</sup>. O I hae seven bonny sons, she said.

10<sup>2</sup>. And the youngest has neer seen.

10<sup>3</sup>. had ane as mony mae.

10<sup>4</sup>. They 'd a' be followers o Charlie.

*After 10 this spurious stanza :*

Then Argyle and his men attacked the bonny  
ha,

And O but they plundered it fairly !

In spite o the tears the lady let fa,

They burnt doon the bonny house o Airly.

g. 1<sup>2</sup>. When the flowers were blooming rarely.

2<sup>2</sup>. An hundred men and mairly.

2<sup>4</sup>. the b. h. of A.

3<sup>1</sup>. The lady lookd oer her w.

3<sup>2</sup>. she sighd sairly.

4<sup>3</sup>. No, I winna kiss thee.

4<sup>4</sup>. Though ye.

5<sup>1</sup>. by the middle sae sma.

5<sup>2</sup>. Says *wanting* : Lady where is your.

5<sup>3,4</sup>. It 's up and down by the bonny burn-side,  
Amang the plantings o Airly.

6<sup>2</sup>. it late and early.

6<sup>3</sup>. under the bonny palm-tree.

6<sup>4</sup>. That stands i. *After 6 (cf. A d, C 5) :*

A favour I ask of thee, Argyle,

If ye will grant it fairly ;

O dinna turn me wi my face

To see the destruction of Airly !

*The remainder of g is taken from C b, with  
two or three slight variations.*

h. 8. An my gude lord had been at hame,

As he 's awa wi Charlie,

There durstna a gleyd duke in a' Argyle

Set a coal to the bonnie house o Airlie.

B. 5<sup>1</sup>, 8<sup>1</sup>. Oh.

C. b. *No reliance can be placed upon the genuineness of this copy, and a particular collation is not required.*

1<sup>1,2</sup>. It fell in about the Martinmas time, An  
the leaves were fa'ing early.

4. *Two stanzas, much as in A b, f.*

5. But take me by the milk-white hand,  
An lead me down right hoolie,

An set me in a dowie, dowie glen,

That I mauna see the fall o Airly.

6. He has taen her by the shouther-blade

An thurst her down afore him,

Syne set her upon a bonnie knowe-tap,

Bad her look at Airly fa'ing.

*Here follows a stanza (6) not found elsewhere,  
no doubt Cunningham's :*

Haste ! bring to me a cup o gude wine,

As red as ony cherrie ;

I 'll tauk the cup, an sip it up ;

Here 's a health to bonnie Prince Charlie !

7, 8. *Wanting : found only in a.*

9. *Nearly e, f, 8.*

10<sup>1</sup>. I hae born me eleven braw sons.

*A concluding stanza may be assigned to Cunningham.*

Were my gude lord but here this day,

As he 's awa wi Charlie,

The dearest blude o a' thy kin

Wad sloken the lowe o Airly.

*Another copy is said in the editor's preface to  
begin thus :*

The great Argyle raised ten thousand men,

Eer the sun was waukening early,

And he marched them down by the back o  
Dunkel,

Bade them fire on the bonnie house o Airlie.

c. *Made over from a copy resembling B, C a.*

4. *Two stanzas here, as in B : kisses are  
dropped for propriety.*

5, 6. *The last half of these is substantially  
preserved in c 7, 8.*

d. *A blending, perhaps not accidental, of various  
copies ; mainly of A g, C b, C c.*

1, 2. *Nearly A g 1, 2. 3. Nearly c 3.*

4<sup>1,2</sup>. *Nearly A g 4<sup>1,2</sup>.*

4<sup>3,4</sup>. *Nearly c 4<sup>3,4</sup>.*

5. *Nearly a compound of A b (Finlay) 5 and  
c 5 : cf. B 5.*

6. *Cf. b 4 (5 above), c 7. 7. Nearly c 8.*

8. *b 6 altered. The stanza cited by Christie  
at p. 296 is the spurious conclusion of c.*

## 200

## THE GYPSY LADDIE

- A.** 'Johnny Faa, the Gypsy Laddie,' Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, vol. iv, 1740. Here from the edition of 1763, p. 427.
- B. a.** The Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany (vol. lxxx of the Scots Magazine), November, 1817, p. 309. **b.** A fragment recited by Miss Fanny Walker, of Mount Pleasant, near Newburgh-on-Tay.
- C.** 'Davie Faw,' Motherwell's MS., p. 381; 'Gypsie Davy,' Motherwell's Minstrelsy, 1827, p. 360.
- D.** 'The Egyptian Laddy,' Kinloch MSS, V, 331.
- E.** 'The Gypsie Laddie,' Mactaggart's Scottish Gallovidian Encyclopedia, 1824, p. 284.
- F.** 'Johnny Faa, the Gypsey Laddie,' The Songs of England and Scotland [P. Cunningham], London, 1835, II, 346.
- G. a.** 'The Gypsie Loddy,' a broadside, Roxburghe Ballads, III, 685. **b.** A recent stall-copy, Catnach, 2 Monmouth Court, Seven Dials.
- H.** 'The Gipsy Laddie,' Shropshire Folk-Lore, edited by Charlotte Sophia Burne, p. 550.
- I.** Communicated by Miss Margaret Reburn, as sung in County Meath, Ireland, about 1860.
- J. a.** 'The Gipse Davy,' from Stockbridge, Massachusetts. **b.** From a lady born in Maine.
- K.** 'Lord Garrick,' **a, b,** communicated by ladies of New York.

THE English ballad, though derived from the Scottish, may perhaps have been printed earlier. A conjectural date of 1720 is given, with hesitation, to **G a**, in the catalogue of the British Museum.

The Scottish ballad appears to have been first printed in the fourth volume of the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1740, but no copy of that edition has been recovered. From the Tea-Table Miscellany it was repeated, with variations, some traditional, some arbitrary, in: Herd's Ancient and Modern Scots Songs, 1769, 'Gypsie Laddie,' p. 88, ed. 1776, II, 54; The Fond Mother's Garland, not dated, but earlier than 1776; Pinkerton's Select Scottish Ballads, 1783, I, 67; Johnson's Museum, 'Johnny Faa, or, The Gypsie Laddie,' No 181, p. 189; Ritson's Scottish Songs, 1794, II, 176; and in this century, Cromeck's Select Scottish Songs, 1810, II, 15; Cunningham's Songs of Scotland, 1825, II, 175. A transcript in the Campbell MSS, 'The Gypsies,' I, 16, is from Pinkerton.

"The people in Ayrshire begin this song,  
'The gypsies cam to my lord Cassilis' yett."

They have a great many more stanzas . . . than I ever yet saw in any printed." Burns, in Cromeck's Reliques, 1809, p. 161. (So Sharpe, in the Musical Museum, 1853, IV, 217, but perhaps repeating Burns.) **B**, from Galloway, has eight more stanzas than **A**, and **E**, also from Galloway, fourteen more, but quite eight of the last are entirely untraditional,\* and the hand of the editor is frequently to be recognized elsewhere.

Finlay, Scottish Ballads, 1808, II, 39, inserted two stanzas after **A 2**, the first of which is nearly the same as 5, and the second as **B 3, C 3**. The variations of his text, and others in his notes, are given under **A**. Kinloch MSS, V, 299; Chambers, Scottish Ballads, 1829, p. 143; Aytoun, 1859, I, 187, repeat Finlay, with a few slight changes. The Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire, I, 9, follows Chambers.

The copy in Smith's Scottish Minstrel, III, 90, is derived from **B a**, but has readings of

\* In 18-21 the lady makes her lord not only forgive the abettors of Jockie Faa, whom he was about to hang, but present ten guineas to Jockie, whom he was minded to burn.

other texts, and is of no authority. That in Maidment's *Scottish Ballads and Songs*, 1868, II, 185, is B a with changes. Ten stanzas in a manuscript of Scottish songs and ballads, copied 1840 or 1850 by a granddaughter of Lord Woodhouselee, p. 46, are from B a. This may be true also of B b, which, however, has not Cassilis in 1<sup>1</sup>.

C is from a little further north, from Renfrewshire; D from Aberdeenshire. F is from the north of England, and resembles C. The final stanza of G a is cited by Ritson, *Scottish Songs*, II, 177, 1794. 'The Rare Ballad of Johnnie Faa and the Countess o Cassilis,' Sheldon's *Minstrelsy of the English Border*, p. 326, which the editor had "heard sung repeatedly by Willie Faa," and of which he "endeavored to preserve as much as recollection would allow," has the eleven stanzas of the English broadside, and twelve more of which Sheldon must have been unable to recollect anything. H-K are all varieties of the broadside.

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould has most obligingly sent me a ballad, taken down by him from the singing of an illiterate hedger in North Devon, in which 'The Gypsy Laddie,' recomposed (mostly with middle rhyme in the third verse, as in A 1, 8), forms the sequel to a story of an earl marrying a very reluctant gypsy maid. When the vagrant who has been made a lady against nature hears some of her tribe singing at the castle-gate, the passion for a roving life returns, and she deserts her noble partner, who pursues her, and, not being able to induce her to return to him, smites her "lily-white" throat with his sword. This little romance, retouched and repaired, is printed as No 50 of *Songs and Ballads of the West*, now publishing by Baring-Gould and Sheppard. Mr Baring-Gould has also given me a defective copy of the second part of 'The Gipsy Countess' (exhibiting many variations), which he obtained from an old shoemaker of Tiverton.

\* "Corse field may very possibly be Corse, the ancient seat of the Forbesees of Craigievar, from the close vicinity of which the reciter of this ballad came." Burton, in *Kinloch MSS*, V, 334.

† Recalling Carrick, of which Maybole is the capital.

Among the Percy papers there is a set of ballads made over by the Bishop, which may have been intended for the contemplated extension of his *Reliques*. 'The Gipsie Laddie,' in eighteen stanzas, and not quite finished, is one of these. After seven stanzas of A, not much altered, the husband ineffectually pursues the lady, who adopts the gipsy trade, with her reid cheek stained wi yallow. Seven years pass, during which the laird has taken another wife. At Yule a wretched carline begs charity at his gate, who, upon questioning, reveals that she had been a lady gay, with a comely marrow, but had proved false and ruined herself.

A. Gypsies sing so sweetly at our lord's gate as to entice his lady to come down; as soon as she shows herself, they cast the glamour on her (so B-F, G b). She gives herself over to the chief gypsy, Johny Faa by name, without reserve of any description. Her lord, upon returning and finding her gone, sets out to recover her, and captures and hangs fifteen gypsies. (It is extremely likely that this version has lost several stanzas.)

Our lord, unnamed in A, is Lord Cassilis in B, C, F (so Burns, and Johnson's *Museum*). Cassilis has become Cassle, Castle in E, G, Corsefield\* in D, Cashan in Irish I, Garrick † in American K. The Gypsy Laddie is again Johnnie, Jockie, Faa in B, D, E; but Gipsy Davy in C (where Lady Cassilis is twice called Jeanie Faw), and in American I a b; and seems to be called both Johnnie Faw and Gypsie Geordie in F. The lady gives the gypsies the good wheat bread B, E (beer and wine, Finlay); they give her (sweetmeats, C) ginger, nutmeg, or both, and she gives them the ring (rings) off her finger (fingers), B, C, E, G, I, (and Finlay).

B a has a full story from this point on. The gypsy asks the lady to go with him, and swears that her lord shall never come near her. The lady changes her silk mantle for a

"The family of Cassilis, in early times, had been so powerful that the head of it was generally termed the King of Carrick:" Sharpe. But Garrick may have come in in some other way.



plaid, and is ready to travel the world over with the gypsy, B a 5, A 3, C 4, D 3, E 4, F 4, (B a 6 is spurious). They wander high and low till they come to an old barn, and by this time she is weary. The lady begins to find out what she has undertaken: last night she lay with her lord in a well-made bed, now she must lie in an old barn, B a 7, 8, A 4, C 6, D 7, F 5 (reeky kill E 8, on a straw bed H 7, in the ash-corner I 6). The gypsy bids her hold her peace, her lord shall never come near her. They wander high and low till they come to a wan water, and by this time she is weary. Oft has she ridden that wan water with her lord; now she must set in her white feet and wade, B a 11, C 5, D 5, 6, E 7, (and carry the gipsie laddie, B a 11, badly; follow, B b). The lord comes home, is told that his lady is gone off with the gypsy, and immediately sets out to bring her back (so all). He finds her at the wan water, B a 14; in Abbey Dale, drinking wi Gipsei Davy, C 10; near Strabogie, drinking wi Gypsie Geordie, F 10;\* by the riverside, J a 4; at the Misty Mount, K 5, 6. He asks her tenderly if she will go home, B a 15, E 15, F 12, he will shut her up so securely that no man shall come near, B a 15, E 15; he expostulates with her, more or less reproachfully, C 11, F 11, G 9, H 5, J 5. She will not go home; as she has brewed, so will she drink, B a 16, G 10; she cares not for houses or lands or babes (baby) G 10, H 6, J 6. But she swears to him that she is as free of the gypsies as when her mother bare her, B a 17, E 16.

Fifteen gypsies are hanged, or lose their lives, A 10, B 18, D 14; sixteen, all sons of one mother, C 12, 13; seven, F 13, G 11, (cf. I 1).†

D 8-11 is ridiculously perverted in the interest of morals: compare B a 17, E 16. 'I swear that my hand shall never go near thee,' D 8, is transferred to the husband in I 5: 'A hand I'll neer lay on you' (in the way of correction).

In G 4 the lady, in place of exchanging her

silk mantle for a plaidie, pulls off her high-heeled shoes, of Spanish leather, and puts on Highland brogues. In I 7 gypsies take off her high-heeled shoes, and she puts on Lowland brogues. The high-heeled shoes, to be sure, are not adapted to following the Gypsy Laddie, but light may perhaps be derived from C 12, where the gypsies 'drink her stockings and her shoon.' In K these high-heeled shoes of Spanish leather are wrongly transferred to Lord Garrick in the copy as delivered, but have been restored to the lady.

It is not said (except in the spurious portions of E) that the lady was carried back by her husband, but this may perhaps be inferred from his hanging the gypsies. In D and K we are left uncertain as to her disposition, which is elsewhere, for the most part, to stick to the gypsy. J, a copy of very slight authority, makes the lord marry again within six months of his wife's elopement.

The earliest edition of the ballad styles the gypsy Johny Faa, but gives no clew to the fair lady. Johnny Faa was a prominent and frequent name among the gypsies. Johnnë Faw's right and title as lord and earl of Little Egypt were recognized by James V in a document under the Privy Seal, February 15, 1540, and we learn from this paper that, even before this date, letters had been issued to the king's officers, enjoining them to assist Johnnë Faw "in execution of justice upon his company and folks, conform to the laws of Egypt, and in punishing of all them that rebels against him." But in the next year, by an act of the Lords of Council, June 6, Egyptians are ordered to quit the realm within thirty days on pain of death, notwithstanding any other letters or privileges granted them by the king, his grace having discharged the same. The gypsies were expelled from Scotland by act of Parliament in 1609. Johnnë, *alias* Willie, Faa, with three others of the name, remaining notwithstanding, were sentenced to be hanged, 1611, July 31. In 1615, January 25, a man was delated for harboring of Egyp-

\* F 7, if it belongs to the countess, gives her an unlady-like taste for brandy.

† "There is indeed a stanza of no merit, which, in some

copies, concludes the ballad, and states that eight of the gypsies were hanged at Carlisle, and the rest at the Border:" Finlay, II, 43.



tians, "specially of Johnnë Faa, a notorious Egyptian and chieftain of that unhappy sort of people." In 1616, July 24, Johnnë Faa, Egyptian, his son, and two others were condemned to be hanged for contemptuous repairing to the country and abiding therein. Finally, in 1624, January 24, Captain Johnnë Faa and seven others were sentenced to be hanged for the same offence, and on the following 29th Helen Faa, relict of the late Captain Johnnë Faa, with ten other women, was sentenced to be drowned, but execution was stayed. Eight men were executed, but the rest, "being either children and of less-age and women with child or giving suck to children," were, after imprisonment, banished the country under pain of death, to be inflicted without further process should they be found within the kingdom after a day fixed.\* The execution of the notorious Egyptian and chieftain Johnny Faa must have made a considerable impression, and it is presumable that this ballad may have arisen not long after. Whether this were so or not, Johnny Faa acquired popular fame, and became a personage to whom any adventure might plausibly be imputed. It is said that he has even been foisted into 'The Douglas Tragedy' ('Earl Brand'), and Scott had a copy of 'Captain Car' in which, as in F, G, of that ballad, the scene was transferred to Ayrshire, and the incendiary was called Johnny Faa.†

Toward the end of the last century we begin to hear that the people in Ayrshire make the wife of the Earl of Cassilis the heroine of the ballad. This name, under the

instruction of Burns, was adopted into the copy in Johnson's Museum (which, as to the rest, is Ramsay's), and in the index to the second volume of the Museum, 1788, we read, "neighboring tradition strongly vouches for the truth of this story." After this we get the tradition in full, of course with considerable variety in the details, and sometimes with criticism, sometimes without.‡

The main points in the traditional story are that John, sixth earl of Cassilis, married, for his first wife, Lady Jean Hamilton, whose affections were preëngaged to one Sir John Faa, of Dunbar. Several years after, when Lady Cassilis had become the mother of two children, § Sir John Faa took the opportunity of the earl's absence from home (while Lord Cassilis was attending the Westminster Assembly, say some) to present himself at the castle, accompanied by a band of gypsies and himself disguised as a gypsy, and induced his old love to elope with him. But the earl returned in the nick of time, went in pursuit, captured the whole party, or all but one,|| who is supposed to tell the story, and hanged them on the dule tree, "a most umbrageous plane, which yet flourishes upon a mound in front of the castle gate." The fugitive wife was banished from board and bed, and confined for life in a tower at Maybole, built for the purpose. "Eight heads carved in stone below one of the turrets are said to be the effigies of so many of the gypsies."¶ The ford by which the lady and her lover crossed the River Doon is still called The Gypsies' Steps.

\* Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, III, 201, 307 f., 397-9, 559-62, 592-94; Acts of the Parliament of Scotland, IV, 440.

† Sharpe's Ballad Book, ed. Laing, 1880, pp. 142, 154. I have unluckily lost my voucher for Johnny Faa's figuring in 'The Douglas Tragedy.'

‡ Finlay, II, 35; The Scots Magazine, LXXX, 306, and the Musical Museum, 1853, IV, \*217, Sharpe; Chambers, Scottish Ballads, p. 143; The New Statistical Account of Scotland, V, 497; Paterson, The Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire, I, 10; Maidment, Scottish Ballads and Songs, 1868, II, 179.

§ She had four children according to the Historical Account of the Noble Family of Kennedy, Edinburgh, 1849, p. 44.

|| 'We were a' put down but ane' first appears in Herd, 1769.

¶ These eight heads would correspond very neatly to the number of gypsies executed in 1624. But in the circumstantial account given by Chambers we are told that the house belonging to the family at Maybole was fitted for the countess's reception "by the addition of a fine projecting stair-case, upon which were carved heads representing those of her lover and his band. . . . The effigies of the gypsies are very minute, being subservient to the decoration of a fine triple window at the top of the stair-case, and stuck upon the tops and bottoms of a series of little pilasters which adorn that part of the building. The head of Johnie Faa himself is distinct from the rest, larger, and more lachrymose in the expression of the features. Some windows in the upper flat of Cassilis Castle are similarly adorned; but regarding them tradition is silent."

Several accounts put the abduction at the time when the Earl of Cassilis was attending the Assembly of Divines at Westminster. This was in September, 1643. It is now known that Lady Cassilis died in December, 1642. What is much more important, it is known from two letters written by the earl immediately after her death that nothing could have occurred of a nature to alienate his affection, for in the one he speaks of her as a "dear friend" and "beloved yoke-fellow," and in the other as his "dear bed-fellow." \*

"Seldom, when stripped of extraneous matter, has tradition been better supported than

it has been in the case of Johnie Faa and the Countess of Cassilis:" Maidment, *Scottish Ballads*, 1868, II, 184. In a sense not intended, this is quite true; most of the traditions which have grown out of ballads have as slight a foundation as this. The connection of the ballad with the Cassilis family (as Mr Macmath has suggested to me) may possibly have arisen from the first line of some copy reading, 'The gypsies came to the castle-gate.' As F 1<sup>3</sup> has perverted Earl of Cassilis to Earl of Castle, so Castle may have been corrupted into Cassilis.†

Knortz, *Schottische Balladen*, p. 28, translates freely eight stanzas from Aytoun.

### A

Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, vol. iv, 1740. Here from the London edition of 1763, p. 427.

1 THE gypsies came to our good lord's gate,  
And wow but they sang sweetly!  
They sang sae sweet and sae very compleat  
That down came the fair lady.

2 And she came tripping down the stair,  
And a' her maids before her;  
As soon as they saw her well-far'd face,  
They coost the glammer oer her.

3 'Gae tak frae me this gay mantle,  
And bring to me a plaidie;  
For if kith and kin and a' had sworn,  
I'll follow the gypsy laddie.

4 'Yestreen I lay in a well-made bed,  
And my good lord beside me;

This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,  
Whatever shall betide me.'

5 'Come to your bed,' says Johny Faa,  
'Oh come to your bed, my deary;  
For I vow and I swear, by the hilt of my  
sword,  
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye.'

6 'I'll go to bed to my Johny Faa,  
I'll go to bed to my deary;  
For I vow and I swear, by what past yestreen,  
That my lord shall nae mair come near me.

7 'I'll mak a hap to my Johnny Faa,  
And I'll mak a hap to my deary;  
And he's get a' the coat gaes round,  
And my lord shall nae mair come near  
me.'

8 And when our lord came hame at een,  
And speir'd for his fair lady,

\* Sharp, in *Johnson's Museum*, 1853, IV, 218\*; Pater-son, in *Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire*, I, 13. It is also clear from these letters that the countess was a sober and religious woman. Some minor difficulties which attend the supposition of this lady's absconding with Johnny Faa, or any gypsy, are barely worth mentioning. At the time when Johnny Faa was put down, in 1624, the countess was seventeen years old, and yet she is made the mother of two children. If we shift the elopement to the other end of her life, there was then (so severe had been the measures taken with these limmers) perhaps not a gypsy left in Scotland. See Aytoun, 1859, I, 186.

† John, seventh earl of Cassilis, son of the sixth earl by a second wife, married for his second wife, some time before 1700, Mary Foix (a name also spelt Faux): *Crawford's Peerage*, 1716, p. 76, corrected by the *Decrees of the Lords of Council and Session*, vol. 145, div. 2. May this explain the Faws coming to be associated in the popular mind with a countess of Cassilis? (A suggestion of Mr Macmath's.) The lady is even called Jeanie Faw in C 7, 11, first by the gypsy, then by her husband. The seventh earl had two children by Mary Foix.

The tane she cry'd, and the other reply'd,  
'She's away with the gypsie laddie.'

- 9 'Gae saddle to me the black, black steed,  
Gae saddle and make him ready;  
Before that I either eat or sleep,  
I'll gae seek my fair lady.'

- 10 And we were fifteen well-made men,  
Altho we were nae bonny;  
And we were a' put down for ane,  
A fair young wanton lady.

## B

a. The Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany, being a new series of the Scots Magazine (vol. lxxx of the entire work), November, 1817, p. 309, communicated by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, as taken down from the recitation of a peasant in Galloway. b. A fragment recited by Miss Fanny Walker, of Mount Pleasant, near Newburgh-on-Tay, as communicated by Mr Alexander Laing, 1873.

- 1 The gypsies they came to my lord Cassilis' yett,  
And O but they sang bonnie!  
They sang sae sweet and sae complete  
That down came our fair ladie.
- 2 She came tripping down the stairs,  
And all her maids before her;  
As soon as they saw her weel-far'd face,  
They coost their glamourie owre her.
- 3 She gave to them the good wheat bread,  
And they gave her the ginger;  
But she gave them a far better thing,  
The gold ring off her finger.
- 4 'Will ye go with me, my hinny and my heart?  
Will ye go with me, my dearie?  
And I will swear, by the staff of my spear,  
That your lord shall nae mair come near thee.'
- 5 'Sae take from me my silk mantel,  
And bring to me a plaidie,  
For I will travel the world owre  
Along with the gypsie laddie.
- 6 'I could sail the seas with my Jockie Faa,  
I could sail the seas with my dearie;  
I could sail the seas with my Jockie Faa,  
And with pleasure could drown with my dearie.
- 7 They wandred high, they wandred low,  
They wandred late and early,

Untill they came to an old tenant's-barn,  
And by this time she was weary.

- 8 'Last night I lay in a weel-made bed,  
And my noble lord beside me,  
And now I must ly in an old tenant's-barn,  
And the black crew glowing owre me.'
- 9 'O hold your tongue, my hinny and my heart,  
O hold your tongue, my dearie,  
For I will swear, by the moon and the stars,  
That thy lord shall nae mair come near thee.'
- 10 They wandred high, they wandred low,  
They wandred late and early,  
Untill they came to that wan water,  
And by this time she was wearie.
- 11 'Aften have I rode that wan water,  
And my lord Cassilis beside me,  
And now I must set in my white feet and wade,  
And carry the gypsie laddie.'
- 12 By and by came home this noble lord,  
And asking for his ladie,  
The one did cry, the other did reply,  
'She is gone with the gypsie laddie.'
- 13 'Go saddle to me the black,' he says,  
'The brown rides never so speedie,  
And I will neither eat nor drink  
Till I bring home my ladie.'
- 14 He wandred high, he wandred low,  
He wandred late and early,  
Untill he came to that wan water,  
And there he spied his ladie.
- 15 'O wilt thou go home, my hinny and my heart,  
O wilt thou go home, my dearie?



- And I'll close thee in a close room,  
Where no man shall come near thee."
- 16 'I will not go home, my hinny and my heart,  
I will not go home, my dearie;  
If I have brewn good beer, I will drink of the  
same,  
And my lord shall nae mair come near me.
- 17 'But I will swear, by the moon and the stars,  
And the sun that shines so clearly,  
That I am as free of the gypsie gang  
As the hour my mother did bear me.'
- 18 They were fifteen valiant men,  
Black, but very bonny,  
And they lost all their lives for one,  
The Earl of Cassillis' ladie.
- 
- O
- Motherwell's MS., p. 381, from the recitation of Agnes  
Lyle, Kilbarchan, 27 July, 1825.
- 1 THERE cam singers to Earl Cassillis' gates,  
And oh, but they sang bonnie!  
They sang sae sweet and sae complete,  
Till down cam the earl's lady.
- 2 She cam tripping down the stair,  
And all her maids before her;  
As soon as they saw her weel-faurd face,  
They coost their glamourye owre her.
- 3 They gave her o the gude sweetmeats,  
The nutmeg and the ginger,  
And she gied them a far better thing,  
Ten gold rings aff her finger.
- 4 'Tak from me my silken cloak,  
And bring me down my plaidie;  
For it is gude enouch,' she said,  
'To follow a Gipsy Davy.
- 5 'Yestreen I rode this water deep,  
And my gude lord beside me;  
But this nicht I maun set in my pretty fit and  
wade,  
A wheen blackguards wading wi me.
- 6 'Yestreen I lay in a fine feather-bed,  
And my gude lord beyond me;  
But this nicht I maun lye in some could ten-  
ant's-barn,  
A wheen blackguards waiting on me.'
- 7 'Come to thy bed, my bonny Jeanie Faw,  
Come to thy bed, my dearie,
- 8 When her good lord cam hame at nicht,  
It was asking for his fair ladye;  
One spak slow, and another whispard out,  
'She's awa wi Gipsey Davy!'
- 9 'Come saddle to me my horse,' he said,  
'Come saddle and mak him readie!  
For I'll neither sleep, eat, nor drink  
Till I find out my lady.'
- 10 They socht her up, they socht her doun,  
They socht her thro nations many,  
Till at length they found her out in Abbey  
dale,  
Drinking wi Gipsey Davy.
- 11 'Rise, oh rise, my bonnie Jeanie Faw,  
Oh rise, and do not tarry!  
Is this the thing ye promised to me  
When at first I did thee marry?'
- 12 They drank her cloak, so did they her gown,  
They drank her stockings and her shoon,  
And they drank the coat that was nigh to her  
smock,  
And they pawned her pearled apron.
- 13 They were sixteen clever men,  
Suppose they were na bonny;  
They are a' to be hangd on ae tree,  
For the stealing o Earl Cassillis' lady.
- 14 'We are sixteen clever men,  
One woman was a' our mother;  
We are a' to be hangd on ae day,  
For the stealing of a wanton lady.'



## D

Kinloch MSS, V, 331, in the handwriting of John Hill Burton; from a reciter who came from the vicinity of Craigievar.

- 1 THERE came Gyptians to Corse Field yeats,  
Black, tho they warnna bonny;  
They danced so neat and they danced so fine,  
Till down came the bonny lady.
- 2 She came trippin down the stair,  
And her nine maidens afore her;  
But up and starts him Johny Fa,  
And he cast the glamour oer her.
- 3 'Ye'll take frae me this gay mantle,  
And ye'll gie to me a plaidie;  
For I shall follow Johny Fa,  
Lat weel or woe betide me.'
- 4 They've taen frae her her fine mantle,  
And they've gaen to her a plaidie,  
And she's awa wi Johny Fa,  
Whatever may betide her.
- 5 When they came to a wan water,  
I wite it wasna bonny,  
. . . . .
- 6 'Yestreen I wade this wan water,  
And my good lord was wi me;  
The night I man cast aff my shoes and wide,  
And the black bands widen wi me.
- 7 'Yestreen I lay in a well made bed,  
And my good lord lay wi me;  
The night I maun ly in a tenant's barn,  
And the black bands lyin wi me.'

8 'Come to yer bed,' says Johnie Fa,  
'Come to yer bed, my dearie,  
And I shall swer, by the coat that I wear,  
That my hand it shall never go near thee.'

9 'I will never come to yer bed,  
I will never be yer dearie;  
For I think I hear his horse's foot  
That was once called my dearie.'

10 'Come to yer bed,' says Johny Fa,  
'Come to yer bed, my dearie,  
And I shall swear, by the coat that I wear,  
That my hand it shall never go oer thee.'

11 'I will niver come to yer bed,  
I will niver be yer dearie;  
For I think I hear his bridle ring  
That was once called my dearie.'

\* \* \* \* \*

12 When that good lord came hame at night,  
He called for his lady;  
The one maid said, and the other replied,  
'She's aff wi the Gyptian laddy.'

13 'Ye'll saddle to me the good black steed,  
Tho the brown it was never so bonny;  
Before that ever I eat or drink,  
I shall have back my lady.'

\* \* \* \* \*

14 'Yestreen we were fifteen good armed men;  
Tho black, we werena bonny;  
The night we a' ly slain for one,  
It's the Laird o Corse Field's lady.'

## E

The Scottish Gallovidian Encyclopedia, by John Mactaggart, 1824, p. 284.

- 1 THE gypsies they came to Lord Cassle's yet,  
And O but they sang ready!  
They sang sae sweet and sae complete  
That down came the lord's fair lady.

2 O she came tripping down the stair,  
Wi a' her maids afore her,  
And as soon as they saw her weelfared face  
They cuist their glaumry owre her.

3 She gaed to them the gude white bread,  
And they gaed to her the ginger,  
Then she gaed to them a far brawer thing,  
The gowd rings af her finger.

- 4 Quo she to her maids, There 's my gay mantle,  
And bring to me my plaidy,  
And tell my lord whan he comes hame  
I 'm awa wi a gypsie laddie.
- 5 For her lord he had to the hounting gane,  
Awa in the wild green wuddie,  
And Jockie Faw, the gypsie king,  
Saw him there wi his cheeks sae ruddy.
- 6 On they mounted, and af they rade,  
Ilk gypsie had a cuddy,  
And whan through the stincher they did prance  
They made the water muddy.
- 7 Quo she, Aft times this water I hae rade,  
Wi many a lord and lady,  
But never afore did I it wade  
To follow a gypsie laddie.
- 8 'Aft hae I lain in a saft feather-bed,  
Wi my gude lord aside me,  
But now I maun sleep in an auld reeky kilt,  
Alang wi a gypsie laddie.'
- 9 Sae whan that the yirl he came hame,  
His servants a' stood ready;  
Some took his horse, and some drew his boots,  
But gane was his fair lady.
- 10 And whan he came ben to the parlour-door,  
He asked for his fair lady,  
But some denied, and ithers some replied,  
'She 's awa wi a gypsie laddie.'
- 11 'Then saddle,' quoth he, 'my gude black naig,  
For the brown is never sae speedy;  
As I will neither eat nor drink  
Till I see my fair lady.
- 12 'I met wi a cheel as I rade hame,  
And thae queer stories said he;  
Sir, I saw this day a fairy queen  
Fu pack wi a gypsie laddie.
- 13 'I hae been east, and I hae been west,  
And in the lang town o Kircadie,  
But the bonniest lass that ever I saw  
Was following a gypsie laddie.'
- 14 Sae his lordship has rade owre hills and dales,  
And owre mony a wild hie mountain,  
Until that he heard his ain lady say,  
'Now my lord will be hame frae the hounting.'
- 15 'Than will you come hame, my hinnie and my  
love?'  
Quoth he to his charming dearie,  
'And I 'll keep ye aye in a braw close room,  
Where the gypsies will never can steer ye.'
- 16 Said she, 'I can swear by the sun and the  
stars,  
And the moon whilk shines sae clearie,  
That I am as chaste for the gypsie Jockie  
Faw  
As the day my minnie did bear me.'
- 17 'Gif ye wad swear by the sun,' said he,  
'And the moon, till ye wad deave me,  
Ay and tho ye wad take a far bigger aith,  
My dear, I wadna believe ye.
- 18 'I 'll tak ye hame, and the gypsies I 'll hang,  
Ay, I 'll make them girn in a wuddie,  
And afterwards I 'll burn Jockie Faw,  
Wha fashed himself wi my fair lady.
- 19 Quoth the gypsies, We 're fifteen weel-made men,  
Tho the maist o us be ill bred ay,  
Yet it wad be a pity we should a' hang for ane,  
Wha fashed himself wi your fair lady.
- 20 Quoth the lady, My lord, forgive them a',  
For they nae ill eer did ye,  
And gie ten guineas to the chief, Jockie Faw,  
For he is a worthy laddie.
- 21 The lord he hearkened to his fair dame,  
And O the gypsies war glad ay!  
They danced round and round their merry Jockie  
Faw,  
And roosed the gypsie laddie.
- 22 Sae the lord rade hame wi his charming spouse,  
Owre the hills and the haughs sae whunnie,  
And the gypsies slade down by yon bonny burn-  
side,  
To beek themsells there sae sunnie.

## F

The Songs of England and Scotland [by P. Cunningham], London, 1835, II, 346, taken down, as current in the north of England, from the recitation of John Martin, the painter.

- 1 THE gypsies came to the Earl o Cassilis' gate,  
And O but they sang bonnie!  
They sang sae sweet and sae complete  
That down cam our fair ladie.
- 2 And she cam tripping down the stair,  
Wi her twa maids before her;  
As soon as they saw her weel-far'd face,  
They coost their glamer oer her.
- 3 'O come wi me,' says Johnnie Faw,  
'O come wi me, my dearie,  
For I vow and swear, by the hilt of my sword,  
Your lord shall nae mair come near ye.'
- 4 'Here, tak frae me this gay mantle,  
And gie to me a plaidie;  
Tho kith and kin and a' had sworn,  
I'll follow the gypsie laddie.
- 5 'Yestreen I lay in a weel-made bed,  
And my gude lord beside me;  
This night I'll lie in a tenant's barn,  
Whatever shall betide me.
- 6 'Last night I lay in a weel-made bed,  
Wi silken hangings round me;  
But now I'll lie in a farmer's barn,  
Wi the gypsies all around me.

7 'The first ale-house that we come at,  
We'll hae a pot o brandie;  
The next ale-house that we came at,  
We'll drink to gypsie Geordie.'

8 Now when our lord cam home at een,  
He speir'd for his fair lady;  
The ane she cried, [the] tither replied,  
'She's awa wi the gypsie laddie.'

9 'Gae saddle me the gude black steed;  
The bay was neer sae bonnie;  
For I will neither eat nor sleep  
Till I be wi my lady.'

10 Then he rode east, and he rode west,  
And he rode near Strabogie,  
And there he found his ain dear wife,  
Drinking wi gypsie Geordie.

11 'And what made you leave your houses and  
land?  
Or what made you leave your money?  
Or what made you leave your ain wedded lord,  
To follow the gypsie laddie?

12 'Then come thee hame, my ain dear wife,  
Then come thee hame, my hinnie,  
And I do swear, by the hilt of my sword,  
The gypsies nae mair shall come near thee.'

13 Then we were seven weel-made men,  
But lack! we were nae bonnie,  
And we were a' put down for ane,  
For the Earl o Cassilis' ladie.

## G

a. A broadside in the Roxburghe Ballads, III, 685, entered in the catalogue, doubtfully, as of Newcastle upon Tyne, 1720. b. A recent stall-copy, Catnach, 2 Monmouth Court, Seven Dials.

- 1 THERE was seven gypsies all in a gang,  
They were brisk and bonny; O  
They rode till they came to the Earl of Castle's house,  
And there they sang most sweetly. O
- 2 The Earl of Castle's lady came down,  
With the waiting-maid beside her;

As soon as her fair face they saw,  
They called their grandmother over.

3 They gave to her a nutmeg brown,  
And a race of the best ginger;  
She gave to them a far better thing,  
'Twas the ring from off her finger.

4 She pulld off her high-heeld shoes,  
They was made of Spanish leather;  
She put on her highland brog[u]es,  
To follow the gypsey laddy.

5 At night when my good lord came home,  
 Enquiring for his lady,  
 The waiting-maid made this reply,  
 'She's following the gypsey loddy.'

6 'Come saddle me my milk-white steed,  
 Come saddle it so bonny,  
 As I may go seek my own wedded wife,  
 That's following the gypsey loddy.'

7 'Have you been east? have you been west?  
 Or have you been brisk and bonny?  
 Or have you seen a gay lady,  
 A following the gypsey loddy?'

8 He rode all that summer's night,  
 And part of the next morning;

At length he spy'd his own wedded wife,  
 She was cold, wet, and weary.

9 'Why did you leave your houses and land?  
 Or why did you leave your money?  
 Or why did you leave your good wedded lord,  
 To follow the gypsey loddy?'

10 'O what care I for houses and land?  
 Or what care I for money?  
 So as I have brewd, so will I return;  
 So fare you well, my honey!'

11 There was seven gypsies in a gang,  
 And they was brisk and bonny,  
 And they're to be hanged all on a row,  
 For the Earl of Castle's lady.

## H

Shropshire Lolk-Lore, edited by Charlotte Sophia Burne,  
 p. 550, as sung May 23, 1885, by gypsy children.

1 THERE came a gang o gipsies by,  
 And they was singing so merry, O  
 Till they gained the heart o my lady gay,  
 . . . . .

2 As soon as the lord he did come in,  
 Enquired for his lady, O  
 And some o the sarvants did-a reply,  
 'Her's away wi the gipsy laddie.' O

3 'O saddle me the bay, and saddle me the grey,  
 Till I go and sarch for my lady;'  
 And some o the sarvants did-a reply,  
 'Her's away wi the gipsy laddie.'

4 And he rode on, and he rode off,  
 Till he came to the gipsies' tentie,  
 And there he saw his lady gay,  
 By the side o the gipsy laddie.

5 'Did n't I leave you houses and land?  
 And did n't I leave you money?  
 Did n't I leave you three pretty babes  
 As ever was in yonder green island?'

6 'What care I for houses and land?  
 And what care I for money?  
 What do I care for three pretty babes?  
 . . . . .

7 'The tother night you was on a feather bed,  
 Now you're on a straw one,'  
 . . . . .

## I

From Miss Margaret Reburn, "as sung in County Meath,  
 Ireland, about 1860."

1 THERE come seven gypsies on a day,  
 Oh, but they sang bonny! O  
 And they sang so sweet, and they sang so clear,  
 Down cam the earl's ladie. O

2 They gave to her the nutmeg.  
 And they gave to her the ginger;  
 But she gave to them a far better thing,  
 The seven gold rings off her fingers.

3 When the earl he did come home,  
 Enquiring for his ladie,



One of the servants made this reply,  
 'She's awa with the gypsie lad[d]ie.'

4 'Come saddle for me the brown,' he said,  
 'For the black was neer so speedy,  
 And I will travel night and day  
 Till I find out my ladie.

5 'Will you come home, my dear?' he said, \*  
 'Oh will you come home, my honey?  
 And, by the point of my broad sword,  
 A hand I'll neer lay on you.'

6 'Last night I lay on a good feather-bed,  
 And my own wedded lord beside me,

And tonight I'll lie in the ash-corner,  
 With the gypsies all around me.

7 'They took off my high-heeled shoes,  
 That were made of Spanish leather,  
 And I have put on coarse Lowland brogues,  
 To trip it oer the heather.'

8 'The Earl of Cashan is lying sick;  
 Not one hair I'm sorry;  
 I'd rather have a kiss from his fair lady's  
 lips  
 Than all his gold and his money.'

## J

a. Written down by Newton Pepoun, as learned from a boy with whom he went to school in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, about 1845. b. From the singing of Mrs Farmer, born in Maine, as learned by her daughter, about 1840.

1 THERE was a gip came oer the land,  
 He sung so sweet and gaily;  
 He sung with glee, neath the wild wood tree,  
 He charmed the great lord's lady.  
 Ring a ding a ding go ding go da,  
 Ring a ding a ding go da dy,  
 Ring a ding a ding go ding go da,  
 She's gone with the gipsey Davy.

2 The lord he came home late that night;  
 Enquiring for his lady,  
 'She's gone, she's gone,' said his old servant-  
 man,  
 'She's gone with the gipsey Davy.'

3 'Go saddle me my best black mare;  
 The grey is neer so speedy;

For I'll ride all night, and I'll ride all day,  
 Till I overtake my lady.'

4 Riding by the river-side,  
 The grass was wet and dewy;  
 Seated with her gipsey lad,  
 It's there he spied his lady.

5 'Would you forsake your house and home?  
 Would you forsake your baby?  
 Would you forsake your own true love,  
 And go with the gipsey Davy?'

6 'Yes, I'll forsake my house and home,  
 Yes, I'll forsake my baby;  
 What care I for my true love?  
 I love the gipsey Davy.'

7 The great lord he rode home that night,  
 He took good care of his baby,  
 And ere six months had passed away  
 He married another lady.

## K

a. From Mrs Helena Titus Brown of New York. b. From Miss Emma A. Clinch of New York. Derived, 1820, or a little later, a directly, b indirectly, from the singing of Miss Phoebe Wood, Huntington, Long Island, and perhaps learned from English soldiers there stationed during the Revolutionary war.

\* \* \* \* \*

1 'Go bring me down my high-heeled shoes,  
 Made of the Spanish leather,  
 And I'll take off my low-heeled shoes,  
 And away we'll go together.'  
 Lumpy dumpy linky dinky day  
 Lumpy dumpy linky dinky daddy

- 2 They brought her down her high-heeled shoes,  
Made of the Spanish leather,  
And she took off her low-heeled shoes,  
And away they went together.
- 3 And when Lord Garrick he got there,  
Inquiring for his lady,  
Then up steps his best friend:  
'She's gone with a gipsy laddie.'
- 4 'Go saddle me my bonny brown,  
For the grey is not so speedy,  
And away we'll go to the Misty Mount,  
And overtake my lady.'
- 5 They saddled him his bonny brown,  
For the grey was not so speedy,  
And away they went to the Misty Mount,  
And overtook his lady.
- 6 And when Lord Garrick he got there,  
'T was in the morning early,  
And there he found his lady fair,  
And she was wet and weary.
- 7 'And it's fare you well, my dearest dear,  
And it's fare you well for ever,  
And if you don't go with me now,  
Don't let me see you never.'

A. *Variations of Finlay, II, 39 ff.*

*Inserted after 2:*

'O come with me,' says Johnie Faw,  
'O come with me, my dearie;  
For I vow and I swear, by the hilt of my  
sword,  
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye.'

Then she gied them the beer and the wine,  
And they gied her the ginger;  
But she gied them a far better thing,  
The goud ring aff her finger.

4<sup>2</sup>. Wi my. 4<sup>3</sup>. But this.

6<sup>3</sup>. For I vow and I swear, by the fan in my  
hand.

7<sup>2</sup>. And *wanting*.

9<sup>1</sup>. *Otherwise*: The brown was neer sae ready.

10<sup>3</sup>. but ane. 10<sup>4</sup>. For a.

*Herd has in 10<sup>3,4</sup> but ane, For. Pinkerton follows Herd, with changes of his own in 1, 10, and the omission of 7. The copy in Johnson's Museum is Herd's, with changes: in 10<sup>3,4</sup>, are a' put down for ane, The Earl of Cassilis' lady. Ritson follows Ramsay, except that in 6<sup>2</sup> he has And I'll, found in Herd; perhaps also in some edition of the Tea-Table Miscellany.*

- B. a. "Some lines have been omitted on account of their indelicacy:" p. 308 b. *The reference is no doubt to a stanza corresponding to A 7, or perhaps to a passage like 5-7.*

b. *Only 1, 2, 5, 10-13, are preserved.*

1<sup>1</sup>. gipsies cam to oor ha-door.

1<sup>4</sup>. doon stairs cam oor gay leddie.

2<sup>2</sup>. afore.

2<sup>3</sup>. An whan they. 2<sup>4</sup>. cuist the glamour.

5<sup>1</sup>. my gay mantle. 5<sup>2</sup>. me my.

5<sup>3</sup>. For I maun leave my guid lord at hame.

5<sup>4</sup>. An follow the.

10<sup>1</sup>. They travelld east, they travelld wast.

10<sup>2</sup>. They travelld. 10<sup>3</sup>. to the.

10<sup>4</sup>. By that time she. 11<sup>1</sup>. I crost this.

11<sup>2</sup>. An my guid man. 11<sup>3</sup>. Noo I maun put.

11<sup>4</sup>. An follow.

12<sup>1</sup>. Whan her guid lord cam hame at nicht.

12<sup>2</sup>. He spierd for his gay.

12<sup>3</sup>. The tane she cried an the ither replied.

12<sup>4</sup>. She's aff. 13<sup>1</sup>. the brown, he said.

13<sup>2</sup>. The black neer rides. 13<sup>3</sup>. For I.

13<sup>4</sup>. Till I've brought back.

C. 4<sup>1</sup>. *Originally plaid was written for cloak; evidently by accidental anticipation.*

5<sup>3</sup>. fit altered perhaps from fut; printed fit.

*Motherwell has made several verbal changes in printing, and has inserted three stanzas to fill out the ballad. After 3,*

'Come with me, my bonnie Jeanie Faw,  
O come with me, my dearie;  
For I do swear, by the head o my spear,  
Thy gude lord'll nae mair come near thee.'

*After 7,*

'I'll go to bed,' the lady she said,  
'I'll go to bed to my dearie;

For I do swear, by the fan in my hand,  
That my lord shall nae mair come near me.

'I'll mak a hap,' the lady she said,  
'I'll mak a hap to my dearie,  
And he's get a' this petticoat gaes round,  
And my lord shall nae mair come near me.'

E. 12, 13. *After 9 of A, says Finlay, some copies insert:*

And he's rode east, and he's rode west,  
Till he came near Kirkaldy;  
There he met a packman-lad,  
And speir'd for his fair lady.

'O cam ye east? or cam ye west?  
Or cam ye through Kirkaldy?  
O saw na ye a bonny lass,  
Following the gypsie laddie?'

'I cam na east, I cam na west,  
Nor cam I through Kirkaldy;  
But the bonniest lass that eer I saw  
Was following the gypsie laddie!'

*See also G 7.*

G. a. 4<sup>a</sup>. br oges.

b. *In stanzas of eight lines.*

- 1<sup>1</sup>. There were.
- 2<sup>2</sup>. With her. 2<sup>3</sup>. fair wanting.
- 2<sup>4</sup>. They cast the glamer over her.
- 3<sup>2</sup>. Which was of the belinger.
- 3<sup>4</sup>. 'T was wanting. 4<sup>2</sup>. They were.
- 4<sup>3</sup>. brogues. 4<sup>4</sup>. laddy, and always.
- 6<sup>1</sup>. me wanting. 6<sup>3</sup>. That I may go and seek.
- 6<sup>4</sup>. Who's. 7<sup>4</sup>. Following a.
- 8<sup>1</sup>. all the summer. 8<sup>3</sup>. espied.
- 8<sup>4</sup>. and wet. 9<sup>1</sup>. O why.
- 9<sup>3</sup>. your own. 10<sup>1</sup>. lands. 10<sup>3</sup>. will I remain.
- 11<sup>1</sup>. There were. 11<sup>2</sup>. They were.
- 11<sup>3</sup>. all in.

H. 2<sup>1</sup>. the lawyer did.

J. b. 1. The gypsy came tripping over the lea,  
The gypsy he sang boldly;  
He sang till he made the merry woods  
ring,  
And he charmed the heart of the lady.

*Order: 1, 5, 6, 2, 3.*

2 (as 4). The lord came home that self-same  
night,  
Inquired for his lady;  
The merry maid made him this reply,  
'She's gone with the gypsy Davy.'

3 (as 5). 'O bring me out the blackest steed;  
The brown one's not so speedy;  
I'll ride all day, and I'll ride all night,  
Till I overtake my lady.'

4 (as 7). He rode along by the river-side,  
The water was black and rily,  
.  
.  
.  
.  
.  
.

5 (as 2). 5<sup>1,2</sup>. Will you.

5<sup>3</sup>. Will you forsake your own wedded lord.

6 (as 3). 6<sup>2</sup>. And I'll.

6<sup>3</sup>. I will forsake my own wedded lord.

6<sup>4</sup>. And go with the gypsy Davy. 7. *Wanting.*

b 6. I lay last night. *The rest wanting.*

b 8. *Puts the question whether she will go back.*

b 9. I lay last night. *The rest wanting.*

K. a. *The order as delivered was 3, 1, 2, etc., and the high-heeled shoes were attributed to Lord Garrick. Him, his, he in 2 have been changed to her, her, she. But a further change should be made for sense, in 1, 2: the lady should take off her high-heeled shoes and put on her low-heeled shoes; see G 4, I 8.*

*Burden given also:*

Lal dee dumpy dinky diddle dah day

b. *Burden:* Rump a dump a dink a dink a day  
Rump a dump a dink a dink a dady.

Or,  
Rink a dink a dink a dink a day  
Rink a dink a dink a dink a day dee.

*Order as in a.*

1<sup>1</sup>. fetch me. 1<sup>3</sup>. And take away.

2<sup>1</sup>. fetched him down his.

2<sup>3</sup>. And they took away his.

3<sup>1</sup>. got home. 3<sup>4</sup>. with the.

4<sup>1</sup>. Go fetch me out. 4<sup>3</sup>. And we'll away to.

4<sup>4</sup>. To for And. 5<sup>1</sup>. They fetched him out.

5<sup>4</sup>. To overtake my. 6<sup>3</sup>. lady bright.

7<sup>3</sup>. you won't.



## 201

## BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY

a. Sharpe's Ballad Book, 1823, p. 62. b. Lyle's Ancient Ballads and Songs, 1827, p. 160, "collated from the singing of two aged persons, one of them a

native of Perthshire." c. Scott's Minstrelsy, 1833, I, 45, two stanzas.

A SQUIB on the birth of the Chevalier St George, beginning

Bessy Bell and Mary Grey,  
Those famous bonny lasses,

shows that this little ballad, or song, was very well known in the last years of the seventeenth century.\* The first stanza was made by Ramsay the beginning of a song of his own, and stands thus in Ramsay's Poems, Edinburgh, 1721, p. 80: †

O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,  
They are twa bonny lasses;  
They biggd a bower on yon Burn-brae,  
And theekd it oer wi rashes.

Cunningham, Songs of Scotland, III, 60, gives, as recited to him by Sir Walter Scott, four stanzas which are simply a with 'Lyn-doch brae' substituted in the third for Sharpe's 'Stronach haugh.' 'Dranoach haugh,' nearly as in b, is, as will presently appear, the right reading. Sharpe's third stanza, with the absurd variation of *royal* kin, occurs in a letter of his of the date November 25, 1811 (Letters, ed. Allardyce, I, 504), and is printed in the Musical Museum, IV, \*203, ed. 1853.

In the course of a series of letters concerning the ballad in The Scotsman (newspaper), August 30 to September 8, 1886, several verses are cited with trivial variations from the texts here given.

\* I have seen this piece only in Elizabeth Cochrane's Song-Book, MS., p. 38, and in Buchan's MSS, I, 220. Its contents agree with what is alleged in W. Fuller's "Brief Discovery of the True Mother of the pretended Prince of Wales, known by the name of Mary Grey," London, 1696, pp. 5 f, 11, 17 f, and it was probably composed not long after.

'Bessy Bell' was made into this nursery-song in England (Halliwell's Nursery Rhymes of England, 1874, p. 246, No 484):

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,  
They were two bonny lasses;  
They built their house upon the lea,  
And covered it with rashes.

Bessy kept the garden-gate,  
And Mary kept the pantry;  
Bessy always had to wait,  
While Mary lived in plenty.

The most important document relating to Bessy Bell and Mary Gray is a letter written June 21, 1781, by Major Barry, then proprietor of Lednock, and printed in the Transactions of the Society of the Antiquaries of Scotland, II, 108, 1822.‡

"When I came first to Lednock," says Major Barry, "I was shewn in a part of my ground (called the Dranoach-haugh) an heap of stones almost covered with briers, thorns and fern, which they assured me was the burial place of Bessie Bell and Mary Gray.

"The tradition of the country relating to these ladys is, that Mary Gray's father was laird of Lednock and Bessie Bell's of Kinvaid, a place in this neighbourhood; that they were both very handsome, and an intimate friendship subsisted between them; that while Miss Bell was on a visit to Miss Gray, the plague

† Afterwards inserted in the first volume of The Tea-Table Miscellany (p. 66 of A New Miscellany of Scots Sangs, London, 1727, p. 68 of T. T. M., Dublin, 1729), from which source it may have been adopted by Sharpe.

‡ Here from the original, Communications to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, vol. i, from a copy furnished by Mr Macmath.



broke out, in the year 1666; in order to avoid which they built themselves a bower about three quarters of a mile west from Lednock House, in a very retired and romantic place called Burn-braes, on the side of Brauchie-burn. Here they lived for some time; but the plague raging with great fury, they caught the infection, it is said, from a young gentleman who was in love with them both. He used to bring them their provision. They died in this bower, and were buried in the Dranoch-haugh, at the foot of a brae of the same name, and near to the bank of the river Almond. The burial-place lies about half a mile west from the present house of Lednock.\*

"I have removed all the rubbish from this little spot of classic ground, inclosed it with a wall, planted it round with flowering shrubs, made up the grave double, and fixed a stone in the wall, on which is engraved the names of Bessie Bell and Mary [Gray]."

The estate passed by purchase to Thomas Graham, afterwards Lord Lynedoch, who replaced the wall, which had become dilapidated in the course of half a century, with a stone parapet and iron railing, and covered the grave with a slab inscribed, "They lived, they loved, they died." This slab is now hidden under a cairn of stones raised by successive pilgrims.

Major Barry's date of 1666 should be put

back twenty years. Perth and the neighborhood (Lednock is seven miles distant) were fearfully ravaged by the plague in 1645 and a year or two following. Three thousand people are said to have perished. Scotland escaped the pestilence of 1665-6. †

The young gentleman who is said to have brought food to Bessy and Mary is sometimes described as the lover of both, sometimes as the lover of one of the pair. Pennant says that the ballad was "composed by a lover deeply stricken with the charms of both." In the course of tradition, the lover is said to have perished with the young women, which we might expect to happen if he brought the contagion to the bower. But this lover, who ought to have had his place in the song, appears only in tradition, and his reality may be called in question. It is not rational that the young women should seclude themselves to avoid the pest and then take the risk of the visits of a person from the seat of the infection. ‡ To be sure it may be doubted, notwithstanding the tenor of the ballad, whether the retirement of these young ladies was voluntary, or at least whether they had not taken the plague before they removed to their bower. In that case the risk would have been for the lover, and would have been no more than he might naturally assume. §

1 O BESSIE BELL and Mary Gray,  
They war twa bonnie lasses;

They bigget a bower on yon burn-brae,  
And theekit it oer wi rashes.

\* The most of this account, and in nearly the same words, was given in an earlier letter from Major Barry to James Cant, who printed (Perth, 1774) an edition of 'The Muses Threnodie, by Mr H. Adamson, 1638' (p. 19). The principal items of the story are repeated from Cant by Pennant, *Tour in Scotland*, 1772, Part II, London, 1776, p. 112. Pennant cites Cant's book as the *Gabions of Perth*. "It seems," says Mr Macmath, who has extracted for me the passage in Cant, "that Adamson's work was sometimes known as Gall's Gabions, the latter being a coined word."

† An "old manuscript volume" cited in *The New Statistical Account of Scotland*, X, 37; Chambers, *Domestic Annals of Scotland*, 1858, II, 167.

‡ The remark is made in *The Scotsman*, September 11, 1886.

§ In the manuscript cited in *The New Statistical Account of Scotland*, p. 37, we are told that, to prevent the spread of infection, "it was thought proper to put those out of the town at some distance who were sick. Accordingly, they went out and builded huts for themselves in different places around the town, particularly in the South Inch [etc.] and the grounds near the river Almond, at the mouth thereof, in all which places there are as yet the remains of their huts which they lodged in." So, when this same pestilence was raging in the parish of Monivaird, the gentlemen "caused many huts to be built, and ordered all who perceived that they were infected immediately to repair into them." Porteous, *History of the Parishes of Monivaird and Strowan, MS.*, Communications to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, vol. i, printed in the *Transactions*, II, 72, 1822.

2 They theekit it oer wi rashes green,  
 They theekit it oer wi heather;  
 But the pest cam frae the burrows-town,  
 And slew them baith thegither.

3 They thought to lye in Methven kirk-yard,  
 Amang their noble kin;

But they maun lye in Stronach haugh,  
 To biek forenent the sin.

4 And Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,  
 They war twa bonnie lasses;  
 They biggit a bower on yon burn-brae,  
 And theekit it oer wi rashes.

a. *In eight-line stanzas.*

b. 1<sup>3</sup>. house *for* bower. 2<sup>1</sup>. wi birk and brume.  
 2<sup>3</sup>. Till the: frae the neibrin.  
 2<sup>4</sup>. An streekit. 3<sup>1</sup>. They were na buried in.  
 3<sup>2</sup>. Amang the rest o their kin.  
 3<sup>3</sup>. they were buried by Dornoch-haugh.  
 3<sup>4</sup>. On the bent before. 4<sup>1</sup>. Sing *for* And.

4<sup>3</sup>. Wha *for* They. 4<sup>4</sup>. wi thrashes.

c. 1<sup>1</sup>. O *wanting*. 2. *Wanting*.  
 3<sup>1</sup>. They wadna rest in Methvin kirk.  
 3<sup>2</sup>. gentle kin.  
 3<sup>3</sup>. But they wad lie in Lednoch braes.  
 3<sup>4</sup>. beek against.  
 4. *Wanting*.

## 202

### THE BATTLE OF PHILIPHAUGH

Minstrely of the Scottish Border, III, 153, 1803, II, 166, 1833 • "preserved by tradition in Selkirkshire."

AFTER six brilliant victories, at Tippermuir, Aberdeen, Inverlochy, Auldearn, Alford, Kilsyth, gained in less than a year, September 1, 1644—August 15, 1645, Montrose was surprised by David Leslie at Philiphaugh, September 13 following, and his army cut to pieces or dispersed. This army, consisting of only five hundred Irish foot and twelve hundred Scottish horse, the last all gentry, was lying at Philiphaugh, a meadow on the west side of the Ettrick, and at Selkirk, on and above the opposite bank. Leslie came down from the north with four thousand cavalry and some infantry, was less than four miles from Selkirk the night of the twelfth, and on the morrow, favored by a heavy mist, had advanced to about half a

mile's distance before his approach was reported. A hundred and fifty of Montrose's horse received and repulsed two charges of greatly superior numbers; the rest stood off and presently took to flight. The foot remained firm. Two thousand of Leslie's horse crossed the river and got into Montrose's rear, and made resistance vain. Montrose and a few friends hewed their way through the enemy.\*

1. Harehead wood is at the western end of the plain of Philiphaugh.

2, 3. Leslie had come up from Berwick along the eastern coast as far as Tranent, and then suddenly turned south. His numbers are put too low, and Montrose's, in 10, about nine times too high.

4. The Shaw burn is a small stream that

ground with great resolution for almost an hour. The numbers are as given by Gardiner, *History of the Great Civil War*, II, 335 f.

\* This is Wishart's account. Another, by Covenanters, makes Montrose to have been more on the alert, and has nothing of the two thousand horse sent to take him in the rear. The royalists are admitted to have maintained their

flows into the Ettrick from the south, a little north of the town.

5. Lingly burn falls into the Ettrick from the north, a little above the Shaw burn.

The 'aged father,' 6, to accept a tradition reported by Sir Walter Scott, was one "Brydone, ancestor to several families in the parish of Ettrick." This is probably the personage elsewhere called Will, upon whose advice Leslie (according to tradition again) "sent a strong body of horse over a dip in the bank that separated his advanced guard from the river Ettrick, and still known as "Will's Nick," with instructions to follow their guide up Netley burn, wheel to the left round Linglee hill, and then fall upon the flank of Montrose's army at Philiphaugh."\* It does not appear that Leslie adopted that portion

of the aged father's recommendation which is conveyed in stanzas 11, 12, notwithstanding the venerable man's unusual experience, which, as Scott points out, extended from Solway Moss, 1542, to Dunbar, where, in 1650, five years after Philiphaugh, Leslie was defeated by Cromwell.

Other pieces of popular verse relating, in part or wholly, to Montrose are 'The Gallant Grahams,' Roxburghe collection, III, 380, Douce, III, 39 back, Ebsworth, Roxburghe Ballads, VI, 587, Scott's Minstrelsy, III, 371, 1803, II, 183, 1833; 'The Haughs o Cromdale,' Ritson's Scottish Songs, 1794, II, 40, Johnson's Museum, No 488, Maidment's Scottish Ballads and Songs, 1868, I, 299, Hogg's Jacobite Relics, I, 157 ff; 'The Battle of Alford,' Laing's Thistle of Scotland, p. 68.

1 On Philiphaugh a fray began,  
At Hairheadwood it ended;  
The Scots outoer the Græmes they ran,  
Sae merrily they bended.

2 Sir David frae the Border came,  
Wi heart an hand came he;  
Wi him three thousand bonny Scots,  
To bear him company.

3 Wi him three thousand valiant men,  
A noble sight to see!  
A cloud o mist them weel conceald,  
As close as eer might be.

4 When they came to the Shaw burn,  
Said he, Sae weel we frame,  
I think it is convenient  
That we should sing a psalm.

5 When they came to the Lingly burn,  
As daylight did appear,  
They spy'd an aged father,  
And he did draw them near.

6 'Come hither, aged father,'  
Sir David he did cry,  
'And tell me where Montrose lies,  
With all his great army.'

7 'But first you must come tell to me,  
If friends or foes you be;  
I fear you are Montrose's men,  
Come frae the north country.'

8 'No, we are nane o Montrose's men,  
Nor eer intend to be;  
I am Sir David Lesly,  
That's speaking unto thee.'

9 "If you're Sir David Lesly,  
As I think weel ye be,  
I am sorry ye hae brought so few  
Into your company.

10 'There's fifteen thousand armed men  
Encamped on yon lee;  
Ye'll never be a bite to them,  
For aught that I can see.

11 'But halve your men in equal parts,  
Your purpose to fulfill;  
Let ae half keep the water-side,  
The rest gae round the hill.

12 'Your nether party fire must,  
Then beat a flying drum;  
And then they'll think the day's their ain,  
And frae the trench they'll come.

\* T. Craig-Brown, History of Selkirkshire, 1886, I, 188.



13 'Then, those that are behind them maun  
Gie shot, baith grit and sma;  
And so, between your armies twa,  
Ye may make them to fa.'

14 'O were ye ever a soldier?'  
Sir David Lesly said;  
'O yes; I was at Solway Flow,  
Where we were all betrayd.

15 'Again I was at curst Dunbar,  
And was a prisner taen,  
And many weary night and day  
In prison I hae lien.'

16 'If ye will lead these men aright,  
Rewarded shall ye be;  
But, if that ye a traitor prove,  
I'll hang thee on a tree.'

17 'Sir, I will not a traitor prove;  
Montrose has plunderd me;

I'll do my best to banish him  
Away frae this country.'

18 He halvd his men in equal parts,  
His purpose to fulfill;  
The one part kept the water-side,  
The other gaed round the hill.

19 The nether party fired brisk,  
Then turnd and seemd to rin;  
And then they a' came frae the trench,  
And cry'd, The day's our ain!

20 The rest then ran into the trench,  
And loosd their cannons a':  
And thus, between his armies twa,  
He made them fast to fa.

21 Now let us a' for Lesly pray,  
And his brave company,  
For they hae vanquishd great Montrose,  
Our cruel enemy.

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44. *Var.* That we should take a dram: *Scott*.  
*Probably a jocose suggestion.*

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## 203

### THE BARON OF BRACKLEY

- A. a. 'The Baronne of Braikley,' [Alexander Laing's] *Scarce Ancient Ballads*, 1822, p. 9. b. 'The Baron of Braikley,' Buchan's *Gleanings*, 1825, p. 68. c. 'The Barrone of Brackley,' *The New Deeside Guide*, by James Brown (pseudonym for Joseph Robertson), Aberdeen, [1832\*], p. 46.
- B. 'The Baron of Brackley,' Kinloch MSS, V, 379; in the handwriting of John Hill Burton.
- C. a. 'The Baron of Braikly,' Jamieson-Brown MS., Appendix, p. viii. b. 'The Baron of Brackley,' Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, 1806, I, 102.
- D. 'The Baron of Breachell,' Skene MS., p. 110.
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FIRST printed by Jamieson (C b) in 1806, who says: "For the copy of the ballad here given I am indebted to Mrs Brown. I have

also collated it with another, less perfect, but not materially different, so far as it goes, with which I was favored by the editor of the Bor-

\* Not 1829, as put in the reprint of 1869. "Written hurriedly, in supply of the press, in April and May, 1832. J. R.": Dr J. Robertson's interleaved copy of the undated

first edition. A c is reprinted (with some errors) in *The Great North of Scotland Railway, A Guide*, by W. Ferguson, 1881, p. 163.



der Minstrelsy, who took it down from the recitation of two ladies, great-grandchildren of Farquharson of Inverey; so that the ballad, and the notices that accompany it, are given upon the authority of a Gordon [Anne Gordon, Mrs Brown] and a Farquharson.\* A c is also a compounded copy: see the notes.

The text in *The Thistle of Scotland*, p. 46, is C b. That which is cited in part in the *Fourth Report on Historical Manuscripts*, 1874, p. 534, is A c. The ballad is rewritten by Allan Cunningham, *Songs of Scotland*, II, 208.

A. Inverey comes before day to Brackley's gate, and calls to him to open and have his blood spilled. Brackley asks over the wall whether the people below are gentlemen or hired gallows-birds; if gentlemen, they may come in and eat and drink; in the other case, they may go on to the Lowlands and steal cattle. His wife urges him to get up; the men are nothing but hired gallows-birds. Brackley will go out to meet Inverey (both know it is he, 12, 19), but these same gallows-birds will prove themselves men. His wife derisively calls on her maids to bring their distaffs; if Brackley is not man enough to protect his cattle, she will drive off the robbers with her women. Brackley says he will go out, but he shall never come in. He arms and sallies forth, attended by his brother William, his uncle, and his cousin; but presently bids his brother turn back because he is a bridegroom. William refuses, and in turn, but equally to no effect, urges Brackley to turn back for his wife's and his son's sake. The Gordons are but four against four hundred of Inverey's, and are all killed. Brackley's wife, so far from tearing her hair, braids it, welcomes Inverey, and makes him a feast. The son, on the nurse's knee, vows to be revenged if he lives to be a man. (Cf. 'Johnie Armstrong,' III, 367, where this should have been noted.)

The other versions agree with A a in the

\* Jamieson writes to the *Scots Magazine*, October, 1803, p. 699: "The Baron of Braikly begins,

O Inverey cam down Dee-side  
Whistling and playing;

material points. Inverey's numbers are diminished. In B 10, C 11, Brackley has only his brother with him, meaning, perhaps, when he leaves his house. The fight was not simply at the gates, but was extended over a considerable distance (A 33, B 11), and other men joined the Gordons in the course of it. In B 12 we learn that the miller's four sons (D 10, the miller and his three sons) were killed with the Gordons (and William Gordon's wife, or bride, in A 25, is 'bonnie Jean, the maid o the mill'). In B 15, D 12, Craigevar comes up with a party, and might have saved Brackley's life had he been there an hour sooner. In A a, b, C, D, Brackley's wife is Peggy (Peggy Dann, wrongly, D 14, 15); in B 19 (wrongly) Catharine Fraser. D makes Catharine the wife of Gordon of Glenmuick (Alexander Gordon, A a 35), who rives her hair, as Brackley's wife does not (14, 15, 18, 19). In C, Peggy Gordon, besides feasting Inverey, keeps him till morning, and then shows him a road by which he may go safely home. C b adds, for poetical justice, that Inverey at once let this haggard down the wind.

This affray occurred in September, 1666. The account of it given by the Gordons (the son of the murdered laird and the Marquis of Huntly) was that John Gordon of Brackley, having pointed cattle belonging to John Farquharson of Inverey, or his followers, Inverey "convoked his people, to revenge himself on Brackley for putting the law in execution; that he came to the house of Brackley, and required the laird to restore his cattle which had been pointed; and that, although the laird gave a fair answer, yet the Farquharsons, with the view of drawing him out of his house, drove away not only the pointed cattle but also Brackley's own cattle, and when the latter was thus forced to come out of his house, the Farquharsons fell on him and murdered him and his brother."

A memorandum for John Farquharson of

He's landed at Braikly's yates  
At the day dawing.

Of this I have got a compleat copy, and the story is very interesting; but I have got a fragment of it from another quarter, which, so far as it goes, is superior." Etc.

Inverey and others, 24 January, 1677, "sets forth that John Gordon of Brackley, having bought from the sheriff of Aberdeen the fines exigible from Inverey and others for killing of black-fish, the said Brackley made friendly arrangements with others, but declined to settle with Inverey; whereupon the latter, being on his way to the market at Tullich,\* sent Mr John Ferguson, minister at Glenmuick, John McHardy of Crathie, a notary, and Duncan Erskine, portioner of Invergelder, to the laird of Brackley, with the view of representing to him that Inverey and his tenants were willing to settle their fines on the same terms as their neighbors. These proposals were received by Brackley with contempt, and during the time of the communing he gathered his friends and attacked Inverey, and having 'loused severall shotts' against Inverey's party, the return shots of the latter were in self-defence. The result was that the laird of Brackley, with his brother William and their cousin James Gordon in Cults, were killed on the one side, and on the other Robert McWilliam in Inverey, John McKenzie, sometime there, and Malcom Gordon the elder." The convocation of Inverey's friends is accounted for in the same document by the fact that Inverey was captain of the watch for the time; that he and his ancestors had been used to go to the market with men to guard it; and that it is the custom of the country for people who are going to the market to join any numerous company that may be going the same way, either for their own security or out of "kindness for the persons with whom they go," and also the custom of that mountainous country to go with arms, especially at markets. (Abstract, by Dr. John Stuart, of a MS. of Col. James Farquharson of Invercauld, Historical MSS Commission, Fourth Report, p. 534).

Another account, agreeing in all important points with the last, is given in a history of

the family of Macintosh.† It will be borne in mind that Inverey belonged to this clan, and that acts of his would therefore be put in a favorable light. Brackley had seized the horses of some of Inverey's people on account of fines alleged to be due by them for taking salmon in the Dee out of season. Inverey represented to Brackley that the sufferers by this proceeding were men who had incurred no penalty, and offered, if the horses should be restored, to deliver the guilty parties for punishment. Brackley would not return the horses on these terms, and Inverey then proposed that the matter in dispute should be left to friends. While Brackley was considering what to do, Alexander Gordon of Aberfeldy came to offer his services, with a body of armed men, and Brackley, now feeling himself strong, rejected the suggestion of a peaceful solution, and set out to attack Inverey. When a collision was impending, Inverey at first drew back, begging Brackley to desist from violence, which only made Brackley and Aberfeldy the keener. Two of Inverey's followers were slain; and then Inverey and his men, in self-defence, turned on their assailants, and killed Gordon of Brackley, his brother William, and James Gordon of Cults.

The Gordons, this account further says, began a prosecution of Inverey and his party before the Court of Justiciary. Inverey had recourse to Macintosh, his chief, who exerted himself so effectually in behalf of his kinsman that when the case was called no plaintiff appeared. Nevertheless Dr John Stuart (Historical MSS, as above) produces a warrant "for apprehending John Farquharson of Inverey and others his followers, who had been outlawed for not compearing to answer at their trial, and had subsequently continued for many years in their outlawry, associating with themselves a company of thieves, murderers, and sorners; therefore empowering

driving Highlanders, July of the same year. Thomson's Acts, VII, 18, 1, 286: pointed out to me by Mr Macmath.

† Macfarlane's Genealogical Collections, MS., in the Advocates' Library, I, 299 f; already cited by Jamieson, Bal-lads, I, 108.

\* A market was established here in 1661 by an act in favor of William Farquharson of Inverey, his heirs, etc. This William had a brother and a son John. William Farquharson of Inverey younger, as "a person of known trust and approved ability," is appointed to keep a guard "this summer for the sheriffdom of Kincardine" against cattle-



James Innes, Serjeant, and Corporal Radnoch, commanding a party of troops at Kincardine O'Neill, to apprehend the said John Farquharson and his accomplices." From this warrant Dr Stuart considers that we may infer that Inverey was the aggressor in the affray with Brackley. But there is nothing to identify the case, and the date of the warrant is February 12, 1685, nearly twenty years from the affair which we are occupied with, during which space, unless he were of an unusually peaceable habit, Inverey might have had several broils on his hands.

Gordon of Brackley, as reported by Mrs Brown, from what she may have heard in her girlhood, a hundred years after his tragical end, was "a man universally esteemed."\* "Farquharson of Inverey," says Jamieson, without giving his authority, "a renowned freebooter on Deeside, was his relation, and in habits of friendly intercourse with him. Farquharson was fierce, daring, and active, exhibiting all the worst characteristics of a freebooter, with nothing of that blunt and partially just and manly generosity which were then not uncommonly met with among that description of men. The common people supposed him (as they did Dundee, and others of the same cast who were remarkable for their fortunate intrepidity and miraculous escapes) to be a warlock, and proof against steel and lead. He is said to have been buried on the north side of a hill, which the sun could never shine upon, etc." All which, as far as appears, is merely the tradition of Jamieson's day, and will be taken at different values by different readers.

The 'Peggy' of A a, b, C, D was Margaret Burnet, daughter of Sir Thomas Burnet of

Leys, and own cousin of Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury.† This lady married Gordon of Brackley against her friends' wishes, or without their consent, and so probably made a love-match. After Brackley's death she married one James Leslie, Doctor of Medicine,‡ a fact which will suffice to offset the unconfirmed scandal of the ballad.

It is now to be noted that a baron of Brackley had been murdered by caterans towards the end of the preceding century. "The Clanchattan, who, of all that faction, most eagerly endeavored to revenge the Earl of Murray his death, assembling their forces under Angus Donald Williamson his conduct, entered Strathdee and Glenmuick, where they invaded the Earl of Huntly his lands, and killed four of the surname of Gordon, Henry Gordon of the Knock, Alexander Gordon of Teldow, Thomas Gordon of Blairharrish, and the old baron of Breaghly, whose death and manner thereof was so much the more lamented because he was very aged, and much given to hospitality, and slain under trust. He was killed by them in his own house after he had made them good cheer, without suspecting or expecting any such reckoning for his kindly entertainment; which happened the first day of November, 1592. In revenge whereof the Earl of Huntly assembled some of his forces and made an expedition into Pettie," etc. (See No 183, III, 456.) So writes Sir Robert Gordon, before 1630.§

Upon comparing Sir Robert Gordon's description of the old baron of Brackley who was murdered in 1592 with what is said of the baron in the ballad (A), there is a likeness for which there is no historical authority in the instance of the baron of 1666. The

\* See a little further on.

† Gilmour's Decisions, 1701, p. 43. (Macmath.)

‡ Col. H. W. Lumsden's Memorials of the Families of Lumsdaine, etc., p. 59.

§ History of the Earldom of Sutherland, p. 217 f. To the same effect, Johnstone, *Historia Rerum Britannicarum*, Amsterdam, 1655, p. 160 f, under the year 1591, and Spotiswood, p. 390, of the editions of 1655, 1666, 1668, under the year 1592. "The History of the Feuds," etc., p. 67, ed. 1764, merely repeats Sir Robert Gordon. William Gordon's History of the Family of Gordon, cites Sir Robert Gordon and Johnstone, and calls Gordon of Brackley Alexander.

Still another "Gordon, Baron of Brackley in Deeside," is said to have been murdered by the country people about him in or near 1540: The Genealogy of the Grants, in Macfarlane's Genealogical Collections, I, 168, and An Account of the Rise and Offspring of the Name of Grant, printed for Sir Archibald Grant, Bart., of Monymusk, 1876, p. 30 ff, where the date is put (perhaps through a misprint) before 1480. A horrible revenge was said to have been taken by the Earl of Huntly and James Grant: see the well-known story of the orphans fed at a trough, in Scott's Tales of a Grandfather, chap. xxxix.

ballad intimates the hospitality which is emphasized by Sir Robert Gordon, and also the baron's unconsciousness of his having any foe to dread. ("An honest aged man," says Spotiswood, "against whom they could pretend no quarrel.") Other details are not pertinent to the elder baron, but belong demonstrably to the Brackley who had a quarrel with Farquharson.

Of the two, the older Brackley would have a better chance of being celebrated in a ballad. He was an aged and innocent man, slain while dispensing habitual hospitality, "slain under trust." The younger Brackley treated Inverey's people harshly, there was an encounter, Brackley was killed, and others on both sides. His friends may have mourned for him, but there was no call for the feeling expressed in the ballad; that would be more naturally excited by the death of the kindly old man, 'who basely was slain.' On the whole it may be surmised that two occurrences, or even two ballads, have been blended, and some slight items of corroborative evidence may favor this conclusion.

'The Gordons may mourn him and bann Inverey,' says B 14. It appears that the Earl of Aboyne sided with Inverey, though the Marquis of Huntly supported the laird of Brackley's son; \* whereas all the Gordons would have mourned the older baron, and none would have maintained the caterans who slew him.

In the affray with the Farquharsons in 1666 there were killed, of the Gordons, besides Brackley, his brother William and his cousin James Gordon of Cults. The Gordons killed by the Clanchattan in 1592 were Brackley, Henry Gordon of the Knock, an Alexander Gordon (also a Thomas). According to A 34, 35, the Gordons killed were Brackley and his brother William, his cousin James of the

Knox [Knocks, Knock], and his uncle Alexander Gordon; according to B 12, 13, there were killed, besides Brackley, "Harry Gordon and Harry of the Knock" (one and the same person), Brackley's brother, as we see from 10; in D 10, the killed are Brackley, and Sandy Gordon o the Knock, called Peter in 21. A Gordon of the Knock is named as killed in A, B, D, and it is Henry Gordon in B; an Alexander Gordon is named in A, B. A William Gordon and a James (of the Knocks, not of the Cults) are named in A. On the whole, the names sort much better with the earlier story.

In B 15 we are told that if Craigievar had come up an hour sooner, Brackley had not been slain. Upon this Dr Joseph Robertson (who assigned the ballad to 1592) has observed, Kinloch MSS, VI, 24, that Craigievar passed to a branch of the family of Forbes in 1625; so that Craigievar would have done nothing to save Brackley in 1666, the Gordons and the Forbeses having long been at feud. To make sense of this stanza we must suppose an earlier date than 1625.

The fourth edition of Spotiswood's history, printed in 1677 (about forty years after the author's death), calls Brackley of 1592 *John Gordon*. Further, there is this anonymous marginal note, not found in the preceding editions: "I have read in a MS. called the Acts of the Gordons, that Glenmuick, Glentaner, Strathdee and Birs were spoiled, and Brachlie, with his son-in-law, slain, by Mackonduquy [that is Maconochie, *alias* Campbell] of Inner-Aw." †

Brackley, on the Muick, is in close vicinity to the village of Ballater, on the Dee, some forty miles westward from Aberdeen.

Translated by Knortz, *Lieder u. Romanzen Alt-Englands*, p. 156, after Allingham.

\* See the Memorandum for Farquharson in "Fourth Report," as above, p. 534.

† Pointed out to me by Mr. Macmath, who, in making

this and other communications relating to the Gordons of Brackley, suggested and urged the hypothesis of a mixture of two events in this ballad.



## A

a. Scarce Ancient Ballads [Alexander Laing], Aberdeen, 1822, p. 9. b. Buchan's Gleanings, p. 68. c. The New Deeside Guide, by James Brown (*i. e.* Joseph Robertson), Aberdeen [1832], p. 46.

- 1 Inverey cam doun Deeside, whistlin and playin,  
He was at brave Braikley's yett ere it was  
dawin.
- 2 He rappit fu loudly an wi a great roar,  
Cried, Cum doun, cum doun, Braikley, and  
open the door.
- 3 'Are ye sleepin, Baronne, or are ye wakin?  
Ther's sharpe swords at your yett, will gar  
your blood spin.
- 4 'Open the yett, Braikley, and lat us within,  
Till we on the green turf gar your bluid rin.'
- 5 Out spak the brave baronne, owre the castell-  
wa:  
'Are ye cum to spulyie and plunder mi ha?
- 6 'But gin ye be gentlemen, licht and cum in:  
Gin ye drink o my wine, ye'll nae gar my  
bluid spin.
- 7 'Gin ye be hir'd widifus, ye may gang by,  
Ye may gang to the lawlands and steal their fat  
ky.
- 8 'Ther spulyie like rievvers o wyld kettrin clan,  
Who plunder unsparing baith houses and lan.
- 9 'Gin ye be gentlemen, licht an cum [in],  
Ther's meat an drink i my ha for every man.
- 10 'Gin ye be hir'd widifus, ye may gang by,  
Gang doun to the lawlands, and steal horse and  
ky.'
- 11 Up spak his ladie, at his bak where she lay,  
'Get up, get up, Braikley, and be not afraid;  
The'r but young hir'd widifus wi belted plaids.'
- 12 'Cum kiss me, mi Peggy, I'll nae langer stay,  
For I will go out and meet Inverey.
- 13 'But haud your tongue, Peggy, and mak nae  
sic din,  
For yon same hir'd widifus will prove them-  
selves men.'
- 14 She called on her marys, they cam to her  
hand;  
Cries, Bring me your rocks, lassies, we will  
them command.
- 15 'Get up, get up, Braikley, and turn bak your  
ky,  
Or me an mi women will them defy.
- 16 'Cum forth then, mi maidens, and show them  
some play;  
We'll ficht them, and shortly the cowards will  
fly.
- 17 'Gin I had a husband, whereas I hae nane,  
He woud nae ly i his bed and see his ky taen.
- 18 'Ther's four-and-twenty milk-whit calves, twal  
o them ky,  
In the woods o Glentanner, it's ther thei a' ly.
- 19 'Ther's goat i the Etnach, and sheep o the  
brae,  
An a' will be plunderd by young Inverey.'
- 20 'Now hand your tongue, Peggy, and gie me a  
gun,  
Ye'll see me gae furth, but I'll never cum in.
- 21 'Call mi brother William, mi unkl also,  
Mi cousin James Gordon; we'll mount and  
we'll go.'
- 22 When Braikley was ready and stood i the  
closs,  
He was the bravest baronne that eer mounted  
horse.
- 23 Whan all wer assembld o the castell green,  
No man like brave Braikley was ther to be seen.
- 24 . . . . .  
'Turn bak, brother William, ye are a bride-  
groom;
- 25 'Wi bonnie Jean Gordon, the maid o the mill;  
O sichin and sobbin she'll soon get her fill.'
- 26 'I'm no coward, brother, 't is kend I'm a man;  
I'll ficht i your quarral as lang's I can stand.
- 27 'I'll ficht, my dear brother, wi heart and gude  
will,  
And so will young Harry that lives at the mill.

- 28 'But turn, mi dear brother, and nae langer  
stay :  
What 'll cum o your ladie, gin Braikley thei  
slay ?
- 29 'What 'll cum o your ladie and bonnie young  
son ?  
O what 'll cum o them when Braikley is  
gone ?'
- 30 'I never will turn : do you think I will fly ?  
But here I will ficht, and here I will die.'
- 31 'Strik dogs,' crys Inverey, 'and ficht till ye 're  
slayn,  
For we are four hundered, ye are but four  
men.
- 32 'Strik, strik, ye proud boaster, your honour is  
gone,  
Your lands we will plunder, your castell we 'll  
burn.'
- 33 At the head o the Etnach the battel began,  
At Little Auchoilzie thei killd the first man.
- 34 First thei killd ane, and soon they killd twa,  
Thei killd gallant Braikley, the flour o them a'.
- 35 Thei killd William Gordon, and James o the  
Knox,  
And brave Alexander, the flour o Glenmuick.
- 36 What sichin and moaning was heard i the glen,  
For the Baronne o Braikley, who basely was  
slayn !
- 37 'Cam ye bi the castell, and was ye in there ?  
Saw ye pretty Peggy tearing her hair ?'
- 38 'Yes, I cam by Braikley, and I gaed in there,  
And there [saw] his ladie braiding her hair.
- 39 'She was rantin, and dancin, and singin for  
joy,  
And vowin that nicht she woud feest Inverey.
- 40 'She eat wi him, drank wi him, welcomd him  
in,  
Was kind to the man that had slayn her bar-  
onne.'
- 41 Up spake the son on the nourice's knee,  
'Gin I live to be a man, revenged I 'll be.'
- 42 Ther 's dool i the kitchin, and mirth i the ha,  
The Baronne o Braikley is dead and awa.

## B

Kinloch MSS, V, 379, in the handwriting of John Hill  
Burton.

- 1 'Baron of Brackley, are ye in there ?  
The 're sharp swords at yer yetts, winna ye  
spear.'
- 2 'If they be gentlemen, lat them cum in ;  
But if they be reavers, we 'll gar them be  
taen.'
- 3 'It is na gentlemen, nor yet pretty lads,  
But a curn hir'd widdifus, wears belted  
plaids.'
- 4 She called on her women and bade them come  
in :  
'Tack a' yer rocks, lasses, and we 'll them  
coman.
- 5 'We 'll fecht them, we 'll slight them, we 'll do  
what we can,  
And I vow we will shoot them altho we shod  
bang.
- 6 'Rise up, John,' she said, 'and turn in yer  
kye,  
For they 'll hae them to the Hielands, and you  
they 'l defie.'
- 7 'Had your still, Catharine, and still yer young  
son,  
For ye 'll get me out, but I 'll never cum in.'
- 8 'If I had a man, as I hae na nane,  
He wudna lye in his bed and see his kye tane.'
- 9 'Ye 'll cum kiss me, my Peggy, and bring me  
my gun,  
For I 'm gaing out, but I 'll never cum in.'

- 10 There was twenty wi Invery, twenty and ten;  
There was nane wi the baron but his brother and him.
- 11 At the head of Reneeten the battle began;  
Ere they wan Auchoilzie, they killed mony a man.
- 12 They killed Harry Gordon and Harry of the Knock,  
The mullertd's four sons up at Glenmuick.
- 13 They killed Harry Gordon and Harry of the Knock,  
And they made the brave baron like kail to a pot.
- 14 First they killed ane, and then they killed twa,  
Then they killed the brave baron, the flower o them a'.
- 15 Then up came Craigievar, and a party wi him;  
If he had come an hour sooner, Brackley had not been slain.
- 16 'Came ye by Brackley? and was ye in there?  
Or say ye his lady, was making great care?'
- 17 'I came by Brackley, and I was in there,  
But I saw his lady no makin great care.
- 18 'For she eat wi them, drank wi them, welcomed them in;  
She drank to the villain that killed her guid man.
- 19 'Woe to ye, Kate Fraser! sorry may yer heart be,  
To see yer brave baron's blood cum to yer knee.'
- 20 There is dule in the kitchen, and mirth i the ha,  
But the Baron o B[r]ackley is dead and awa.

## C

a. Jamieson-Brown MS., Appendix, p. viii, as transcribed for Jamieson by Rev. Andrew Brown, and sent him by Mrs Brown in a letter of June 18, 1801. b. Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 102; Mrs. Brown's copy combined with an imperfect one taken down by Sir W. Scott "from the recitation of two ladies, great-grandchildren of Farquharson of Inverey."

- 1 O Inverey came down Dee side, whistling and playing;  
He's landed at Braikly's yates at the day dawing.
- 2 Says, Baron of Braikly, are ye within?  
There's sharp swords at the yate will gar your blood spin.
- 3 The lady raise up, to the window she went;  
She heard her kye lowing oer hill and oer bent.
- 4 'O rise up, John,' she says, 'turn back your kye;  
They're oer the hills rinning, they're skipping away.'
- 5 'Come to your bed, Peggie, and let the kye rin,  
For were I to gang out, I would never get in.'
- 6 Then she's cry'd on her women, they quickly came ben:  
'Take up your rocks, lassies, and fight a' like men.
- 7 'Though I'm but a woman, to head you I'll try,  
Nor let these vile Highland-men steal a' our kye.'
- 8 Then up gat the baron, and cry'd for his graith;  
Says, Lady, I'll gang, tho to leave you I'm laith.
- 9 'Come, kiss me, my Peggie, nor think I'm to blame;  
For I may well gang out, but I'll never win in.'
- 10 When the Baron of Braikly rade through the close,  
A gallanter baron neer mounted a horse.



- 11 Tho there came wi Inverey thirty and three,  
There was nane wi bonny Braikly but his  
brother and he.
- 12 Twa gallanter Gordons did never sword draw;  
But against four and thirty, wae's me, what  
was twa?
- 13 Wi swords and wi daggers they did him sur-  
round,  
And they've pierc'd bonny Braikly wi mony  
a wound.
- 14 Frae the head of the Dee to the banks of the  
Spey,  
The Gordons may mourn him, and bann In-  
verey.
- 15 'O came ye by Braikly, and was ye in there?  
Or saw ye his Peggy dear riving her hair?'
- 16 'O I came by Braikly, and I was in there,  
But I saw not his Peggy dear riving her hair.'
- 17 'O fye on ye, lady! how could ye do sae?  
You open'd your yate to the faus Inverey.'
- 18 She eat wi him, drank wi him, welcom'd him  
in;  
She welcom'd the villain that slew her baron.
- 19 She kept him till morning, syne bad him be  
gane,  
And show'd him the road that he woud na be  
tane.
- 20 'Thro Birss and Aboyne,' she says, 'lyin in a  
tour,  
Oer the hills of Glentanor you'll skip in an  
hour.'
- 21 There is grief in the kitchen, and mirth in the  
ha,  
But the Baron of Braikly is dead and awa.

## D

Skene MS., p. 110; north of Scotland, 1802-3.

- 1 'Baron o Breachell, are ye within?  
The sharp souerd is at yer gate, Breachell,  
we'll gar yer blood spin.'
- 2 'Thei'r at yer gate, Breachell, thei'r neither  
men nor lads,  
But fifty heard widifas, wi belted plaids.'
- 3 'O if I had a man,' she says, 'as it looks I had  
nane,  
He widna sit in the house and see my kye tane.'
- 4 'But lasses tak down yer rocks, and we will  
defend  
. . . . .
- 5 'O kiss me, dear Peggy, and gee me down my  
gun,  
I may well ga out, but I'll never come in.'
- 6 Out spak his brither, says, Gee me yer hand;  
I'll fight in yer cause sae lang as I may stand.
- 7 Whan the Baron o Breachell came to the closs,  
A braver baron neir red upon horse.
- 8 . . . . .  
I think the silly heard widifas are grown  
fighten men.
- 9 First they killed ane, and syen they killed twa,  
And the Baron o Breachell is dead and awa.
- 10 They killed Sandy Gordon, Sandy Gordon o  
the Knock,  
The miller and his three sons, that lived at  
Glenmuick.
- 11 First they killed ane, and seyn they killed twa,  
And the Baron o Breachell is dead and awa.
- 12 Up came Crigevar and a' his fighten men:  
'Had I come an hour soonur, he sudna been  
slain.'
- 13 For first they killed ane, and seyn they killed  
twa,  
And the Baron o Breachell is dead and awa.

14 'O came ye by Breachell, lads? was ye in  
their?  
Saw ye Peggy Dann riving her hair?'

15 'We cam by Breachell, lads, we was in there,  
And saw Peggie Dann cairling her hair.

16 'She eat wi them, drank wi them, bad them  
come in  
To her house an bours that had slain her baron.

17 'Come in, gentlemen, eat and drink wi me;  
Tho ye ha slain my baron, I ha na a wite at ye.'

18 'O was [ye] at Glenmuik, lads? was ye in  
theire?  
Saw ye Cathrin Gordon rivin her hair?'

19 'We was at Glenmuik, lads, we was in  
there,  
We saw Cathrin Gordon rivin her hair.

20 'Wi the tear in her eye, seven bairns at her  
foot,  
The eighth on her knee . . .

21 They killed Peter Gordon, Peter Gordon of  
the Knock,  
The miller and his three sons, that lived at  
Glenmuik.

22 First they killed ane, and syn they killed  
twa,  
And the Baron of Breachell is dead and  
awa.

A. No division of stanzas. Both copies are prob-  
ably from stall-prints or broadsides. b dif-  
fers frequently from a in spelling.

a. 5<sup>2</sup>, 8<sup>1</sup>. spulzie. 6<sup>1</sup>. gentlemen.

11<sup>2</sup>, 25<sup>1</sup>, 40<sup>1</sup>. we for wi.

22<sup>1</sup>. thee. 30<sup>1</sup>. I will never.

b. 11<sup>1</sup>. laid. 11<sup>2</sup>. young wanting.

13<sup>2</sup>. prove to be men. 15<sup>2</sup>. For me.

16<sup>1</sup>. ply. 19<sup>1</sup>. Ther are goats.

20<sup>2</sup>. never return. 22<sup>1</sup>. thee.

25<sup>2</sup>. seen (*phonetic*). 26<sup>1</sup>. it's kent.

30<sup>1</sup>. I never will: ye. 30<sup>2</sup>. No, here.

34<sup>1</sup>. an syne. 36<sup>1</sup>. was heard. 38<sup>2</sup>. ther said.

c. This copy is to the extent of about two thirds  
taken from a; half a dozen stanzas are  
from Jamieson's text, C b; half a dozen  
more agree, nearly or entirely, with B,  
and may have been derived from Dr. J. H.  
Burton, or directly from some traditional  
source. The order has been regulated by  
the editor, who has also made a slight ver-  
bal change now and then.

1-3 = a 1-3. 4-8 = 5-9. 9 = 11<sup>1, 2</sup>, near-  
ly (c 9<sup>2</sup>, and face Inverey). 11<sup>2</sup> = 13<sup>2</sup>.

12-14 = 18, 19, 17. 15 = 15, nearly:

cf. B 6<sup>1</sup>. 17<sup>1</sup> = 16<sup>2</sup>. 18 = 20, nearly.

19 = 21. 22 = 31, with different num-

bers. 23 = 33: Reneatan for Etnach, cf.

B 11<sup>1</sup>. 24 = 35. 25 = 34. 29 = 38.

30 = 39. 31<sup>1</sup> = 40<sup>1</sup>. 32<sup>2</sup> = 40<sup>2</sup>, B 18<sup>2</sup>.

35 = 41. 36 = 42. 37 = 36.

From C b. 20 = 12. 21 = 13, nearly. 26  
= 16. 33, 34 = 23, 24, nearly. 38 = 17.  
10 (nearly B 6: cf. c 15<sup>1</sup>).

Get up, get up Brackley, and turn back your  
kye,

Or they'll hae them to the Highlands, and  
you they'll defy.

16 (nearly B 4: cf. a 14):

She called on her maidens, and bade them  
come in:

Tak a' your rocks, lasses, we will them com-  
man.

27 (nearly B 15: cf. D 12). Had he come  
one hour, etc.

28 = B 16. 31<sup>2</sup> = B 18<sup>2</sup> (a 40<sup>2</sup>). She  
drank to the villain that killed her barrone.

32 = B 19, nearly. Wae to you, Kate Fra-  
ser, sad may your heart be.

B. 11<sup>1</sup>. Keneeten *perhaps*: b. Reneatan.

12<sup>1</sup>. They for The.

C. a. Not divided, but roughly marked off into  
stanzas of four verses.

6<sup>2</sup>. frocks for rocks.

b. 1<sup>1</sup>. Down Dee side came Inverey.

1<sup>2</sup>. lighted at Brackley yates.

2<sup>1</sup>. O are. 4<sup>1</sup>. rise up, ye baron, and.

4<sup>2</sup>. For the lads o Drumwharran are driving  
them bye.

5. 'How can I rise, lady, or turn them again?  
Whereer I have ae man, I wat they hae  
ten.'

6. 'Then rise up, my lasses, tak rocks in your  
hand,  
And turn back the kye; I hae you at com-  
mand.

7. 'Gin I had a husband, as I hae nane,  
He wadna lye in his bower, see his kye  
tane.'

8<sup>1</sup>. got.  
*After 8:*

Come kiss me then, Peggy, and gie me my  
speir;  
I ay was for peace, tho I never feard weir.

9<sup>1</sup>. me then, Peggy. 9<sup>2</sup>. I weel may gae out.  
10<sup>1</sup>. When Brakley was busked and rade oer  
the closs.

10<sup>2</sup>. neer lap to a.  
*After 10:*

When Brackley was mounted and rade oer  
the green,  
He was as bald a baron as ever was seen.

12<sup>2</sup>. what is. 15<sup>1</sup>. by Brackley yates, was.

16<sup>1</sup>. by Brackley yates, I.

16<sup>2</sup>. And I saw his Peggy a-making good  
cheer.

*After 16:*

The lady she feasted them, carried them  
ben;  
She laughd wi the men that her baron had  
slain.

17<sup>1</sup>. on you: could you. 17<sup>2</sup>. yates.

19<sup>2</sup>. shoudna.

"Poetical justice requires that I should subjoin  
the concluding stanza of the fragment, which  
could not be introduced into the text; as the  
reader cannot be displeased to learn that  
the unworthy spouse of the amiable, affec-  
tionate, and spirited baron of Brackley was  
treated by her unprincipled gallant as she  
deserved, and might have expected:

Inverey spak a word, he spak it wrang;  
'My wife and my bairns will be thinking  
lang.'

'O wae fa ye, Inverey! ill mat ye die!  
First to kill Brackley, and then to slight me.'

D. *Title, 1<sup>1</sup>, etc. Breachell. Perhaps miscopied  
by Skene from Breachlie; and so Crigeran,  
12<sup>1</sup>, for Crigevar.  
17<sup>2</sup>. at thee.*

## 204

## JAMIE DOUGLAS

- A. 'Lord Douglas,' or, 'The Laird of Blackwood,' Kinloch MSS, I, 93.
- B. 'Jamie Douglas,' Kinloch MSS, V, 387.
- C. 'Lady Douglas and Blackwood,' Kinloch MSS, V, 207, I, 103.
- D. 'Jamie Douglas,' Kinloch MSS, I, 107.
- E. 'The Laird o Blackwood,' Kinloch MSS, VII, 127; Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 58.
- F. 'Jamie Douglas,' Motherwell's MS., p. 507.
- G. 'Lord Jamie Douglas,' Motherwell's MS., p. 345.
- H. 'Jamie Douglas,' Motherwell's MS., p. 297.
- I. 'Jamie Douglas,' Motherwell's MS., p. 500.
- J. 'Jamie Douglas,' Motherwell's MS., p. 299.
- K. 'Jamie Douglas,' Motherwell's MS., p. 302.
- L. 'Jamie Douglas,' Finlay's Scottish Ballads, II, 4.
- M. Herd's MSS, I, 54; Herd's Scottish Songs, 1776, I, 144.
- O. 'Lord Jamie Douglas,' Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Appendix, p. v, the last three stanzas.
- N. 'Jamie Douglas,' Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Appendix, p. xvii, IX, one stanza.

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THIS ballad first appeared in print in the second edition of Herd's *Scottish Songs*, 1776, but only as a fragment of five stanzas. Pinkerton repeats three stanzas from Herd, very slightly "polished by the editor," *Tragic Ballads*, 1781, pp. 83, 119. A stall-copy, says Motherwell, was printed in 1798, under the title of 'Fair Orange Green.' A and C were used by Aytoun for the copy given in his second edition, 1859, I, 133, and D for Part Fourth of Chambers's compilation, *Scottish Ballads*, p. 157. The "traditionary version," in thirty-four stanzas, given in the Appendix to Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. v (see his Introduction, p. lxiii, note 5), is made up, all but the fifth stanza and the three last, from F-J and O: see note to N.

Lady Barbara Erskine, eldest daughter of John, Earl of Mar, was married to James, second Marquis of Douglas, near the end of the year 1670. The marriage did not prove to be happy, and the parties were formally separated in 1681. They had had one child, James, Earl of Angus, and he having been killed in battle in the Netherlands in 1692, the

Marquis of Douglas married again, and had two sons and a daughter. The second of the sons was Archibald, the third marquis, and first and only duke of Douglas.

In an affectionate letter of December, 1676 (succeeding several others to which no answer had been returned), the Marchioness of Douglas writes to her husband: "I am not such a stranger to myself to pretend to the exactness of obedience and duty that my humor or frowardness may not have offended you, and all I can say is, that hereafter I shall so study yours and what may please you that I shall endeavor a conformity to your good will so near as I can. This only I must (most) complain of, that you should retain those in your service or company who takes the liberty of talking so much to the prejudice of your honor and mine. Sure I am I never give the least occasion for it, neither do I think, my dear, that you really believe it. If religion and virtue were not ties strong enough, sense of your honor and mine own, and of that noble family of yours and our posterity, could not but prevail against such base thoughts,



and God, who knows my heart, knows my innocence and the malice of those who wounds us both by such base calumnies." In February, 1677, the marchioness (not for the first time, as it appears) invokes the interposition of the Privy Council in her domestic affairs, and applies for an "aliment" on which she may live apart from her husband, whom she charges with shunning her company and treating her with contempt. The marquis in his reply alleges that his wife had not treated him with due respect, but seems to be averse to a separation. Four years after, a separation was mutually agreed to, and in the contract to this effect the ground is expressed to be "great animosities, mistakes and differences betwixt the said marquis and his lady, which have risen to a great height, so as neither of them are satisfied longer to continue together."\*

The blame of the alienation of Douglas from his wife is imputed by tradition to William Lawrie, the marquis's principal chamberlain or factor, who was appointed to that place in 1670, the year of the marriage. Lawrie married Marion Weir, of the family of Blackwood, then a widow. He is often styled the laird of Blackwood, a title which belonged to his son by this marriage, his own proper designation being, after that event, the Tutor of Blackwood. "The belief that Blackwood was the chief cause of this unhappy quarrel was current at the time among the Douglas tenantry, with whom he was very unpopular, and it is corroborated by letters and other documents in the Douglas charter-chest. The marchioness, indeed, evinces temper, but the marquis appears to have been morose and

peevish, and incapable of managing his own affairs. In this matter he consulted, and was advised by, Blackwood at every step, sending him copies of the letters he wrote to his wife, and subscribing whatever document Blackwood thought fit to prepare. Members of the family and dependents alike characterized Lawrie as hypocritical and double-dealing; but on the other hand, it is only fair to mention that on two occasions, Charles, Earl of Mar, wrote to Blackwood thanking him for his kindness to his sister, and assuring him of his esteem."†

John, Earl of Mar, the father of Lady Barbara Erskine, died in 1668, before his daughter's marriage, and it would have been her brother Charles, the next earl, who took her home. He was colonel of a regiment of foot at the time of the separation, whence, probably, the drums, trumpets, and soldiers in the ballad. Barbara Douglas died in 1690, two years before the marquis's second marriage.

The reciter of A, who got her information from an old dey at Douglas castle, as far back as 1770, told Kinloch that the ballad was a great favorite with Archibald, Duke of Douglas, who lived till 1761: "The Duke used often to get the old dey to sing it to him while he wheeled round the room in a gilded chair . . . and muttered anathemas against Lourie, saying, O that Blackwood must have been a damned soul!"‡

The story of the ballad is very simple. A lady, daughter of the Earl of Mar, B, I, married to Lord James Douglas, Marquis of Douglas, D, lives happily with him until Blackwood (Blacklaywood, Blackly) makes

\* Fraser, *The Douglas Book*, Edinburgh, 1885, II, 277 f, 449 f. The contract, being a mutual paper, may not express to the full the supposed grievances of either party.

† *The Douglas Book*, II, 450 f. "Lawrie is mentioned by Lord Fountainhall as 'late chamberlain to the Marquis of Douglas, and reputed a bad instrument between him and his lady in their differences.' *Decisions*, I, 196."

What should prompt Lawrie to malice against the marchioness is unknown. Kinloch, *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 58, accepting the story of the old woman from whom he obtained B, says: "The Laird of Blackwood and the Marquis of — were rivals in the affection of a lovely and amiable young lady, who, preferring the latter, became his wife. Blackwood . . . vowed revenge," etc. Chambers, who repeats this account, *Scottish Ballads*, p. 150, re-

marks that Lawrie seems to have been considerably advanced in life at the time. Lawrie's son made a "retour of services" in 1650, and may be supposed then to have been of age. The Marquis of Douglas was in his twenty-fourth year when he married, in 1670, and probably Lady Barbara Erskine was not older. Maidment is surprised that Lawrie, "a man of uncertain lineage," should have succeeded with the widow Marion Weir. What is to be thought of his aspiring, at the age of sixty, or more, to "the affection of a lovely and amiable young lady" of the family of Mar, one of the most ancient in Scotland?

‡ Kinloch MSS, I, 95 f. For one or two points see Maidment's *Scottish Ballads and Songs*, 1868, II, 262 ff., the preface to the ballad there called 'Lady Barbara Erskine's Lament.'

her husband believe that she has trespassed (with one Lockhart, A). Her protestations of innocence and the blandishments with which she seeks to win back her lord's affections are fruitless. Her father sends for her and takes her home. He offers to get a bill of divorce and make a better match for her, but she will listen to no such proposal.

The lady is daughter of the Earl of York, D; her brother is the Duke of York (a somewhat favorite personage in ballads), B; her mother is daughter of the Duke of York, G, and her father is the Lord of Murray. Her husband is the Earl of March, I (and F?). Had she foreseen the event of the marriage with Douglas, she would have staid at Lord Torchar'd's gates (Argyle's, Athol's, Lord Orgul's) and have been his lady, G, H, I, L, or in fair Orange green and have been his (Orange's?) K. (Orange gate appears in D, also, and so it may be Orange wine, and not orange, that Jamie Douglas is invited to drink in I 5.) A handsome nurse makes trouble in F 6, but nowhere else. It is not Blackwood that whispers mischief into the husband's ear in J 4, but a small bird; a black bird, fause bird, in two of Finlay's three copies, a blackie in the other, L. In E 7 the lady will not wash her face, comb her hair, or have fire or light in her bower: cf. Nos 69, 92, II, 156, 317. In I 15, when the lady had returned to her father's and the tenants came to see her, she could not speak, and "the buttons off her clothes did flee;" "an affecting image of overpowering grief," says Chambers. See also 'Andrew Lammie.'

D 10-15, N, are palpable and vulgar tags

\* "Matthew Crawford, weaver, Howwood, sings 'Jamie Douglas' with the conclusion in which the lady dies after her return and reconciliation with her lord." Motherwell's Note-Book, p. 56.

"I was informed by A. Lile that she has heard a longer set of the ballad in which, while Lady Douglas is continuing her lament, she observes a troop of gentlemen coming to her father's, and she expresses a wish that these should be sent by her lord to bring her home. They happen to be sent for that purpose, and she accompanies them. On her meeting, however, with her lord, and while putting a cup of wine to her lips, her heart breaks, and she drops down dead at his feet." Motherwell, note to G, MS., p. 347.

Lawrie came near losing his head in 1683 for political reasons, but he survived the revolution of 1688, "got all

to a complete story. James Douglas comes to his father-in-law's house with his three children, and sends a soldier to the gate to bid his lady come down; he has hanged false Blackwood, and she is to come home: N. In D the hanging of Blackwood is not mentioned; Douglas calls for wine to drink to his gay lady, she takes a cup in her hand, but her heart breaks.\*

A-M have all from one stanza to four of a beautiful song, known from the first quarter of the eighteenth century, and printed fifty years earlier than any copy of the ballad.† This song is the lament of an unmarried woman for a lover who has proved false, and, as we find by the last stanza, has left her with an unborn babe. A, C have this last stanza, although the lady in these copies has born three children (as she has in every version except the fragmentary E).‡

#### WALY, WALY, GIN LOVE BE BONY.

a. Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, the second volume, published before 1727; here from the Dublin edition of 1729, p. 176. b. Thomson's Orpheus Caledonius, second edition, 1733, I, 71; four stanzas in the first edition, 1725, No 34. §

1 O WALY, waly up the bank!  
And waly, waly, down the brae!  
And waly, waly yon burn-side,  
Where I and my love wont to gae!

2 I leand my back unto an aik,  
I thought it was a trusty tree;  
But first it bowd, and syne it brak,  
Sae my true-love did lightly me.

3 O waly, waly! but love be bony  
A little time, while it is new;

the proceedings against him annulled, and a complete rehabilitation." Wodrow, II, 295; Maidment, 1868, II, 268.

† All but E have b 4: E has a 4. All but A, D, E, L, M have 1. A, C, E have 10; J has 2, 3; A has 8; F has 9.

‡ It must be said, however, that stanza 8, 'When we cam' in by Glasgow town,' etc., hardly suits the song, and would be entirely appropriate to the ballad (as it is in A 2). It may have been taken up from this ballad (which must date from the last quarter of the seventeenth century), or from some other.

§ a is followed in Percy's Reliques, 1765, III, 144, Herd, Ancient and Modern Scots Songs, 1769, p. 196; b, in the Musical Museum, p. 166, No 158; with slight variations in each copy.

- But when 't is auld, it waxeth cauld,  
And fades away like morning dew.
- 4 O wherefore shoud I busk my head?  
Or wherefore shoud I kame my hair?  
For my true-love has me forsook,  
And says he'll never love me mair.
- 5 Now Arthur-Seat shall be my bed,  
The sheets shall neer be fyl'd by me;  
Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,  
Since my true-love has forsaken me.
- 6 Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
And shake the green leaves off the tree?  
O gentle death, when wilt thou come?  
For of my life I am weary.
- 7 'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,  
Nor blawing snaw's inclemency;  
'T is not sic cauld that makes me cry,  
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
- 8 When we came in by Glasgow town,  
We were a comely sight to see;  
My love was cled in the black velvet,  
And I my sell in cramasie.
- 9 But had I wist, before I kisssd,  
That love had been sae ill to win,  
I'd lockd my heart in a case of gold,  
And pin'd it with a silver pin.

10 Oh, oh, if my young babe were born,  
And set upon the nurse's knee,  
And I my sell were dead and gane!  
For a maid again I'll never be.

A stanza closely resembling the third of this song occurs in a Yule medley in Wood's MSS, about 1620.\*

Hey trollie lollie, love is jolly  
A qhyll qhill it is new;  
Qhen it is old, it grows full cold,  
Woe worth the love untrew!

The Orpheus Caledonius has for the fourth stanza this, which is found (with variations) in A-M, excepting the imperfect copy E:

When cockle-shells turn siller bells,  
And mussels grows on evry tree,  
When frost and snaw shall warm us a',  
Then shall my love prove true to me.

Ed. 1725.

Several stanzas occur in a song with the title 'Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,' etc., which is thought to have been printed as early as the Tea-Table Miscellany, or even considerably earlier. This song is given in an appendix.

Aytoun's ballad, 1859, I, 135, is loosely translated by Knortz, Schottische Balladen, p. 59.

## A

Kinloch MSS, I, 93; from the recitation of Mary Barr, Lesmahago, Lanarkshire, May, 1827, and learned by her about sixty years before from an old dey at Douglas Castle.

- 1 I WAS a lady of high renown  
As lived in the north countrie;  
I was a lady of high renown  
Whan Earl Douglas loved me.

2 Whan we came through Glasgow toun,  
We war a comely sight to see;  
My gude lord in velvet green,  
And I mysel in cramasie.

3 Whan we cam to Douglas toun,  
We war a fine sight to behold;  
My gude lord in cramasie,  
And I myself in shining gold.

\* Scottish Psalter, 1566, Wood's MSS, Bassus, Laing's MSS, University of Edinburgh, MS. Books, 483, III, p. 209. The medley is by a different and later hand: Laing in the Musical Museum, 1853, I, xxviii f., IV, 440\*. It is printed in the second edition of Forbes's Cantus, Aberdeen, 1666.

There was a much older stave, or proverb, to the same purport, as we see by Chaucer's Clerk's Tale, vv. 855, 57.

But sooth is seyð, algate I fynde it trewe,  
Loue is nocht old as whan that it is newe.



- 4 Whan that my auld son was born,  
And set upon the nurse's knee,  
I was as happy a woman as eer was born,  
And my gude lord he loved me.
- 5 But oh, an my young son was born,  
And set upon the nurse's knee,  
And I mysel war dead and gane,  
For a maid again I'll never be!
- 6 There cam a man into this house,  
And Jamie Lockhart was his name,  
And it was told to my gude lord  
That I was in the bed wi him.
- 7 There cam anither to this house,  
And a bad friend he was to me;  
He put Jamie's shoon below my bed-stock,  
And bade my gude lord come and see.
- 8 O wae be unto thee, Blackwood,  
And ae an ill death may ye dee!  
For ye was the first and the foremost man  
That parted my gude lord and me.
- 9 Whan my gude lord cam in my room,  
This grit falsehood for to see,  
He turnd about, and, wi a gloom,  
He straucht did tak farewell o me.
- 10 'O fare thee well, my once lovely maid!  
O fare thee well, once dear to me!
- O fare thee well, my once lovely maid!  
For wi me again ye sall never be.'
- 11 'Sit down, sit down, Jamie Douglas,  
Sit thee down and dine wi me,  
And Ill set thee on a chair of gold,  
And a silver towel on thy knee.'
- 12 'Whan cockle-shells turn silver bells,  
And mussels they bud on a tree,  
Whan frost and snaw turns fire to burn,  
Then I'll sit down and dine wi thee.'
- 13 O wae be unto thee, Blackwood,  
And ae an ill death may ye dee!  
Ye war the first and the foremost man  
That parted my gude lord and me.
- 14 Whan my father he heard word  
That my gude lord had forsaken me,  
He sent fifty o his brisk dragoons  
To fesh me hame to my ain countrie.
- 15 That morning before I did go,  
My bonny palace for to leave,  
I went into my gude lord's room,  
But alas! he wad na speak to me.
- 16 'Fare thee well, Jamie Douglas!  
Fare thee well, my ever dear to me!  
Fare thee well, Jamie Douglas!  
Be kind to the three babes I've born to thee.'

## B

Kinloch MSS, V, 387, in the handwriting of John Hill Burton when a youth.

- 1 Waly, waly up the bank!  
And waly, waly down the brae!  
And waly, waly to yon burn-side,  
Where me and my love wunt to gae!
- 2 As I lay sick, and very sick,  
And sick was I, and like to die,  
And Blacklaywood put in my love's ears  
That he staid in bower too lang wi me.
- 3 As I lay sick, and very sick,  
And sick was I, and like to die,  
And walking into my garden green,  
I heard my good lord lichtlie me.
- 4 Now woe betide ye, Blacklaywood!  
I'm sure an ill death you must die;  
Ye'll part me and my ain good lord,  
And his face again I'll never see.
- 5 'Come down stairs now, Jamie Douglas,  
Come down stairs and drink wine wi me;  
I'll set thee into a chair of gold,  
And not one farthing shall it cost thee.'
- 6 'When cockle-shells turn silver bells,  
And muscels grow on every tree,  
When frost and snaw turn fiery baas,  
I'll come down the stair and drink wine wi thee.'



- 7 'What's needs me value you, Jamie Douglas,  
More than you do value me?  
The Earl of Mar is my father,  
The Duke of York is my brother gay.
- 8 'But when my father gets word o this,  
I trow a sorry man he'll be;  
He'll send four score o his soldiers brave  
To tak me hame to mine ain countrie.'
- 9 As I lay owre my castell-wa,  
I beheld my father comin for me,  
Wi trumpets sounding on every side;  
But they weren a music at a' for me.
- 10 'And fare ye weel now, Jamie Douglas!  
And fare ye weel, my children three!  
And fare ye weel, my own good lord!  
For my face again ye shall never see.
- 11 'And fare ye weel now, Jamie Douglas!  
And fare ye weel, my children three!
- And fare ye weel now, Jamie Douglas!  
But my youngest son shall gae wi me.'
- 12 'What ails ye at yer youngest son,  
Sits smilin at the nurse's knee?  
I'm sure he never knew any harm,  
Except it was from his nurse or thee.'
- 13 . . . . .  
And when I was into my coaches set,  
He made his trumpets a' to soun.
- 14 I've heard it said, and it's oft times seen,  
The hawk that flies far frae her nest;  
And a' the world shall plainly see  
It's Jamie Douglas that I love best.
- 15 I've heard it said, and [it's] oft times seen,  
The hawk that flies from tree to tree;  
And a' the world shall plainly see  
It's for Jamie Douglas I maun die.

## C

Kinloch MSS, V, 207, I, 103; from John Rae, Lesmahago.

- 1 O WALLY, wally up yon bank!  
And wally down yon brae!  
And wally, wally up yon burn-side,  
Where me and my lord went to gae!
- 2 I leand me on yon saugh sae sweet,  
I leand me on yon saugh sae sour,  
And my gude lord has forsaken me,  
And he swears he'll never loe me more.
- 3 There came a young man to this town,  
And Jamie Lockhart was his name;  
Fause Blackwood lilted in my lord's ear  
That I was in the bed wi him.
- 4 'Come up, come up, Jamie Douglas,  
Come up, come up and dine wi me,  
And I'll set thee in a chair of gold,  
And use you kindly on my knee.'
- 5 'When cockle-shells turn silver bells,  
And mussels hing on every tree,  
When frost and snow turn fire-brands,  
Then I'll come up and dine wi thee.'
- 6 When my father and mother they got  
word  
That my good lord had forsaken me,  
They sent fourscore of soldiers brave  
To bring me hame to my ain countrie.
- 7 That day that I was fore'd to go,  
My pretty palace for to leave,  
I went to the chamber were my lord lay,  
But alas! he wad na speak to me.
- 8 'O fare ye weel, Jamie Douglas!  
And fare ye weel, my children three!  
I hope your father will prove mair kind  
To you than he has been to me.
- 9 'You take every one to be like yoursel,  
You take every one that comes unto thee;  
But I could swear by the heavens high  
That I never knew anither man but thee.
- 10 'O fowl fa ye, fause Blackwood,  
And an ill death now may ye die!

- For ye was the first occasioner  
Of parting my gude lord and me.'
- 11 Whan we gaed in by Edinburgh town,  
My father and mithier they met me,  
Wi trumpets sounding on every side;  
But alas! they could na cherish me.
- 12 'Hold your tongue, daughter,' my father said,  
'And with your weeping let me be;  
And we'll get out a bill of divorce,  
And I'll get a far better lord to thee.'
- 13 'O hold your tongue, father,' she says,  
'And with your talking let me be;  
I wad na gie a kiss o my ain lord's lips  
For a' the men in the west country.'
- 14 Oh an I had my baby born,  
And set upon the nurse's knee,  
And I myself were dead and gone!  
For a maid again I will never be.

## D

Kinloch MSS, I, 107: "West-Country version."

- 1 I FELL sick, and very, very sick,  
Sick I was, and like to dee;  
A friend o mine cam frae the west,  
A friend o mine came me to see,  
And the black told it to my gude lord  
He was oure lang in the chamber wi me.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 2 'Come down the stair, Jamie Douglas,  
Come down and drink wine wi me;  
I'll set ye on a chair of gold,  
And not ae farthing will it cost thee.'
- 3 'Whan cockle-shells turn siller bells,  
And fishes flee frae tree to tree,  
Whan frost and snaw turn fire-beams,  
I'll come down and drink wine wi thee.'
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 4 'What ails ye at your young son James,  
That sits upo the nurse's kneè?  
I'm sure he never did ye no harm,  
If it war na for the nurse or me.
- 5 'What care I for you, Jamie Douglas?  
Not a small pin I value thee;  
For my father he is the Earl of York,  
And of that my mithier's the gay ladie;  
They will send fourscore of his soldiers bold  
For to tak me hame to my ain countrie.'
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 6 Whan I was set in my coach and six,  
Taking fareweel o my babies three,  
'I beg your father's grace to be kind,  
For your face again I'll never see.'
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 7 As I was walking up London streets,  
My father was coming to meet me,  
Wi trumpets sounding on every side;  
But that was na music at a' for me.
- 8 'Hold your tongue, my dochter dear,  
And of your weeping let abee;  
A bill o divorcement I'll send to him,  
A far better match I'll get for thee.'
- 9 'Hold your tongue, my father dear,  
And with your folly let abee;  
There'll never man sleep in my twa arms,  
Sin my gude lord has forsaken me.'
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 10 As I was sitting at my bouer-window,  
What a blythe sicht did I see!  
I saw four score of his soldiers bold,  
And I wishd that they were coming for me.
- 11 Out bespeaks the foremost man,  
And what a weel-spoken man was he!  
'If the Marquis o Douglas's lady be, within,  
You'll bid her come down and speak to me.'

12 It's out bespak my auld father then,  
I wat an angry man was he;  
'Ye may gang back the road ye cam,  
For her face again ye'll never see.'

14 As I cam in by the Orange gate,  
What a blythe sicht did I see!  
I saw Jamie Douglas coming me to meet,  
And at his foot war his babies three.

13 'Hold your tongue, my father dear,  
And with your folly let abee;  
For I'll ga back, and I'll ne'er return;  
Do ye think I love you as weel as he?'

15 'Ga fetch, ga fetch a bottle of wine,  
That I may drink to my gay ladie;'  
She took the cup into her hand,  
But her bonnie heart it broke in three.

## E

Kinloch MSS, VII, 127; 24 April, 1826, from the recitation of Jenny Watson, Lanark, aged 73, who had it from her grandmother.

1 I LAY sick, and very sick,  
And I was bad, and like to dee;  
. . . . .  
A friend o mine cam to visit me,  
And Blackwood whisperd in my lord's ear  
That he was oure lang in chamber wi me.

2 'O what need I dress up my head,  
Nor what need I caim down my hair,  
Whan my gude lord has forsaken me,  
And says he will na love me mair!

3 'But oh, an my young babe was born,  
And set upon some nourice knee,  
And I mysel war dead and gane!  
For a maid again I'll never be.'

4 'Nā mair o this, my dochter dear,  
And of your mourning let abee;

For a bill of divorce I'll gar write for  
him,  
A mair better lord I'll get for thee.'

5 'Na mair o this, my father dear,  
And of your folly let abee;  
For I wad na gie ae look o my lord's  
face  
For aw the lords in the haill cuntree.

6 'But I'll cast aff my robes o red,  
And I'll put on my robes o blue,  
And I will travel to some other land,  
To see gin my love will on me rue.

7 'There shall na wash come on my face,  
There shall na kaim come on my hair;  
There shall neither coal nor candle-light  
Be seen intil my bouer na mair.

8 'O wae be to thee, Blackwood,  
And an ill death may ye dee!  
For ye've been the haill occasion  
Of parting my lord and me.'

## F

Motherwell's MS, p. 507; from the recitation of old Mrs Brown, residing at Linsart, parish of Lochwinnoch, September, 1826.

1 WALY, waly up yon bank!  
And waly, waly up yon brae!  
And waly, waly by yon river-side,  
Where me and my love were wont to gae!

2 My mither tauld me when I was young  
That young men's love was ill to trow;

But to her I would give nae ear,  
And alas! my ain wand dings me now.

3 But gin I had wist or I had kisst  
That young man's love was sae ill to win,  
I would hae lockt my heart wi a key o gowd,  
And pinnd it wi a sillar pin.

4 When lairds and lords cam to this toun,  
And gentlemen o a high degree,  
I took my auld son in my arms,  
And went to my chamber pleasantly.

- 5 But when gentlemen come thro this toun,  
And gentlemen o a high degree,  
I must sit alane in the dark,  
And the babie on the nurse's knee.
- 6 I had a nurse, and she was fair,  
She was a dearly nurse to me ;  
She took my gay lord frae my side,  
And used him in her company.
- 7 Awa ! awa, thou false Blackwood !  
Ay and an ill death may thou die !  
Thou wast the first occasioner  
Of parting my gay lord and me.
- 8 When I was sick, and very sick,  
Sick I was, and like to die,  
I drew me near to my stair-head,  
And I heard my own lord lightly me.
- 9 'Come down, come down, thou Earl of March,  
Come down, come down and dine with  
me ;  
I'll set thee on a chair of gowd,  
And treat thee kindly on my knee !'
- 10 'When cockle-shells grow sillar bells,  
And mussells grow on every tree,  
When frost and snaw turns fiery ba's,  
Then I'll come down and dine with thee.'
- 11 When my father and mother got word  
That my gay lord had forsaken me,  
They sent three score of soldiers bold  
To bring me to my own countrie.
- 12 When I in my coach was set,  
My tenants all was with me tane ;  
They set them down upon their knees,  
And they begd me to come back again.
- 13 Fare ye weel, Jamie Douglas !  
And fare ye weel, my babies three !  
I wish your father may be kind  
To these three faces that I do see.
- 14 When we cam in by Edinbro toun,  
My father and mother they met me ;  
The cymbals sounded on every side,  
But alace ! the gave no comfort to me.
- 15 'Hold your tongue, my daughter dear,  
And of your weeping let abee,  
And I'll give him a bill of divorce,  
And I'll get as good a lord to thee.'
- 16 'Hold your tongue, my father dear,  
And of your scoffing let me bee ;  
I would rather hae a kiss of my own lord's  
mouth  
As all the lords in the north countrie.'

## G

Motherwell's MS., p. 345.

- 1 O WALY, waly up the bank !  
And waly, waly down the brae !  
And waly by yon river side,  
Where me and my lord was wont to gae !
- 2 An I had wit what I wit now,  
Before I came over the river Tay,  
I would hae staid at Lord Torchard's yetts,  
And I nicht hae been his own lady gay.
- 3 When I lay sick, and was very sick,  
A friend of mine came me to see ;  
When our Blacklywood told it in my lord's  
ears  
That he staid too long in chamber with me.
- 4 Woe be to thee, thou Blacklywood !  
I wish an ill death may thou die ;  
For thou's been the first and occasion last  
That put strife between my good lord and  
me.
- 5 When my father he heard of this,  
His heart was like for to break in three ;  
He sent fourscore of his soldiers brave  
For to take me home to mine own countree.
- 6 In the morning when I arose,  
My bonnie palace for to see,  
I came unto my lord's room-door,  
But he would not speak one word to me.
- 7 'Come down the stair, my lord Jamie Douglas,  
Come down and speak one word with me ;



- I'll set thee in a chair of gold,  
And the never a penny it will cost thee.'
- 8 When cockle-shells grow silver bells,  
And grass grows over the highest tree,  
When frost and snaw turns fiery bombs,  
Then will I come down and drink wine with thee.'
- 9 O what need I care for Jamie Douglas  
More than he needs to care for me?  
For the Lord of Murray's my father dear,  
And the Duke of York's daughter my mother be.
- 10 Thou thocht that I was just like thyself,  
And took every one that I did see;  
But I can swear by the heavens above  
That I never knew a man but thee.
- 11 But fare thee weel, my lord Jamie Douglas!  
And fare you weel, my sma childer three!  
God grant your father grace to be kind  
Till I see you all in my own countrie.
- 12 Quickly, quickly then rose he up,  
And quickly, quickly came he down;  
When I was in my coaches set,  
He made his trumpets all to sound.
- 13 As we came in by Edinburgh town,  
My loving father came to meet me,  
With trumpets sounding on every side;  
But it was not comfort at all to me.
- 14 'O hold your tongue, my daughter dear,  
And of your weeping pray let abee;  
A bill of divorcement I'll to him send,  
And a better lord I will chose for thee.'
- 15 'Hold your tongue, my father dear,  
And of your flattery pray let abee;  
I'll never lye in another man's arms,  
Since my Jamie Douglas has forsaken me.'
- 16 It's often said in a foreign land  
That the hawk she flies far from her nest;  
It's often said, and it's very true,  
He's far from me this day that I luv best.

## H

Motherwell's MS, p. 297; from the recitation of Mrs Traill of Paisley.

- 1 O WALY, waly up the bank!  
And waly, waly down the brae!  
And waly, waly by yon burn-side,  
Whare me and my luv was wont to gae!
- 2 If I had kent what I ken now,  
I wud neer hae crossed the waters o Tay;  
For an I had staid at Argyle's yetts,  
I might hae been his lady gay.
- 3 When I lay sick, and very sick,  
And very sick, just like to die,  
A gentleman, a friend of mine own,  
A gentleman came me to see;  
But Blackliewoods sounded in my luv's ears  
He was too long in chamer with me.
- 4 O woe be to thee, Blackliewoods.  
But an an ill death may you die!
- Thou's been the first and occasion last  
That eer put ill twixt my luv and me.
- 5 'Come down the stairs now, Jamie Douglas,  
Come down the stairs and drink wine wi me;  
I'll set thee in a chair of gold,  
And it's not one penny it will cost thee.'
- 6 'When cockle-shells grow silver bells,  
And gowd grows oer yon lily lea,  
When frost and snaw grows fiery bombs,  
I will come down and drink wine wi thee.'
- 7 'What ails you at our youngest son,  
That sits upon the nurse's knee?  
I'm sure he's never done any harm  
And it's not to his ain nurse and me.'
- 8 My loving father got word of this,  
But and an angry man was he;  
He sent three score of his soldiers brave  
To take me to my own countrie.

\* \* \* \* \*

- 9 'O fare ye weel now, Jamie Douglas!  
And fare ye weel, my children three!  
God grant your father may prove kind  
Till I see you in my own countrie.'
- 10 When she was set into her coach  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .
- 11 'Cheer up your heart, my loving daughter,  
Cheer up your heart, let your weeping bee!  
A bill of divorce I will write to him,  
And a far better lord I'll provide for thee.'
- 12 It's very true, and it's often said,  
The hawk she's flown and she's left her  
nest;  
But a' the world may plainly see  
They're far awa that I luv best.

# I

Motherwell's MS., p. 500; from Mrs Notman.

- 1 'O Waly, waly up yon bank!  
And waly, waly down yon brae!  
And waly, waly by yon burn-bank,  
Where me and my lord wont to gae!
- 2 'A gentleman of good account,  
A friend of mine, came to visit me,  
And Blackly whispered in my lord's ears  
He was too long in chamber with me.
- 3 'When my father came to hear 't,  
I wot an angry man was he;  
He sent five score of his soldiers bright  
To take me safe to my own countrie.
- 4 'Up in the mornin when I arose,  
My bonnie palace for to lea,  
And when I came to my lord's door,  
The neer a word he would speak to me.
- 5 'Come down, come down, O Jamie Douglas,  
And drink the Orange wine with me;  
I'll set thee in a chair of gold,  
That neer a penny it cost thee.'
- 6 'When sea and sand turns foreign land,  
And mussels grow on every tree,  
When cockle-shells turn silver bells,  
I'll drink the Orange wine with thee.'
- 7 'Wae be to you, Blackly,' she said,  
'Aye and an ill death may you die!  
You are the first, and I hope the last,  
That eer made my lord lichtly me.'
- 8 'Fare ye weel then, Jamie Douglas!  
I value you as little as you do me;  
The Earl of Mar is my father dear,  
And I soon will see my own countrie.
- 9 'Ye thought that I was like yoursell,  
And loving each ane I did see;  
But here I swear, by the day I die,  
I never loved a man but thee.
- 10 'Fare ye weel, my servants all!  
And you, my bonny children three!  
God grant your father grace to be kind  
Till I see you safe in my own countrie.'
- 11 'As I came into Edinburgh toune,  
With trumpets sounding my father met me:  
But no mirth nor musick sounds in my ear,  
Since the Earl of March has forsaken me.'
- 12 'O hold your tongue, my daughter dear,  
And of your weeping let abee;  
I'll send a bill of divorce to the Earl of March,  
And get a better lord for thee.'
- 13 'Hold your tongue, my father dear,  
And of your folly let abee;  
No other lord shall lye in my arms,  
Since the Earl of March has forsaken me.
- 14 'An I had known what I know now,  
I'd never crossed the water o Tay,  
But stayed still at Atholl's gates;  
He would have made me his lady gay.'
- 15 When she came to her father's lands,  
The tenants a' came her to see;

Never a word she could speak to them,  
But the buttons off her clothes did flee.

So all the world may plainly see  
They 're far awa that I luvè best.'

- 16 'The linnet is a bonnie bird,  
And aften flees far frae its nest;

## J

Motherwell's MS., p. 299; from the recitation of Rebecca Dunse, a native of Galloway, 4 May, 1825. "A song of her mother's, an old woman."

- 1 O WALY, waly up yon bank!  
And waly, waly down yon brae!  
And waly, waly by yon burn-side,  
Where me and my luvè used to gae!

- 2 Oh Johnnie, Johnnie, but love is bonnie  
A little while, when it is new;  
But when love grows aulder, it grows mair  
caulder,  
And it fades awa like the mornin dew.

- 3 I leaned my back against an aik,  
I thoct it was a trusty tree;  
But first [it] bowed, and syne it brak,  
And sae did my fause luvè to me.

- 4 Once I lay sick, and very sick,  
And a friend of mine cam to visit me,  
But the small bird whispered in my love's ears  
That he was ower lang in the room wi me.

- 5 'It's come down stairs, my Jamie Douglas,  
Come down stairs, luvè, and dine wi me;  
I'll set you on a chair of gold,  
And court ye kindly on my knee.'

- 6 'When cockle-shells grow silver bells,  
And gold it grows on every tree,  
When frost and snaw turns fiery balls,  
Then, love, I'll come down and dine wi  
thee.'

- 7 If I had known what I know now,  
That love it was sae ill to win,  
I should neer hae wet my cherry cheek  
For onie man or woman's son.

- 8 When my father he cam to know  
That my first luvè had sae slighted me,  
He sent four score of his soldiers bright  
To guard me home to my own countrie.

- 9 Slowly, slowly rose I up,  
And slowly, slowly I came down,  
And when he saw me sit in my coach,  
He made his drums and trumpets sound.

- 10 It's fare ye weel, my pretty palace!  
And fare ye weel, my children three!  
And I hope your father will get mair grace,  
And love you better than he's done to me.

- 11 When we came near to bonnie Edinburgh  
toun,  
My father cam for to meet me;  
He made his drums and trumpets sound,  
But they were no comfort at all to me.

- 12 'It's hold your tongue, my daughter dear,  
And of your weeping pray let be;  
For a bill of divorcement I'll send to him,  
And a better husband I'll you supply.'

- 13 'O hold your tongue, my father dear,  
And of your folly pray now let be;  
For there's neer a lord shall enter my bower,  
Since my first love has so slighted me.'

## K

Motherwell's MS., p. 302 ; from Jean Nicol.

- 1 O WALY, waly up the bank !  
And waly, waly doun the brae !  
And waly by yon river-side,  
Where me and my love were wont to gae !
2. A gentleman, a friend of mine,  
Came to the toun me for to see,  
.  
.  
.  
.  
.  
.
- 3 'Come doun the stair, Jamie Douglas,  
Come doun the stair and drink wine wi  
me ;  
For a chair of gold I will set thee in,  
And not one farthing it will cost thee.'
- 4 'When cockle-shells grow siller bells,  
And mussels grow on ilka tree,  
When frost and snaw turns out fire-bombs,  
Then I 'll come doun and drink wine wi  
thee.'

- 5 But when her father heard of this,  
O but an angry man was he !  
And he sent four score of his ain regiment  
To bring her hame to her ain countrie.
- 6 O when she was set in her coach and six,  
And the saut tear was in her ee,  
Saying, Fare you weel, my bonnie palace !  
And fare ye weel, my children three !
- 7 O when I came into Edinburgh toun,  
My loving father for to see,  
The trumpets were sounding on every side,  
But they were not music at all for me.
- 8 'O hold your tongue, my daughter dear,  
And of your folly I pray let be ;  
For a bill of divorcement I 'll send him,  
And a better lord I 'll provide for thee.'
- 9 'O hold your tongue, my father dear,  
And of your folly I pray let be ;  
For if I had stayed in fair Orange Green,  
I might have been his gay ladye.'

## L

Finlay's Scottish Ballads, II, 1, a collation of three  
copies, one of which was M.

- 1 WHEN I fell sick, an very sick,  
An very sick, just like to die,  
A gentleman of good account  
He cam on purpose to visit me ;  
But his blackie whispered in my lord's ear  
He was owre lang in the room wi me.
- 2 'Gae, little page, an tell your lord,  
Gin he will come and dine wi me  
I 'll set him on a chair of gold  
And serve him on my bended knee.'
- 3 The little page gaed up the stair :  
'Lord Douglas, dine wi your ladie ;  
She 'll set ye on a chair of gold,  
And serve you on her bended knee.'
- 4 'When cockle-shells turn silver bells,  
When wine drieps red frae ilka tree,  
When frost and snaw will warm us a',  
Then I 'll cum doun an dine wi thee.'
- 5 But whan my father gat word o this,  
O what an angry man was he !  
He sent fourscore o his archers bauld  
To bring me safe to his countrie.
- 6 When I rose up then in the morn,  
My goodly palace for to lea,  
I knocked at my lord's chamber-door,  
But neer a word wad he speak to me.
- 7 But slowly, slowly, rose he up,  
And slowly, slowly, cam he down,  
And when he saw me set on my horse,  
He caused his drums and trumpets soun.
- 8 'Now fare ye weel, my goodly palace !  
And fare ye weel, my children three !  
God grant your father grace to love you  
Far more than ever he loved me.'
- 9 He thocht that I was like himsel,  
That had a woman in every hall ;  
But I could swear, by the heavens clear,  
I never loved man but himsel.



10 As on to Embro town we cam,  
 My guid father he welcomed me;  
 He caused his minstrels meet to sound,  
 It was nae music at a' to me.

11 'Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear,  
 Leave off your weeping, let it be;  
 For Jamie's divorcement I 'll send over;  
 Far better lord I 'll provide for thee.'

12 'O haud your tongue, my father dear,  
 And of such talking let me be;  
 For never a man shall come to my arms,  
 Since my lord has sae slighted me.'

13 O an I had neer crossed the Tweed,  
 Nor yet been owre the river Dee,  
 I might hae staid at Lord Orgul's gate,  
 Where I wad hae been a gay ladie.

14 The ladies they will cum to town,  
 And they will cum and visit me;  
 But I 'll set me down now in the dark,  
 For ochanie! who 'll comfort me?

15 An wae betide ye, black Fastness,  
 Ay, and an ill deid may ye die!  
 Ye was the first and foremost man  
 Wha parted my true lord and me.

## M

Herd's MSS, I, 54.

1 EARL DOUGLAS, than wham never knight  
 Had valour moe ne courtesie,  
 Yet he 's now blamet be a' the land  
 For lightlying o his gay lady.

2 'Go, little page, and tell your lord,  
 Gin he will cum and dine wi me,  
 I 'll set him on a seat of gold,  
 I 'll serve him on my bended knee.'

3 The little page gaed up the stair:  
 'Lord Douglas, dyne wi your lady;  
 She 'll set ye on a seat of gold,  
 And serve ye on her bended knee.'

4 'When cockle-shells turn siller bells,  
 When mussels grow on ilka tree,  
 When frost and snow sall warm us a',  
 Then I sall dyne wi my ladie.'

5 'Now wae betide ye, black Fastness,  
 Ay and an ill dead met ye die!  
 Ye was the first and the foremost man  
 Wha parted my true lord and me.'

## N

Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Appendix, p. v, the last three stanzas.

1 SHE looked out at her father's window,  
 To take a view of the countrie;  
 Who did she see but Jamie Douglas,  
 And along with him her children three!

2 There came a soldier to the gate,  
 And he did knock right hastilie:  
 'If Lady Douglas be within,  
 Bid her come down and speak to me.'

3 'O come away, my lady fair,  
 Come away now alang with me,  
 For I have hanged fause Blackwood,  
 At the very place where he told the lie.'

## O

Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Appendix, p. xvii, IX.

'O COME down stairs, Jamie Douglas,  
O come down stairs and speak to me,  
And I'll set thee in a fine chair of gowd,  
And I'll kindly daut thee upon my knee.

*Variations of Waly, Waly, etc.*

- a. Put among 'Auld Sangs brushd up' in Ramsay's "Contents," p. 329. Printed in eight-line stanzas.

4. Burns had heard this stanza "in the west country" thus (*Cromek's Reliques*, 1817, p. 245):

O wherefore need I busk my head?  
Or wherefore need I kame my hair?  
Sin my fause luv has me forsook,  
And says he'll never luv me mair.

7<sup>3</sup>. my cry: me in the London edition of 1733.

- b. 1<sup>1</sup>. up yon bank. 1<sup>2</sup>. down yon brea.  
1<sup>3</sup>. And waly by yon river's side.  
1<sup>4</sup>. Where my love and I was wont to gae.  
2, 3 are 3, 2.  
2<sup>4</sup>. And sae did my fause love to me.  
3<sup>1</sup>. Waly, waly, gin love be bonny.  
3<sup>2</sup>. little while when. 3<sup>3</sup>. it's: waxes.  
3<sup>4</sup>. wears away like.  
4. *Already given.*  
6<sup>1</sup>. O Martinmas.  
6<sup>4</sup>. And take a life that wearies me.  
B. 3<sup>3</sup>. walking. 6<sup>1</sup>. bells turn silver shells.  
C. *These variations in the second copy (I, 103) are Kinloch's:*  
4<sup>3</sup>. on a. 9<sup>2</sup>. to thee. 12<sup>2</sup>. let abee.  
12<sup>4</sup>. for thee. 13<sup>1</sup>. father, I said.  
13<sup>3</sup>. ae kiss. 14<sup>4</sup>. I'll.  
F. 5<sup>1</sup>. For gentlemen Motherwell queries, lairds and lords?  
9<sup>1</sup>. Earl of Marquis; March queried by Motherwell. It is March in I.  
I. 5<sup>2</sup>. 6<sup>4</sup>. Orange, not orange, in the MS.  
6<sup>1</sup>. Motherwell queries far in for foreign.

- J. 2<sup>1</sup>. nonnie, nonny is written in pencil by Motherwell between 1 and 2; no doubt as a conjectural emendation of Johnie, Johnie.

- L. 2, 3, 4, 15 are M 2-5, with slight changes.

1<sup>5</sup>. "One copy here bears black-bird and another a fause bird." (*Finlay.*)

13<sup>3</sup>. Lord Orgul. "This name is differently given by reciters." (*Finlay.*)

15<sup>1</sup>. Fastness as a proper name, but evidently meant for faustness, falseness, as Motherwell has observed.

- M. Quham, quhen, quha are printed wham, when, wha; zet, ze, zour, are printed yet, ye, yeur.

- N. Motherwell's ballad is "traditionary" to the extent that it is substantially made up from traditionary material. The text of the recited copies is not always strictly adhered to. The fifth stanza happens not to occur in the texts used, but may have come in in some other recitation obtained by Motherwell, or may simply have been adopted from Ramsay. The three last stanzas (N) are from some recitation not preserved in Motherwell's relics. Neglecting unimportant divergencies, the constituent parts are as follows:

1 = H 1<sup>1-3</sup>, G 1<sup>4</sup>. 2, 3 = J 2, 3. 4 = F 2. (5 = Ramsay 4.) 6 = F 3. 7 = I 14. 8 - 10 = F 4 - 6. 11 = F 7<sup>1,2,4</sup>, H 4<sup>3</sup>. 12 = H 3 (see E 1<sup>4,5</sup>, L 1<sup>4</sup>). 13 = F 8. 14 = I 5<sup>1-3</sup>, O<sup>4</sup>. 15 = I 6. 16 = H 7. 17 = J 7. 18 = F 11<sup>2</sup>, I 3<sup>1,3,4</sup>. 19, 20 = I 4, 8. 21 = I 9 (see L 9<sup>3</sup>). 22 = J 9. 23 = F 12. 24 = J 10. 25 = I 10. 26 = I 7<sup>1-3</sup>, G 4<sup>4</sup>. 27 = G 13, I 11<sup>3,4</sup>. 28 = F 15, G 14. 29 = F 16. 30, 31 = I 15, 16. (32 resembles D 10<sup>1,2</sup>, 14<sup>3,4</sup>; 33, D 11.)

## APPENDIX

ARTHUR'S SEAT SHALL BE MY BED,  
ETC., OR, LOVE IN DESPAIR

A NEW song much in request, sung with its own proper tune..

Laing, Broadside Ballads, No. 61, not dated but considered to have been printed towards the end of the seventeenth or the beginning of the eighteenth century, and probably at Edinburgh.

- 1 COME lay me soft, and draw me near,  
And lay thy white hand over me,  
For I am starving in the cold,  
And thou art bound to cover me.
- 2 O cover me in my distress,  
And help me in my miserie,  
For I do wake when I should sleep,  
All for the love of my dearie.
- 3 My rents they are but very small  
For to maintain my love withall,  
But with my labour and my pain  
I will maintain my love with them.
- 4 O Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,  
And the sheets shall never be fil'd for me,  
St Anthony's well shall be my drink,  
Since my true-love's forsaken me.
- 5 Should I be bound, that may go free?  
Should I love them that loves not me?

I 'le rather travel into Spain,  
Where I 'le get love for love again.

- 6 And I 'le cast off my robs of black,  
And will put on the robs of blue,  
And I will to some other land  
Till I see my love will on me rue.
  - 7 It 's not the cold that makes me cry,  
Nor is 't the weet that wearies me,  
Nor is 't the frost that freezes fell;  
But I love a lad, and I dare not tell.
  - 8 O faith is gone and truth is past,  
And my true-love 's forsaken me;  
If all be true that I hear say,  
I 'le mourn until the day I die.
  - 9 Oh, if I had nere been born  
Than to have dy'd when I was young!  
Then I had never wet my cheeks  
For the love of any woman's son.
  - 10 Oh, oh, if my young babe were born,  
And set upon the nurse's knee,  
And I my self were dead and gone!  
For a maid again I 'le never be.
  - 11 Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blow,  
And blow the green leafs off the tree  
O gentle Death, when wilt thou come!  
For of my life I am wearie.
- 1<sup>l</sup>. darw.

## 205

## LOUDON HILL, OR, DRUMCLOG

'The Battle of Loudoun Hill,' Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, III, 188, 1803; II, 206, 1833.

THE "gospel-lads," otherwise self-styled the true Presbyterian party, had in 1679, May 29 (observed both as the king's birthday and the anniversary of the Restoration), begun their testimony against the iniquity of the times by publishing a Declaration, putting out loyal bonfires, and burning all acts

of Parliament obnoxious to Covenanters, in retaliation for the burning of the Covenant at London seventeen years before. They had intended to do this at Glasgow, but as Claverhouse had established himself there, the demonstration was made at Rutherglen, a little place two miles off. On the 31st Claverhouse

laid hands on three of the rioters and an outlawed minister. The Covenanters had appointed a great meeting, an armed conventicle, for the next day, Sunday, June 1, at Loudon Hill, on the borders of the shires of Ayr and Lanark. Not so many came as were expected, for Claverhouse had been heard of, but there were at least two hundred and fifty armed men; and these numbers were subsequently increased.\* It was resolved to rescue the prisoners taken the day before, if the Lord should enable them, and in prosecution of this object they moved on to Drumclog, a swampy farm two miles east of Loudon Hill. The chief of command was Robert Hamilton, and with him were associated John Balfour of Kinloch, called Burly, Hackston of Rathillet, and others. What ensued is told in a frank letter of Claverhouse, written the night of the same Sunday.

The prisoners were to be conveyed to Glasgow. "I thought," says Claverhouse, "that we might make a little tour, to see if we could fall upon a conventicle; which we did, little to our advantage. For, when we came in sight of them, we found them drawn up in battle, upon a most advantageous ground, to which there was no coming but through mosses and lakes. They were not preaching, and had got away all their women and children. They consisted of four battalions of foot, and all well armed with fusils and pitchforks, and three squadrons of horse. We sent, both, parties to skirmish, they of foot and we of dragoons; they run for it, and sent down a battalion of foot against them (the dragoons). We sent threescore of dragoons, who made

them run again shamefully. But in the end (they perceiving that we had the better of them in skirmish), they resolved a general engagement, and immediately advanced with their foot, the horse following. They came through the loch, and the greatest body of all made up against my troop. We kept our fire till they were within ten paces of us. They received our fire and advanced to shock. The first they gave us brought down the cornet, Mr Crafford, and Captain Bleith. Besides that, with a pitchfork, they made such an opening in my sorrel horse's belly that his guts hung out half an ell, and yet he carried me off a mile; which so discouraged our men that they sustained not the shock, but fell into disorder. Their horse took the occasion of this, and pursued us so hotly that we got no time to rally. I saved the standards, but lost on the place about eight or ten men, besides wounded. But the dragoons lost many more. They are not come easily off on the other side, for I saw several of them fall before we came to the shock. I made the best retreat the confusion of our people would suffer."†

The cornet killed was Robert Graham, the "nephew" of Claverhouse, of whom so much is made in "Old Mortality." There is no evidence beyond the name to show that he was a near kinsman of his captain. The Covenanters thought they had killed Claverhouse himself, because of the name Graham being wrought into the cornet's shirt, and treated the body with much brutality. In 'Bothwell Bridge,' st. 12, Claverhouse is represented as refusing quarter to the Covenanters in revenge for 'his cornet's death.'‡

\* "Public worship was begun by Mr Douglas, when the accounts came to them that Claverhouse and his men were coming upon them, and had Mr King and others their friends prisoners. Upon this, finding evil was determined against them, all who had arms drew out from the rest of the meeting, and resolved to go and meet the soldiers and prevent their dismissing the meeting, and, if possible, relieve Mr King and the other prisoners." Wodrow's History, 1722, II, 46.

† (*Postscript*: "My lord, I am so wearied and so sleepy that I have written this very confusedly.") See Russell, in the Appendix to C. K. Sharpe's edition of Kirkton's Secret and True History of the Church of Scotland, p. 438 ff.; Napier's Memorials and Letters of John Graham of Claverhouse, II, 219-223. There is a good account of the affair in Mowbray Morris's "Claverhouse," ch. iv.

‡ Napier interprets the cornet to be Mr Crafford (Crawford), who, in the preceding February, was a corporal in the troop: Memorials, II, 191. But Creighton, in his Memoirs, mentions "the loss of Cornet Robert Graham" at Drumclog. Russell speaks of a Graham killed at Drumclog, and, like Creighton, tells a story of the disfigurement of his face (which he attributes to the cornet's own dog). Lawrie of Blackwood, Lord Jamie Douglas's lagoon, was indicted and tried, Nov. 24, 1682-Feb. 7, 1683, for (among other things) countenancing John Aulston, who "in the late rebellion" murdered Cornet Graham: Wodrow, II, 293, 295. Guild, in his Bellum Bothuellianum, cited by Scott, has "signifer, trajectus globulo, Græmus."

Napier will know only of a William Graham as cornet to Claverhouse, "and certainly not killed at Drumclog." William Graham is referred to in a dispatch of Claver-



- 1 You 'L marvel when I tell ye o  
Our noble Burly and his train,  
When last he marchd up through the land,  
Wi sax-and-twenty westland men.
- 2 Than they I neer o braver heard,  
For they had a' baith wit and skill;  
They proved right well, as I heard tell,  
As they cam up oer Loudoun Hill.
- 3 Weel prosper a' the gospel-lads  
That are into the west countrie  
Ay wicked Claverse to demean,  
And ay an ill dead may he die!
- 4 For he's drawn up i battle rank,  
An that baith soon an hastilie;  
But they wha live till simmer come,  
Some bludie days for this will see.
- 5 But up spak cruel Claverse then,  
Wi hastie wit an wicked skill,  
'Gae fire on you westlan men;  
I think it is my sov'reign's will.'
- 6 But up bespake his cornet then,  
'It's be wi nae consent o me;  
I ken I'll neer come back again,  
An mony mae as weel as me.
- 7 'There is not ane of a' yon men  
But wha is worthy other three;  
There is na ane amang them a'  
That in his cause will stap to die.
- 8 'An as for Burly, him I knaw;  
He's a man of honour, birth, an fame;  
Gie him a sword into his hand,  
He'll fight thysel an other ten.'
- 9 But up spake wicked Claverse then —  
I wat his heart it raise fu hie —  
And he has cry'd, that a' might hear,  
'Man, ye hae sair deceived me.
- 10 'I never kend the like afore,  
Na, never since I came frae hame,  
That you sae cowardly here suld prove,  
An yet come of a noble Græme.'
- 11 But up bespake his cornet then,  
'Since that it is your honour's will,  
Mysel shall be the foremost man  
That shall gie fire on Loudoun Hill.
- 12 'At your command I'll lead them on,  
But yet wi nae consent o me;  
For weel I ken I'll neer return,  
And mony mae as weel as me.'
- 13 Then up he drew in battle rank —  
I wat he had a bonny train —  
But the first time that bullets flew  
Ay he lost twenty o his men.
- 14 Then back he came the way he gaed,  
I wat right soon an suddenly;  
He gave command amang his men,  
And sent them back, and bade them flee.
- 15 Then up came Burly, bauld an stout,  
Wi's little train o westland men,  
Wha mair than either aince or twice  
In Edinburgh confind had been.
- 16 They hae been up to London sent,  
An yet they're a' come safely down;  
Sax troop o horsemen they hae beat,  
And chased them into Glasgow town.

house's, March (?) 1679, as commanding a small garrison: Napier II, 201. A Cornet Graham in Claverhouse's troop captured a rebel in March, 1682: R. Law's Memorials, ed. Sharpe, p. 222. A William Graham was "cornet to Claverhouse," January 3, 1684: Wodrow, II, 338. (See "Clavers, The Despot's Champion, by a Southern," London, 1889,

p. 48 f., a careful and impartial book, to which I owe a couple of points that I had not myself noticed.)

C. K. Sharpe calls Robert Graham Claverhouse's cousin, Napier, I, 271, but probably would not wish the title to be taken strictly.

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## BOTHWELL BRIDGE

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, III, 209, 1803; II, 226, 1833. From recitation.

THE report of the success of the Covenanters at Drumclog brought four or five thousand malcontents into the rising, many of whom, however, were not radicals of the Hamilton type, but moderate Presbyterians. After not a little moving up and down, they established their camp on the nineteenth of June at Hamilton, on the south side of the Clyde, near the point where the river is crossed by Bothwell Bridge. They were deficient in arms and ammunition and in officers of military experience. "But," as a historian of their own party says, "the greatest loss was their want of order and harmony among themselves; neither had they any person in whom they heartily centred, nor could they agree upon the grounds of their appearance." Both before and after their final encampment at Hamilton, they were principally occupied with debating what testimony they should make against Popery, Prelacy, Erastianism, and the Indulgence, and whether their declaration should contain an acknowledgment of the king's authority. Dissension ran high, "and enemies had it to observe and remark that ministers preached and prayed against one another."

The king named the Duke of Monmouth to command his army in Scotland. Both the instructions which were given him and the duke's own temper were favorable to an accommodation. The royal forces were at Bothwell Muir on the twenty-second of June, and their advanced guards within a quarter of a mile of the bridge. The duke marched his army to an eminence opposite the main body of the enemy, who lay on the moor (st. 10). The bridge was held by Hackston of Rathillet and other resolute men. It was

very defensible, being only twelve feet wide and rising from each end to the middle, where there was a gate, and it was also obstructed with stones. Early in the morning a deputation was sent by the rebels to the duke to lay before him their demands. He heard them patiently, and expressed his willingness to do all that he could for them with the king, but would engage himself to nothing until they laid down their arms. He gave them an hour to make up their mind. The officers of the insurgents were unable to come to an agreement. Hamilton, who assumed the general command, was against any pacific arrangement, and no answer was returned. In the interim four field-pieces had been planted against the bridge. The defenders maintained themselves under the fire of these and of the musketeers and dragoons until their own powder was exhausted, and then unwillingly withdrew to the main body, by Hamilton's order. The bridge was cleared of obstructions, and the royal army crossed and advanced in order of battle against the rebels on the moor. The first fire made the Covenanters' horse wheel about, and their retreat threw the nearest foot into disorder; in consequence of which the whole army fell into confusion. Twelve hundred surrendered without resistance, the rest fled, and several hundred were killed in the pursuit.\*

1-9. William Gordon of Earlston, a hot Covenanter, while on his way to Hamilton on the twenty-second to join the insurgents, fell in with some dragoons who were pursuing his already routed copartisans, and, resisting their attempt to make him prisoner, was

\* Wodrow's History, 1722, II, 54-67; Creighton's Memoirs; Russell, in Sharpe's ed. of Kirkton, p. 447 ff.

killed. His son Alexander, a man of more temperate views, was at Bothwell Bridge,\* and escaped. Although Earlston in st. 4 is represented as bidding farewell to his father, the grotesque narrative with which the ballad begins can be understood only of the father; sts. 7, 8 make this certain.

9. It seems to be meant, as grammar would require, that it is the 'Lennox lad,' and a Covenanter, that sets up 'the flag of red set about with blue.' In "Old Mortality," Sir Walter Scott makes the Covenanters plant "the scarlet and blue colors of the Scottish covenant" on the keep of Tillietudlem. Whether he had other authority than this ballad for the scarlet, I have not been able to ascertain. All the flags of the covenant may not have been alike, but all would probably have a ground of blue, which is known to have been the Covenanters' color. One flag, which belonged to a Covenanter who figured at Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge, has fortunately been preserved. It is of blue silk, with three inscriptions, one of which is, "No Quarters to y<sup>e</sup> Active Enimies of y<sup>e</sup> Covenant," first painted in some light color, afterwards repainted in a dull red. (Napier, I, xlv).

The last half of the stanza must be spoken by Monmouth, and the tone of it is more chivalrous than the circumstances call for.

12-15. For Claverhouse's cornet, see the preceding ballad. Captain John Graham, for that was all he then was, was not conspicuous at Bothwell Bridge. He commanded the horse on the right, and Captain Stuart the dragoons on the left, when the advance was made on the Covenanters. He was as capable of insubordination as Robert Hamilton was of Erastianism, and it is nearly as unnecessary, at this day, to vindicate him from the charge of cruelty as from that of procuring Monmouth's execution six years in advance of the fates.†

'Earlistoun,' Chambers, *Twelve Romantic Scottish Ballads*, p. 26, is this piece with the battle omitted, or stanzas 1-6, 7<sup>1,2</sup>, 8<sup>3,4</sup>, 16.

Scott observes: "There is said to be another song upon this battle, once very popular, but I have not been able to recover it."

There is a stall-ballad of Bothwell Brigg, not traditional, a very good ballad of its sort, with a touching story and a kindly moral, which may or may not be later than Sir Walter Scott's day. It is of John Carr and his wife Janet and a non-covenanting lady, who carries off John, badly wounded, from the field (where he had fought better than most of his party), and nurses him in her lord's castle till he is well enough to be visited by his wife.

Translated by Talvj, *Charakteristik*, p. 581.

- 1 'O BILLIE, billie, bonny billie,  
Will ye go to the wood wi me?  
We'll ca our horse hame masterless,  
An gar them trow slain men are we.'
- 2 'O no, O no!' says Earlistoun,  
'For that's the thing that mauna be;  
For I am sworn to Bothwell Hill,  
Where I maun either gae or die.'
- 3 So Earlistoun rose in the morning,  
An mounted by the break o day,  
An he has joind our Scottish lads,  
As they were marching out the way.
- 4 'Now, farewell, father! and farewell, mother!  
An fare ye weel, my sisters three!

\* Russell, as above, p. 464; Wodrow, II, 86.

- An fare ye well, my Earlistoun!  
For thee again I'll never see.'
- 5 So they're awa to Bothwell Hill,  
An waly, they rode bonnily!  
When the Duke o Monmouth saw them comin,  
He went to view their company.
- 6 'Ye're welcome, lads,' then Monmouth said,  
'Ye're welcome, brave Scots lads, to me;  
And sae are you, brave Earlistoun,  
The foremost o your company.
- 7 'But yield your weapons ane an a',  
O yield your weapons, lads, to me;  
For, gin ye'll yield your weapons up,  
Ye'se a' gae hame to your country.'

† But see "Clavers, the Despot's Champion," p. 72 ff.



- 8 Out then spak a Lennox lad,  
And waly, but he spoke bonnily!  
'I winna yield my weapons up,  
To you nor nae man that I see.'
- 9 Then he set up the flag o red,  
A' set about wi bonny blue:  
'Since ye 'll no cease, and be at peace,  
See that ye stand by ither true.'
- 10 They stelld their cannons on the height,  
And showrd their shot down in the how,  
An beat our Scots lads even down;  
Thick they lay slain on every know.
- 11 As eer you saw the rain down fa,  
Or yet the arrow frae the bow,  
Sae our Scottish lads fell even down,  
An they lay slain on every know.
- 12 'O hold your hand,' then Monmouth cry'd,  
'Gie quarters to you men for me;'
- But wicked Claverhouse swore an oath  
His cornet's death revengd sud be.
- 13 'O hold your hand,' then Monmouth cry'd,  
'If ony thing you 'll do for me;  
Hold up your hand, you cursed Græme,  
Else a rebel to our king ye 'll be.'
- 14 Then wicked Claverhouse turnd about —  
I wot an angry man was he —  
And he has lifted up his hat,  
And cry'd, God bless his Majesty!
- 15 Than he 's awa to London town,  
Ay een as fast as he can dree;  
Fause witnesses he has wi him taen,  
An taen Monmouth's head frae his body.
- 16 Alang the brae beyond the brig,  
Mony brave man lies cauld and still;  
But lang we 'll mind, and sair we 'll rue,  
The bloody battle of Bothwell Hill.

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## LORD DELAMERE

- A. 'The Long-armed Duke,' first printed, about 1843, in a periodical called the *Story Teller*; afterwards in *Notes and Queries*, First Series, V, 243, 1852.
- B. 'Devonshire's Noble Duel with Lord Danby, in the year 1687,' Llewellynn Jewitt's *Ballads and Songs of Derbyshire*, p. 55, 1867.
- C. Llewellynn Jewitt's *Ballads and Songs of Derbyshire*, p. 57, two stanzas.
- D. 'Lord Delaware,' Thomas Lyle's *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, chiefly from tradition, manuscripts, and scarce works, etc., London, 1827, p. 125. 'Lord Delamare,' Motherwell's MS., p. 539. Dixon, *Ancient Poems, Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, p. 80, Percy Society, vol. xvii, 1846; the same, ed. Robert Bell, 1857, p. 66.

OF D the editor says: "An imperfect copy . . . was noted down by us from the singing of a gentleman in this city [Glasgow], which has necessarily been remodelled and smoothed down to the present measure, without any other liberties, however, having been taken with the original narrative, which is here carefully preserved as it was committed to us." The air, says Lyle, was "beautiful, and peculiar to the ballad."

E. Leigh, *Ballads and Legends of Cheshire*, p. 203, repeats A.

Mr E. Peacock had an imperfect manuscript copy with the title 'Lord Delamere,' beginning

I wonder very much that our sovereign king  
So many large taxes upon this land should bring.  
*Notes and Queries*, First Series, II, 104, 1851.

Dr Rimbault remembered hearing a version



sung at a village in Staffordshire, about 1842, in which Hereford was substituted for Devonshire: *Notes and Queries*, First Series, V, 348, 1852.

Lord Delamere, upon occasion of the imposition of some new taxes, begs a boon of the king, in the Parliament House; it is that he may have all the poor men in the land down to Cheshire and hang them, since it would be better for them to be hanged than to be starved. A French (Dutch) lord says that Delamere ought to be stabbed for publicly affronting the king. The Duke of Devonshire offers himself to fight for Delamere, and a stage is set up for a duel to the utterance. Devonshire's sword bends at the first thrust and then breaks. An English lord who is standing by (Willoughby, B) gives him another, and advises him to play low, for there is treachery. Devonshire drops on his knee and gives his antagonist his death-wound. The king orders the dead man to be taken away, but Devonshire insists on first examining the body. He finds that the French lord had been wearing armor, and the king's armor, while he himself was fighting bare. He reproaches the king with the purpose of taking his life, and tells him that he shall not have his armor back until he wins it.

According to the title of B, the duel was between Devonshire and Lord Danby, and in 1687. The other party is, however, called a Dutch lord in the ballad. The king is James. Delamere is said to be under age (he was thirty-five in 1687).

In D, Delamere is changed to Delaware, of Lincolnshire; the Duke of Devonshire is called a Welsh lord, and fights a Dutch lord in defence of *young* Delaware. When Devonshire's sword breaks, he springs from the stage, borrows another from a soldier in the ring, and leaps back to the stage.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the duel is on a par for historical verity with that in 'Johnie Scot' (No 99). If there was to be a duel, Devonshire (Earl, he was not created Duke till 1694, the last year of Delamere's

life) was well chosen for the nonce. He had fought with Lord Mohun, in 1676, and was credited with challenging Count Königsmark, in 1682. What is true in the ballad is that Delamere was a strenuous and uncompromising advocate of constitutional government, and that he and Devonshire were political and personal friends. Both were particularly active in bringing in the Prince of Orange; and so was Lord Danby, with whom, according to the title of B, Devonshire was fighting the duel the year before the revolution.

It has been suggested,\* and it is barely conceivable, that the ballad may have grown out of a perverted report of the affair of the Earl of Devonshire with Colonel Colepepper.

"On Sunday the 24th of April, 1687, the said earl, meeting on Colonel Culpepper in the drawing-room in Whitehall (who had formerly affronted the said earl in the king's palace, for which he had not received any satisfaction), he spake to the said colonel to go with him into the next room, who went with him accordingly; and when they were there, the said earl required of him to go down stairs, that he might have satisfaction for the affront done him, as aforesaid; which the colonel refusing to do, the said earl struck him with his stick, as is supposed."† For this, Devonshire was summoned to the King's Bench and required to give sureties to the amount of £30,000 that he would appear to stand trial. Delamere was surety for £5,000. Devonshire was in the end fined £30,000, and Delamere made a strong plea, apparently in the House of Lords, against the legality of the proceedings of the court.

There is the slightest possible similitude here to the facts of the ballad. It is merely that one party stands up for the other; but Delamere appears as the champion of Devonshire, not Devonshire of Delamere. If Devonshire had testified for Delamere when the latter was tried for high treason in 1686, there would be something to go upon. A more plausible explanation is desirable.

\* In *Notes and Queries*, First Series, V, 249.

† The Works of the late L. Delamer, 1694, The Case of

William, Earl of Devonshire, p. 563; which is the plea referred to further on.

## A

Taken down from recitation in Derbyshire, and first printed, about 1843, in a periodical called *The Story Teller*; afterwards in *Notes and Queries*, First Series, V, 243, by C. W. G.

- 1 Good people, give attention, a story you shall hear,  
It is of the king and my lord Delamere;  
The quarrel it arose in the Parliament House,  
Concerning some taxations going to be put in force.  
Ri toora loora la.
- 2 Says my lord Delamere to his Majesty soon,  
'If it please you, my liege, of you I'll soon beg a boon.'  
'Then what is your boon? let me it understand.'  
'It's to have all the poor men you have in your land.'
- 3 'And I'll take them to Cheshire, and there I will sow  
Both hempseed and flaxseed, and [hang] them all in a row.  
Why, they'd better be hanged, and stopped soon their breath,  
If it please you, my liege, than to starve them to death.'
- 4 Then up starts a French lord, as we do hear,  
Saying, 'Thou art a proud Jack,' to my lord Delamere;  
'Thou oughtest to be stabbed'—then he turnd him about—  
'For affronting the king in the Parliament House.'
- 5 Then up starts his grace, the Duke of Devonshire,  
Saying, I'll fight in defence of my lord Delamere.  
Then a stage was erected, to battle they went,  
To kill or to be killed was our noble duke's intent.
- 6 The very first push, as we do understand,  
The duke's sword he bended it back into his hand.  
He waited a while, but nothing he spoke,  
Till on the king's armour his rapier he broke.
- 7 An English lord, who by that stage did stand,  
Threw Devonshire another, and he got it in his hand:  
'Play low for your life, brave Devonshire,' said he,  
'Play low for your life, or a dead man you will be.'
- 8 Devonshire dropped on his knee, and gave him his death-wound;  
O then that French lord fell dead upon the ground.  
The king called his guards, and he unto them did say,  
'Bring Devonshire down, and take the dead man away.'
- 9 'No, if it please you, my liege, no! I've slain him like a man;  
I'm resolved to see what clothing he's got on.  
Oh, fie upon your treachery, your treachery!' said he,  
'Oh, king, 't was your intention to have took my life away.'
- 10 'For he fought in your armour, whilst I have fought in bare;  
The same thou shalt win, king, before thou does it wear.'  
Then they all turned back to the Parliament House,  
And the nobles made obseance with their hands to their mouths.
- 11 'God bless all the nobles we have in our land,  
And send the Church of England may flourish still and stand;  
For I've injured no king, no kingdom, nor no crown,  
But I wish that every honest man might enjoy his own.'

## B

Llewellynn Jewitt, *Ballads and Songs of Derbyshire*, 1867,  
p. 55, from a broad-sheet.

- 1 Good people give attention to a story you shall hear:  
Between the king and my lord Delamere,  
A quarrel arose in the Parliament House,  
Concerning the taxes to be put in force.  
With my fal de ral de ra.
- 2 I wonder, I wonder that James, our good king,  
So many hard taxes upon the poor should bring;  
So many hard taxes, as I have heard them say  
Makes many a good farmer to break and run  
away.
- 3 Such a rout has been in the parliament, as I hear,  
Betwixt a Dutch lord and my lord Delamere.  
He said to the king, as he sat on the throne,  
'If it please you, my liege, to grant me a boon.'
- 4 'O what is thy boon? Come, let me understand.'  
'T is to give me all the poor you have in the  
land;  
I'll take them down to Cheshire, and there I  
will sow  
Both hemp-seed and flax-seed, and hang them  
in a row.
- 5 'It's better, my liege, they should die a  
shorter death  
Than for your Majesty to starve them on earth.'  
With that up starts a Dutch lord, as we hear,  
And he says, 'Thou proud Jack,' to my lord  
Delamere,
- 6 'Thou ought to be stabbed,' and he turned  
him about,  
'For affronting the king in the Parliament  
House.'  
Then up got a brave duke, the Duke of Devon-  
shire,  
Who said, I will fight for my lord Delamere.
- 7 'He is under age, as I'll make it appear,  
So I'll stand in defence of my lord Delamere.'

A stage then was built, and to battle they went,  
To kill or be killed it was their intent.

- 8 The very first blow, as we understand,  
Devonshire's rapier went back to his hand;  
Then he mused awhile, but not a word spoke,  
When against the king's armour his rapier he  
broke.
- 9 O then he stept backward, and backward stept  
he,  
And then stept forward my lord Willoughby;  
He gave him a rapier, and thus he did say;  
Play low, Devonshire, there's treachery, I  
see.
- 10 He knelt on his knee, and he gave him the  
wound,  
With that the Dutch lord fell dead on the  
ground:  
The king calld his soldiers, and thus he did  
say:  
Call Devonshire down, take the dead man  
away.
- 11 He answered, My liege, I've killed him like a  
man,  
And it is my intent to see what clothing he's  
got on.  
O treachery! O treachery! as I well may say,  
It was your intent, O king, to take my life  
away.
- 12 'He fought in your armour, while I fought him  
bare,  
And thou, king, shalt win it before thou dost it  
wear;  
I neither do curse king, parliament, or throne,  
But I wish every honest man may enjoy his  
own.
- 13 'The rich men do flourish with silver and gold,  
While poor men are starving with hunger and  
cold;  
And if they hold on as they have begun,  
They'll make little England pay dear for a  
king.'

## C

Llewellynn Jewitt's Ballads and Songs of Derbyshire, p. 57. "Another version, which I have in MS., has, besides many minor variations, these verses."

- 1 O THE Duchess of Devonshire was standing  
hard by ;  
Upon her dear husband she cast her lovely eye :  
' Oh, fie upon treachery ! there 's been treachery  
I say,  
It was your full intent to have taen my duke's  
life away.'

- 2 Then away to the parliament these votes all  
went again,  
And there they acted like just and honest  
men.  
I neither curse my king, nor kingdom, crown  
or throne,  
But I wish every honest man to enjoy but  
what is his own.

## D

T. Lyle's Ancient Ballads and Songs, p. 135, 1827, as  
"noted down from the singing of a gentleman," and then  
"remodelled and smoothed down" by the editor.

- 1 IN the Parliament House a great rout has  
been there,  
Betwixt our good king and the lord Delaware :  
Says Lord Delaware to his Majesty full soon,  
' Will it please you, my liege, to grant me a  
boon ?'
- 2 ' What 's your boon ? ' says the king, ' now let  
me understand.'  
' It 's, give me all the poor men we 've starving  
in this land,  
And without delay I 'll hie me to Lincolnshire,  
To sow hemp-seed and flax-seed, and hang  
them all there.
- 3 ' For with hempen cord it 's better to stop each  
poor man's breath  
Than with famine you should see your subjects  
starve to death.'  
Up starts a Dutch lord, who to Delaware did  
say,  
Thou deservest to be stabbd ! then he turnd  
himself away.
- 4 ' Thou deservest to be stabbd, and the dogs  
have thine ears,  
For insulting our king, in this parliament of  
peers.'  
Up sprang a Welsh lord, the brave Duke of  
Devonshire :  
' In young Delaware's defence, I 'll fight this  
Dutch lord, my sire.

- 5 ' For he is in the right, and I 'll make it so  
appear ;  
Him I dare to single combat, for insulting  
Delaware.'  
A stage was soon erected, and to combat they  
went ;  
For to kill or to be killd, it was either's full  
intent.
- 6 But the very first flourish, when the heralds  
gave command,  
The sword of brave Devonshire bent backward  
on his hand.  
In suspense he paused a while, scannd his foe  
before he strake,  
Then against the king's armour his bent sword  
he brake.
- 7 Then he sprang from the stage to a soldier in  
the ring,  
Saying, Lend your sword, that to an end this  
tragedy we bring.  
Though he 's fighting me in armour, while I  
am fighting bare,  
Even more than this I 'd venture for young  
Lord Delaware.
- 8 Leaping back on the stage, sword to buckler  
now resounds,  
Till he left the Dutch lord a bleeding in his  
wounds.  
This seeing, cries the king to his guards with-  
out delay,  
Call Devonshire down ! take the dead man  
away !



9 'No,' says brave Devonshire, 'I've fought  
him as a man;  
Since he's dead, I will keep the trophies I  
have won.  
For he fought me in your armour, while I  
fought him bare,  
And the same you must win back, my liege,  
if ever you them wear.

10 'God bless the Church of England! may it  
prosper on each hand,  
And also every poor man now starving in this  
land.  
And while I pray success may crown our king  
upon his throne,  
I'll wish that every poor man may long enjoy  
his own.'

A. 4<sup>1</sup>. Dutch for French, according to some re-  
citors.

8<sup>2</sup>. Oh.

B. 4<sup>1</sup>, 9<sup>1</sup>. Oh.

C. 1<sup>1</sup>. Oh.

D. Printed by Lyle in stanzas of eight short lines.

*The copy in Motherwell's MS. is not in Motherwell's handwriting. It may have been written down from recollection of Lyle, or may have been arbitrarily altered.*

*The variations are as follows:*

1<sup>2</sup>. Delamare, and always. 2<sup>1</sup>. pray let.

2<sup>2</sup>. now for we've. 2<sup>4</sup>. with flax seed.

3<sup>1</sup>. the poor men's. 4<sup>2</sup>. or for our.

5<sup>1</sup>. it wanting. 6<sup>2</sup>. in his. 6<sup>3</sup>. the stroke.

6<sup>4</sup>. broke. 7<sup>1</sup>. The sprang.

8<sup>2</sup>. he laid. 8<sup>3</sup>. to the.

9<sup>4</sup>. must won: my liege wanting.

10<sup>1</sup>. bliss. 10<sup>3</sup>. the king.

## 208

### LORD DERWENTWATER

A. 'Lord Dunwaters,' Motherwell's MS., p. 331; 'Lord Derwentwater,' Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 349.

B. 'Lord Derwentwater,' Notes and Queries, First Series, XII, 492.

C. Bell's Rhymes of Northern Bards, 1812, p. 225, three stanzas.

D. 'Lord Derntwater,' Kinloch MSS, I, 323.

E. 'Lord Derwentwater,' Notes and Queries, Fourth Series, XI, 499.

F. 'Lord Arnwaters,' Buchan's MSS, II, 478.

G. 'Lord Dunwaters,' Motherwell's MS., p. 126.

H. 'Lord Derwentwater's Death,' Shropshire Folk-Lore, edited by Charlotte Sophia Burne, p. 537.

I. The Gentleman's Magazine, vol. xcv, 1825, Part First, p. 489.

THREE stanzas of this ballad were printed in 1812 (C). I followed in 1825, a full copy, which would have been a very good one had

it been given as taken down, and not restored "to something like poetical propriety."\* The editor of the "old song" observes that it was

\* Such poetical propriety as 'The second, more alarming still,' 3<sup>2</sup>; 'The words that passd, alas! presaged' 18<sup>3</sup>.

But really the text was not very much altered. Some verses, here dropped, were added "to give a finish."

one of the most popular in the north of England for a long period after the event which it records, and a glance at what is here brought together will show that the ballad was at least equally popular in Scotland. It is repeated in Richardson's *Borderer's Table-Book*, VI, 291, and in Harland and Wilkinson's *Ballads and Songs of Lancashire*, 1882, p. 265. Mr J. H. Dixon, in *Notes and Queries*, 4th Series, XI, 389, says that the ballad "originally appeared in the *Town and Country Magazine*."

'Lord Derwentwater's Goodnight,' Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, II, 30, 268, was both communicated and composed by Robert Surtees. 'Derwentwater,' Crome's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, 1810, p. 127, is from the pen of Allan Cunningham. It is repeated in Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, 1821, II, 28, and in Cunningham's *Songs of Scotland*, 1825, III, 192, etc.; also in Kinloch MSS, V, 413, with two lines to fill out an eighth stanza. (Translated by Loève-Veimars, p. 375.) 'Young Ratcliffe,' Sheldon's *Minstrelsy of the English Border*, p. 400, is another ballad of the same class.

James Ratcliffe, Earl of Derwentwater, being suspected or known to be engaged in concerting a rising in the north of England in behalf of the Pretender, a warrant was issued by the Secretary of State for his apprehension, towards the end of September, 1715. Hereupon he took arms, and he was one of the fifteen hundred English and Scots who were forced to an inglorious surrender at Preston, November 14. The more distinguished prisoners were conveyed to London, where they had a boisterous reception from the mob. Derwentwater was committed to the Tower, December 9; was impeached of high treason, and pleaded guilty, in January; was sentenced to death, February 9, at Westminster Hall, and was executed February 24 (1716). In a paper which he read from the scaffold he stated that he had regarded his plea of guilty as a formality consequent upon his "having submitted to mercy," and declared that he had never had "any other but King James the Third for his rightful and lawful sovereign."

Derwentwater had not attained the age of twenty-seven at the time of his death. We may believe that the character given of him by the renegade Patten was not overcharged: "The sweetness of his temper and disposition, in which he had few equals, had so secured him the affection of all his tenants, neighbors, and dependants that multitudes would have lived and died with him. The truth is, he was a man formed by nature to be generally beloved, for he was of so universal a beneficence that he seemed to live for others. As he lived among his own people, there he spent his estate, and continually did offices of kindness and good neighborhood to everybody, as opportunity offered. He kept a house of generous hospitality and noble entertainment, which few in that country do, and none come up to. He was very charitable to poor and distressed families on all occasions, whether known to him or not, and whether Papist or Protestant. His fate will be sensibly felt by a great many who had no kindness for the cause he died in."

The king's letter, which, in the ballad, summons Derwentwater to London (to answer for his head, D 3), suggests the Secretary of State's warrant of arrest, which his lordship, unhappily for himself, evaded. But very probably the ballad-maker supposed Derwentwater to have gone home after his less than six weeks in arms. As he is setting forth to obey the mandate, his wife calls to him from child-bed to make his will. This business does not delay him long: one third of his estate is to be his wife's, and the rest to go to his children. (He had a son not two years old at the date of his execution, and a daughter who must have been born, at the earliest, not much before the rising. His very large estates first passed to the crown, and were afterwards bestowed on Greenwich hospital.) Bad omens attend his departure. As he mounts his horse, his ring drops from his finger, or breaks, and his nose begins to bleed, B 5, D 6, E 8, F 9, H 7, I 10; presently his horse stumbles, A 8, E 9, F 10, I 11; it begins to rain, H 8. When he comes to London, to Westminster Hall, B 6, F 11, to

Whitehall, D 7, rides up Westminster Street, in sight of the White Hall, I 12, the lords and knights, the lords and ladies, a mob, H 9, call him "traitor." How can that be, he answers, with surprise or indignation, except for keeping five hundred men (five thousand, seven thousand, eight score), to fight for King Jamie? A 10, D 8, E 11, F 12, H 10, I 13. A man with an ax claims his life, which he ungrudgingly resigns, B 8, D 9, 10, E 12, 13, F 13, 14, H 11, 12, I 14, 15, directing that a good sum of money which he has in his pockets shall be given to the poor, A 12, D 11, E 14, F 15, I 17.

In A 2, D 12, Derwentwater seems to be taken for a Scot.

Ellis, Brand's *Antiquities*, 1813, II, 261, note, remarks that he had heard in Northumberland that when the Earl of Derwentwater was beheaded, the stream (the Divelswater) that runs past his seat at Dilston Hall flowed with blood.\*

The Northern Lights (perhaps the red-colored ones) were peculiarly vivid on the night of February 16, 1716, and were long called Lord Derwentwater's Lights in the north of England, where, it is said, many of the people know (or knew) them by no other name. It was even a popular belief that the aurora borealis was first seen on that night: *Notes and Queries*, Third Series, IX, 154, 268; Gibson, *Dilston Hall*, p. 111.

The omen of nose-bleed occurs in the ballad of 'The Mother's Malison,' No 216, C; both nose-bleed and horse-stumbling, as omens, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfi*, Act II, Scene 2, Dyce, 1859, p. 70, cited, with other cases, in Ellis's ed. of Brand's *Antiquities*, II, 497.

'Brig. Macintosh's Farewell to the Highlands,' or 'Macintosh was a Soldier Brave,' is one half a Derwentwater ballad: see Harland's *Ballads and Songs of Lancashire*, 1865, p. 75, Ritson's *Northumberland Garland*, p. 85, Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, II, 102, etc.

### A

Motherwell's MS., p. 331, July 19, 1825, "from the recitation of Agnes Lile, Kilbarchan, a woman verging on fifty;" learned from her father, who died fourteen years before, at the age of eighty.

1 OUR king has wrote a lang letter,  
And sealed it owre with gold;  
He sent it to my lord Dunwaters,  
To read it if he could.

2 He has not sent it with a boy, with a boy,  
Nor with anie Scotch lord;  
But he's sent it with the noblest knight  
Eer Scotland could afford.

3 The very first line that my lord did read,  
He gave a smirking smile;  
Before he had the half o't read,  
The tears from his eyes did fall.

4 'Come saddle to me my horse,' he said,  
'Come saddle to me with speed;

For I must away to fair London town,  
For me was neer more need.'

5 Out and spoke his lady gay,  
In child-bed where she lay:  
'I would have you make your will, my lord  
Dunwaters,  
Before you go away.'

6 'I leave to you, my eldest son,  
My houses and my land;  
I leave to you, my second son,  
Ten thousand pounds in hand.

7 'I leave to you, my lady gay —  
You are my wedded wife —  
I leave to you, the third of my estate;  
That 'll keep you in a lady's life.'

8 They had not rode a mile but one,  
Till his horse fell owre a stane:  
'It's warning gude eneuch,' my lord Dunwaters said,  
'Alive I 'll neer come hame.'

\* See W. S. Gibson, *Dilston Hall*, etc., 1850, p. 54.



- 9 When they came into fair London town,  
 Into the courtiers' hall,  
 The lords and knights in fair London town  
 Did him a traitor call.
- 10 'A traitor! a traitor!' says my lord,  
 'A traitor! how can that be,  
 An it was na for the keeping of five thousand  
 men  
 To fight for King Jamie?
- 11 'O all you lords and knights in fair London  
 town,  
 Come out and see me die;  
 O all you lords and knights into fair London  
 town,  
 Be kind to my ladie.
- 12 'There's fifty pounds in my richt pocket,  
 Divide it to the poor;  
 There's other fifty pounds in my left pocket,  
 Divide it from door to door.'
- 

## B

Notes and Queries, First Series, XII, 492, 1855; learned  
 some forty five years before from an old gentleman, who,  
 about 1773, got it by heart from an old washerwoman sing-  
 ing at her tub.

- 1 THE king he wrote a love-letter,  
 And he sealed it up with gold,  
 And he sent it to Lord Derwentwater,  
 For to read it if he could.
- 2 The first two lines that he did read,  
 They made him for to smile;  
 But the next two lines he looked upon  
 Made the tears from his eyes to fall.
- 3 'Oh,' then cried out his lady fair,  
 As she in child-bed lay,  
 'Make your will, make your will, Lord Der-  
 wentwater,  
 Before that you go away.'
- 4 'Then here's for thee, my lady fair,  
 . . . . .  
 A thousand pounds of beaten gold,  
 To lead you a lady's life.'
- 5 . . . . .  
 . . . . . his milk-white steed,  
 The ring dropt from his little finger,  
 And his nose it began to bleed.
- 6 He rode, and he rode, and he rode along,  
 Till he came to Westminster Hall,  
 Where all the lords of England's court  
 A traitor did him call.
- 7 'Oh, why am I a traitor?' said he;  
 'Indeed, I am no such thing;  
 I have fought the battles valiantly  
 Of James, our noble king.'
- 8 O then stood up an old gray-headed man,  
 With a pole-axe in his hand:  
 'Tis your head, 'tis your head, Lord Der-  
 wentwater,  
 'Tis your head that I demand.'
- 9 . . . . .  
 His eyes with weeping sore,  
 He laid his head upon the block,  
 And words spake never more.
- 

## C

Bell's Rhymes of Northern Bards, 1812, p. 225.

- 1 THE king has written a broad letter,  
 And seald it up with gold,  
 And sent it to the lord of Derwentwater,  
 To read it if he would.
- 2 He sent it with no boy, no boy,  
 Nor yet with eer a slave,  
 But he sent it with as good a knight  
 As eer a king could have.
- 3 When he read the three first lines,  
 He then began to smile;  
 And when he read the three next lines  
 The tears began to sile.



## D

Kinloch MSS, I, 323.

- 1 THE king has written a braid letter,  
And seald it up wi gowd,  
And sent it to Lord Derntwater,  
To read it if he coud.
- 2 The first lines o 't that he read,  
A blythe, blythe man was he ;  
But ere he had it half read through,  
The tear blinded his ee.
- 3 'Go saddle to me my milk-white horse,  
Go saddle it with speed ;  
For I maun ride to Lun[n]on town,  
To answer for my head.'
- 4 'Your will, your will, my lord Derntwater,  
Your will before ye go ;  
For you will leave three dochters fair,  
And a wife to wail and woe.'
- 5 'My will, my will, my lady Derntwater ?  
Ye are my wedded wife ;  
Be kind, be kind to my dochters dear,  
If I should lose my life.'
- 6 He set his ae fit on the grund,  
The tither on the steed ;  
The ring upon his finger burst,  
And his nose began to bleed.

- 7 He rode till he cam to Lunnon town,  
To a place they ca Whiteha ;  
And a' the lords o merry England  
A traitor him gan ca.
- 8 'A traitor ! a traitor ! O what means this ?  
A traitor ! what mean ye ?'  
'It's a' for the keeping o five hundred men  
To fecht for bonny Jamie.'
- 9 Then up started a gray-headed man,  
Wi a braid axe in his hand :  
'Your life, your life, my lord Derntwater,  
Your life's at my command.'
- 10 'My life, my life, ye old gray-headed man,  
My life I 'll freely gie ;  
But before ye tak my life awa  
Let me speak twa words or three.
- 11 'I've fifty pounds in ae pocket,  
Go deal it frae door to door ;  
I've fifty five i the other pocket,  
Go gie it to the poor.
- 12 'The velvet coat that I hae on,  
Ye may tak it for your fee ;  
And a' ye lords o merry Scotland  
Be kind to my ladie !'

## E

Communicated to Notes and Queries, Fourth Series, XI, 499, 1873, by Mr J. P. Morris, as taken down by him from the recitation of a woman nearly seventy years of age, at Ulverston, North Lancashire.

- 1 THE king wrote a letter to my lord Derwentwater,  
And he sealed it with gold ;  
He sent it to my Lord Derwentwater,  
To read it if he coud.
- 2 He sent it by no boy,  
He sent it by no slave,  
But he sent it by as true a knight  
As heart could wish or have.

- 3 The very first line that he looked upon  
Made him for to laugh and to smile ;  
The very next line that he looked upon,  
The tears from his eyes did fall.
- 4 He called to his stable-boy  
To saddle his bonny grey steed,  
'That I unto loving London  
May ride away with speed.'
- 5 His wife heard him say so,  
In childbed as she lay ;  
Says she, 'My lord Derwentwater,  
Make thy will before thou goest away.'
- 6 'It's to my little son I give  
My houses and my land,

- And to my little daughter  
Ten thousand pounds in hand.
- 7 'And unto thee, my lady gay,  
Who is my wedded wife,  
The third part of my estate thou shalt have,  
To maintain thee through thy life.'
- 8 He set his foot in the level stirrup,  
And mounted his bonny grey steed;  
The gold rings from his fingers did break,  
And his nose began for to bleed.
- 9 He had not ridden past a mile or two,  
When his horse stumbled over a stone;  
'These are tokens enough,' said my lord Derwentwater,  
'That I shall never return.'
- 10 He rode and he rode till he came to merry London,  
And near to that famous hall;  
The lords and knights of merry London,  
They did him a traitor call.
- 11 'A traitor! a traitor! a traitor!' he cried,  
'A traitor! how can that be,  
Unless it's for keeping five hundred men  
For to fight for King Jamie?'
- 12 It's up yon steps there stands a good old man,  
With a broad axe in his hand;  
Says he, 'Now, my lord Derwentwater,  
Thy life's at my command.'
- 13 'My life, my life, thou good old man,  
My life I'll give to thee,  
And the green coat of velvet on my back  
Thou mayst take it for thy fee.
- 14 'There's fifty pounds and five in my right pocket,  
Give that unto the poor;  
There's twenty pounds and five in my left pocket,  
Deal that from door to door.'
- 15 Then he laid his head on the fatal block,  
\* \* \* \* \*

## F

Buchan's MSS, II, 478.

- 1 THE king has written a broad letter,  
And seald it with his hand,  
And sent it on to Lord Arnwaters,  
To read and understand.
- 2 Now he has sent it by no boy,  
No boy, nor yet a slave,  
But one of England's fairest knights,  
The one that he would have.
- 3 When first he on the letter lookd,  
Then he began to smile;  
But ere he read it to an end,  
The tears did trickling fall.
- 4 He calld upon his saddle-groom  
To saddle his milk-white steed,  
'For I unto London must go,  
For me there is much need.'
- 5 Out then speaks his gay lady,  
In child-bed where she lay:
- 'Make your will, make your will, my knight,  
For fear ye rue the day.'
- 6 'I'll leave unto my eldest son  
My houses and my lands;  
I'll leave unto my youngest son  
Full forty thousand pounds.
- 7 'I'll leave unto my gay lady,  
And to my loving wife,  
The second part of my estate,  
To maintain a lady's life.'
- 8 He kissd her on the pillow soft,  
In child-bed where she lay,  
And bade farewell, neer to return,  
Unto his lady gay.
- 9 He put his foot in the stirup,  
His nose began to bleed;  
The ring from 's finger burst in two  
When he mounted on his steed.
- 10 He had not rode a mile or two  
Till his horse stumbled down;

- 'A token good,' said Lord Arnwaters,  
'I'll never reach London town.'
- 11 But when into Westminster Hall,  
Amongst the nobles all,  
'A traitor, a traitor, Lord Arnwaters,  
A traitor,' they did him call.
- 12 'A traitor? a traitor how call ye me?  
And a traitor how can I be  
For keeping seven thousand valiant men  
To fight for brave Jamie?'
- 13 Up then came a brave old man,  
With a broad ax in his hand:  
'Your life, your life, Lord Arnwaters,  
Your life's at my command.'

- 14 'My life, my life, my brave old man,  
My life I'll give to thee,  
And the coat of green that's on my back  
You shall have for your fee.
- 15 'There's fifty pounds in one pocket,  
Pray deal't among the poor;  
There's fifty and four in the other pocket,  
Pray deal't from door to door.
- 16 'There's one thing more I have to say,  
This day before I die;  
To beg the lords and nobles all  
To be kind to my lady.'

## G

Motherwell's MS., p. 126, from the recitation of Mrs Trail, Paisley, July 9, 1825: a song of her mother's.

- 1 THE king has wrote a long letter,  
And sealed it with his han,  
And he has sent it to my lord Dunwaters,  
To read it if he can.
- 2 The very first line he lookit upon,  
It made him to lauch and to smile;  
The very next line he lookit upon,  
The tear from his eye did fall.

- 3 'As for you, my auldest son,  
My houses and my land;  
And as for you, my youngest son,  
Ten thousand pound in hand.

- 4 'As for you, my gay lady,  
You being my wedded wife,  
The third of my estate I will leave to you,  
For to keep you in a lady's life.'

\* \* \* \* \*

## H

Shropshire Folk-Lore, edited by Charlotte Sophia Burne, p. 537; as recited in 1881 by Mrs Dudley, of Much Wenlock.

- 1 THE king he wrote a letter,  
And seal'd it with gold,  
And sent it to Lor Derwentwater,  
To read it if he could.
- 2 The first three lines he looked upon,  
They made him to smile;  
And the next three lines he looked upon  
Made tears fall from his eyes.

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- 3 O then bespoke his gay lady,  
As she on a sick-bed lay:  
'Make your will, my lord,  
Before you go away.'
- 4 'O there is for my eldest son  
My houses and my land,  
And there is for my youngest son  
Ten thousand pounds in hand.
- 5 'There is for you, my gay lady,  
My true and lawful wife,  
The third part of my whole estate,  
To maintain you a lady's life.'

- 6 Then he called to his stable-groom  
To bring him his gray steed ;  
For he must to London go,  
The king had sent indeed.
- 7 When he put his foot in the stirrup,  
To mount his grey steed,  
His gold ring from his finger burst,  
And his nose began to bleed.
- 8 He had not gone but half a mile  
When it began to rain ;  
'Now this is a token,' his lordship said,  
'That I shall not return again.'
- 9 When he unto London came,  
A mob did at him rise,  
And they called him a traitor,  
Made the tears fall from his eyes.

- 10 'A traitor, a traitor !' his lordship said,  
. . . . .  
Is it for keeping eight score men  
To fight for pretty Jimmee ?'
- 11 O then bespoke a grave man,  
With a broad axe in his hand :  
'Hold your tongue, Lord Derwentwater,  
Your life lies at my command.'
- 12 'My life, my life,' his lordship said,  
'My life I will give to thee,  
And the black velvet coat upon my back,  
Take it for thy fee.'
- 13 Then he laid his head upon the block,  
He did such courage show,  
And asked the executioner  
To cut it off at one blow.

## I

The Gentleman's Magazine, 1825, vol. xcv, Part First, p. 489, taken down by G. H., apparently in Westmoreland, from the dictation of an old person who had learned it from her father ; restored "to something like poetical propriety" by the assistance of "a poetical friend."

- 1 KING GEORGE he did a letter write,  
And sealed it up with gold,  
And sent it to Lord Derwentwater,  
To read it if he could.
- 2 He sent his letter by no post,  
He sent it by no page,  
But sent it by a gallant knight  
As eer did combat wage.
- 3 The first line that my lord looked on  
Struck him with strong surprise ;  
The second, more alarming still,  
Made tears fall from his eyes.
- 4 He called up his stable-groom,  
Saying, Saddle me well my steed,  
For I must up to London go,  
Of me there seems great need.
- 5 His lady, hearing what he said,  
As she in child-bed lay,  
Cry'd, My dear lord, pray make your will  
Before you go away.

- 6 'I'll leave to thee, my eldest son,  
My houses and my land ;  
I'll leave to thee, my younger son,  
Ten thousand pounds in hand.
- 7 'I'll leave to thee, my lady gay,  
My lawful married wife,  
A third part of my whole estate,  
To keep thee a lady's life.'
- 8 He knelt him down by her bed-side,  
And kissed her lips so sweet ;  
The words that pass'd, alas ! presaged  
They never more should meet.
- 9 Again he call'd his stable-groom,  
Saying, Bring me out my steed,  
For I must up to London go,  
With instant haste and speed.
- 10 He took the reins into his hand,  
Which shook with fear and dread ;  
The rings from off his fingers dropt,  
His nose gush'd out and bled.
- 11 He had but ridden miles two or three  
When stumbling fell his steed ;  
'Ill omens these,' Derwentwater said,  
'That I for James must bleed.'
- 12 As he rode up Westminster street,  
In sight of the White Hall,



The lords and ladies of London town  
A traitor they did him call.

- 13 'A traitor!' Lord Derwentwater said,  
'A traitor how can I be,  
Unless for keeping five hundred men  
Fighting for King Jemmy?'

- 14 Then started forth a grave old man,  
With a broad-mouth'd axe in hand:  
'Thy head, thy head, Lord Derwentwater,  
Thy head's at my command.'

- 15 'My head, my head, thou grave old man,  
My head I will give thee;  
Here's a coat of velvet on my back  
Will surely pay thy fee.

- 16 'But give me leave,' Derwentwater said,  
'To speak words two or three;  
Ye lords and ladies of London town,  
Be kind to my lady.

- 17 'Here's a purse of fifty sterling pounds,  
Pray give it to the poor;  
Here's one of forty-five beside  
You may dole from door to door.'

- 18 He laid his head upon the block,  
The axe was sharp and strong,  
. . . . .  
. . . . .

- A. 2<sup>4</sup>. Ere. 7<sup>8</sup>. the 3<sup>rd</sup>.

*Motherwell has made a few changes in his printed copy.*

12. *This stanza is given in Notes and Queries, First Series, I, 318, by a scholar of Christ's Hospital, who informs us that the ballad was there current about 1785-1800:*

There's fifty pounds in my right pocket,  
To be given to the poor;

There's fifty pounds in my left pocket,  
To be given from door to door.

- E. 1<sup>2</sup>. And seal'd it with gold in *Mr J. P. Morris's communication to Notes and Queries, the same volume, p. 333.*

- F. 2<sup>1</sup>. by and by: *cf.* E 2.

- 2<sup>2</sup>. No one, no not a slave: *cf.* E 2.

- I. 18. *The remainder of four stanzas appended by G. H. is omitted.*

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### GEORDIE

- A. 'Geordie,' Johnson's Musical Museum, No 346, p. 357, 1792.

- B. "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," Abbotsford, 1802.

- C. a. 'The Laird of Geight, or Gae.' b. 'The Laird of Geight.' "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," Abbotsford, 1813-15.

- D. 'The Laird of Gigh, or Gae,' "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," Abbotsford, 1813-15.

- E. a. Kinloch MSS, V, 130. b. 'Geordie,' Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 192.

- F. 'Geordie Lukely,' Motherwell's MS., p. 367.

- G. 'Geordie,' 'Geordie Lukelie,' Motherwell's Note-Book, p. 17, p. 10.

- H. 'Will ye go to the Hielans, Geordie?' Christie, Traditional Ballad Airs, II, 44.

- I. a. 'Gight's Lady,' Buchan's MSS, II, 143. b. 'Laird (Lord?) of Gight,' Kinloch MSS, VI, 1.

- J. 'Gight's Lady,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 133.

- K. Motherwell's MS., p. 400, two stanzas.

**L.** 'Geordie,' Cunningham's *Songs of Scotland*, II, 186, two stanzas.

**N.** 'Geordie,' Motherwell's *Note-Book*, p. 20, one stanza.

**M.** 'Geordie,' 'Geordie Lukely,' Motherwell's *Note-Book*, p. 2, one stanza.

"Of this," says Motherwell, "many variations exist among reciters," and his remark is borne out by what is here given.

The copy in Cunningham's *Songs of Scotland*, II, 186, is **A** retouched, with st. 5 dropped and two stanzas (**L**) inserted from recitation. The texts of Christie, I, 52, 84, are **J** abridged and **E b**. Of **J** Christie says that he heard in 1848 a version sung by a native of Buchan, Aberdeenshire, who had it through her grandmother and great-grandmother, which differed only in being more condensed and wanting the catastrophe, and in having Badenoch's lady for Bignet's, and Keith-Hall and Gartly for Black Riggs and Kinneraigie.

Geordie Gordon, **A**, of Gight (Gigh), **B b**, **C**, **D**, **I**, of the Bog o Gight, **H**, is in prison, on a charge endangering his life. He sends a message to his wife to come to Edinburgh. She rides thither with the utmost haste, and finds Geordie in extremity. She is told that his life may be redeemed by the payment of a large sum of money. She raises a contribution on the spot, pays the ransom, and rides off with her husband.

Kinloch and others incline to take Geordie to be George Gordon, fourth earl of Huntly, who incurred the Queen Regent's displeasure for failing to execute a commission against a Highland robber in 1554. Huntly was committed to Edinburgh Castle, and some of his many enemies urged that he should be banished to France, others that he should be put to death. The Earl of Cassilis, though a foe to Huntly, resisted these measures on grounds of patriotism, and proposed that he should be deprived of certain honors and offices and

fined. A fine was exacted, and the places which had been taken from him were restored.\* With regard to this hypothesis, it may at least be said that, if it should be accepted, the ballad would be quite as faithful to history as many others.

**A-E** are the purer forms of the ballad; **F-J** are corrupted by admixture.

Geordie is Geordie Lukely of Stirling in **F**. In **G**, he is the Earl of Cassilis, 'of Hye,' as if some singer of the Gordons had turned the tables on Huntly's enemy. In **H**, Geordie lives at the Bog o Gight, and should be the Earl, or Marquis, of Huntly; but writers of peerages will consult st. 17.

There has been a battle in the North in **A-E**. Sir Charles Hay† has been killed, and Geordie is in custody for this, **A, B**. Geordie has killed a man and is to die, **C**; the man is his wife's brother, **D**. In **E**, Geordie is a rebel.

**F** begins with two stanzas from a vulgar last-dying-speech, of which more by and by: otherwise the story is not essentially injured, though the style is lowered. Geordie (in the first two stanzas) has done many an ill deed, but no murder or slaughter; he has stolen fifteen of the king's horse and sold them in Bohemia. Earl Cassilis, likewise, in **G**, could not keep his hand off horses; he has stolen three geldings out of a park and sold them to Balleny (Balveny). Huntly, if it be he, in **H**, has only made free with the king's deer. In **I, J**, Geordie has had an intrigue with Bignet's (Pilbagnet's, Badenoch's) lady, for which the husband has thrown him into prison, and he is to die. But he owns to more than this in **J**. Beginning with an acknowledgment of one of the king's best steeds stolen

\* Buchanan, *Rer. Scot. Hist.*, fol. 186; Lesley, *History of Scotland*, p. 251 f.

† In **J**, which cannot be relied on for smaller points, we

read that Charles Hay has been hanged, for reasons not given: st. 20.

and sold in 'Bevany,' upon being pressed, he confesses to a woman abused and five orphan babes killed for their money.

Geordie points his message to his wife in C 2, D 4, by begging her to sew him or bring him his linen shirt (shirts), a good side shirt, which will be the last he shall need, and a lang side sark is equally prominent in the lady's thoughts in I 8.

The lady stops for nothing in her ride to Edinburgh. She will not, and does not, eat or drink all the way, A 4, 5. When she comes to the water-side, finding no boat ready, she swims the Queen's Ferry, B 7, C 5, D 9, J 13, L 1; or pays a boatman prodigally to take her over, H 9, I 9, J 14.

When the lady gaes oer the pier of Leith, comes to Edinburgh, to the West Port, the Canongate, the Parliament Close, the tolbooth-stair, the prison-door, she deals out crowns and ducatoons, makes the handfus o red gold fly, among the numerous poor, and bids them pray for Geordie. She has the prudence, in G 5, to do the same among the nobles many at the tolbooth-gate, that they may plead for Geordie.

The block and axe are in sight, and Geordie, in chains, is coming down the stair, A; the napkin is laid over his face, and the gallows is making ready, B (so F, but put further on), his head is to go, C; the rest of the nobles sit (stand) hat on head, but hat in hand stands Geordie, D, E, H, I, J, L.

The lady makes a plea for her husband's life. She is the mother of many children (the tale ranges from six to eleven) and is going with yet another, B, C, K, N. She would bear them all over again for the life of Geordie, C, D, or see them all streekit before her eyes, B; and for his life she will part with all that she owns, A 10, B 11, 16, D 14.

The king in A is moved by neither of these appeals. The number of her children is so

far from affecting him that he orders the heading-man to make haste. But the Gordons collect and pass the word to be ready. There would have been bloody bouks upon the green.\*

The lady is told that by paying a good round sum, 5,000 (500) pounds, 10,000 (1000) crowns, she can redeem Geordie's life. An aged lord prompts the king to offer these terms in A; in the other versions, they are proposed directly; by the king himself, F, G, I; by the queen, B, I; by the good Argyle, D; by an English lord, H. The bystanders contribute handsomely; she pays the ransom down, and wins the life of Geordie, A-D, G-J.

In E, which is a mere fragment, there is no fine or collection: a bold baron says, such true lovers shall not be parted, and she gets her Geordie forthwith. In F, no contribution is required, because the lady, after scattering the red gold among the poor, is still in a condition to produce the five thousand pound from her own pocket. For this she receives a 'remit,' with which she hies to the gallows and stops the impending execution. In I b, which is defective, the money collected is to pay the jailer's fee. After the discharge has been secured (in two or three copies earlier), Lord Corstorph, B a, the Laird o Logie, B b, an Irish lord, C, H, an English lord, D, the *gleid* Argyle, I, Lord Montague, J, expresses a wish that Geordie's head were off, because he might have succeeded to the lady. The lady checks this aspiration, sometimes in very abusive language.

The pair now ride off together, and when she is set in her saddle, no bird in bush or on briar ever sang so sweet as she, B, C, E, F, H, I. If we were to trust some of those who recite her story, the lady who has shown so much spirit and devotion was not one of those who blush to find good deeds fame. 'Gar print me ballants that I am a worthy lady,'

\* This intimation is repeated in G 10, with the ludicrous variation of bloody 'breeks.' In B, an English lord, whose competency and interest in the matter are alike difficult to comprehend, declares that he will have Geordie hanged, will have Geordie's head, before the morrow. A Scottish lord rejoins that he will cast off his coat and fight, will fight in

blood up to the knees; and the king adds, there will be bloody heads among us all, before that happens. Who the parties to the fight are to be, unless it is the English lord against Scotland, is not evident. B is inflated with superfluous verses.



B 30 makes her say; 'Hae me to some writer's house, that I may write down Gight's lament and how I borrowed Geordie,' I a 25; 'Call for one of the best clerks, that he may write all this I've done for Geordie,' J 36. What she really did say is perhaps faithfully given in D 18: 'Where is there a writer's house, that I may write to the north that I have won the life of Geordie?'

I and J are probably from stall-prints, and it has not been thought necessary to notice some things which may have been put into these to eke them out to a convenient length. J has an entirely spurious supplement. When the pair are riding away, and even as the wife is protesting her affection, Geordie turns round and says, A finger of Bignet's lady's hand is worth a' your fair body. A dispute ensues, and Geordie pulls out a dagger and stabs his lady; he then takes to flight, and never is found. Another set, mentioned by Motherwell, makes Geordie drown his deliverer in the sea, in a fit of jealousy (Minstrely, p. lxxvi, 46).

There is an English broadside ballad, on the death of "George Stoole" which seemed to Motherwell "evidently imitated from the Scottish song." This was printed by H. Gosson, whose time is put at 1607-41.\* This ballad was to be sung "to a delicate Scottish tune;" Georgy comes in as a rhyme at the end of stanzas not seldom; Georgy writes to his lady, bewailing his folly; he never stole no oxe nor cow, nor ever murdered any, but fifty horse he did receive of a merchant's man of Gory, for which he was condemned to die, and did die. These are the data for determining the question of imitation.

There is a later 'Georgy' ballad, of the same general cast, on the life and death of "George of Oxford," a professed and confessed highwayman, a broadside printed in the last quarter of the seventeenth century. In this, Lady Gray hastens to Newcastle to

beg Georgy's life of the judge, and offers gold and land to save him, after the fashion of Lady Ward in 'Hughie Graham;' to no purpose, as in 'Hughie Graham.' This Georgy owns and boasts himself a thief, but with limitations much the same as those which are made a point of by the other; he never stole horse, mare, or cloven-foot, with one exception — the king's white steeds, which he sold to Bohemia.

Both of these ballads are given in an appendix.

Whether the writers of these English ballads knew of the Scottish 'Geordie,' I would not undertake to affirm or deny; it is clear that some far-back reciter of the Scottish ballad had knowledge of the later English broadside. The English ballads, however, are mere "goodnights." The Scottish ballads have a proper story, with a beginning, middle, and end, and (save one late copy), a good end, and they are most certainly original and substantially independent of the English. The Scottish Geordie is no thief, nor even a Johnie Armstrong. There are certain passages in certain versions which give that impression, it is true, but these are incongruous with the story, and have been adopted from some copy of the broadside, the later rather than the earlier. These are, the first two stanzas of F, utterly out of place, where we have the king's horses stolen and sold in Bohemia, almost exactly as in the ballad of 'George of Oxford,' 15; G 7, where the Earl of Cassilis is made to steal geldings and sell them in Balleny; and J 23, in which the Laird of Gight steals one of the king's steeds (precisely as in 'George of Oxford') and sells it in Bevany. That is to say, we have the very familiar case of the introduction (generally accidental and often infelicitous) of a portion of one ballad into another; which, if accidental in the present instance, would easily be accounted for by a George being

\* It seems to have been familiar in Aberdeen as early as 1627. Joseph Haslewood made an entry in his copy of Ritson's *Scottish Song* of a manuscript Lute-Book (presented in 1781 to Dr Charles Burney by Dr Skene of Marischal College) which contained airs noted and collected by Robert

Gordon, "at Aberdein, in the yeare of our Lord 1627." Among some ninety titles of tunes mentioned, there occur 'Ther wer three ravns' and 'God be with the, Geordie.' (W. Macmath.)



the hero in each. Further; the burden of E, embodied in the ballad in two versions, I 27, J 35, has a general resemblance to that of 'George Stoodle,' and could hardly have been original with the Scottish ballad. There was

probably a 'Geordie Luklie,' a Scottish variety of one of the English broadsides.

G is translated by Gerhard, p. 56; A, in part, by Knortz, *Schottische Balladen*, p. 101.

## A

Johnson's Museum, No 346, p. 357, 1792; communicated by Robert Burns.

1 THERE was a battle in the north,  
And nobles there was many,  
And they hae killd Sir Charlie Hay,  
And they laid the wyte on Geordie.

2 O he has written a lang letter,  
He sent it to his lady:  
'Ye maun cum up to Enbrugh town,  
To see what word 's o Geordie.'

3 When first she lookd the letter on,  
She was baith red and rosy;  
But she had na read a word but twa  
Till she wallowt like a lily.

4 'Gar get to me my gude grey steed,  
My menyie a' gae wi me,  
For I shall neither eat nor drink  
Till Enbrugh town shall see me.'

5 And she has mountit her gude grey  
steed,  
Her menyie a' gae wi her,  
And she did neither eat nor drink  
Till Enbrugh town did see her.

6 And first appeard the fatal block,  
And syne the aix to head him,  
And Geordie cumin down the stair,  
And bands o airn upon him.

7 But tho he was chaid in fetters strang,  
O airn and steel sae heavy,  
There was na ane in a' the court  
Sae bra a man as Geordie.

8 O she's down on her bended knee,  
I wat she's pale and weary:  
'O pardon, pardon, noble king,  
And gie me back my dearie!

9 'I hae born seven sons to my Geordie dear,  
The seventh neer saw his daddie;  
O pardon, pardon, noble king,  
Pity a waefu lady!'

10 'Gar bid the headin-man mak haste,'  
Our king reply'd fu lordly:  
'O noble king, tak a' that 's mine,  
But gie me back my Geordie!'

11 The Gordons cam, and the Gordons ran,  
And they were stark and steady,  
And ay the word amang them a'  
Was, Gordons, keep you ready!

12 An aged lord at the king's right hand  
Says, Noble king, but hear me;  
Gar her tell down five thousand pound,  
And gie her back her dearie.

13 Some gae her marks, some gae her crowns,  
Some gae her dollars many,  
And she's telld down five thousand pound,  
And she's gotten again her dearie.

14 She blinkit blythe in her Geordie's face,  
Says, Dear I've bought thee, Geordie;  
But there sud been bluidy bouks on the green  
Or I had tint my laddie.

15 He claspit her by the middle sma,  
And he kist her lips sae rosy:  
'The fairest flower o woman-kind  
Is my sweet, bonie lady!'

## B

a. "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 13, Abbotsford. Sent to Scott by William Laidlaw, September 11, 1802 (Letters, vol. i, No 73), as written down by Laidlaw from the recitation of Mr Bartram of Biggar. b. Variations received by Laidlaw from J. Scott.

- 1 'THERE was a battle i the north  
Amang our nobles many,  
And they have killed Sir Charles Hay,  
And they 've taen thrae me my Geordie.'
- 2 'O where 'll I gett a wi bit boy,  
A bonnie boy that 's ready,  
That will gae in to my biggin  
With a letter to my ladie?'
- 3 Then up and startit a wi bit boy,  
An a bonnie boy was ready :  
'It 's I 'll gae in to your biggin  
Wi a letter to your ladie.'
- 4 When the day was fair an the way was clear,  
An the wi bit boy was ready,  
An he 's gane in to his biggin,  
Wi a letter to his ladie.
- 5 When she lookd the letter on,  
She was no a wearit ladie ;  
But when she lookit the other side,  
She mourned for her Geordie.
- 6 'Gar saddle to me the black,' she says,  
'For the brown rade neer sey bonnie,  
An I 'll gae down to Enbro town,  
An see my true-love Geordie.'
- 7 When she cam to the water-side,  
The cobles war na ready ;  
She 's turnd her horse's head about,  
An in by the Queen's Ferry.
- 8 When she cam to the West Port,  
There war poor folks many ;  
She dealt crowns an the ducatdowns,  
And bade them pray for Geordie.
- 9 When she cam to the Parliament Closs,  
There amang our nobles many,  
Cravats an caps war standing there,  
But low, low lay her Geordie.
- 10 When she gaed up the tolbooth-stairs,  
Amang our nobles manie,  
The napkin 's tyed oer Geordie's face,  
And the gallows makin ready.
- 11 'O wad ye hae his lands or rents?  
Or wad ye hae his monie ?  
Take a', a' frae him but his sark alone,  
Leave me my true-love Geordie.'
- 12 The captain pu'd her on his knee,  
An ca'd her heart an honey :  
'An ye wad wait se'en years for me,  
Ye wad never jump for Geordie.'
- 13 'O hold your tongue, you foolish man,  
Your speech it 's a' but folly ;  
For en ye wad wait till the day ye die,  
I wad neer take John for Geordie.'
- 14 'T was up an spak the Lord Corstarph,  
The ill gae wi his body !  
'O Geordie's neck it war on a block,  
Gif I had his fair ladie !'
- 15 'O haud yer tongue, ye foolish man,  
Yer speech is a' but folly ;  
For if Geordie's neck war on a block,  
Ye sould neer enjoy his ladie.
- 16 'It 's I hae se'en weel gawn mills,  
I wait they a' gang daily ;  
I 'll gie them a' an amang ye a'  
For the sparín o my Geordie.
- 17 'I hae ele'en bairns i the wast,  
I wait the're a' to Geordie ;  
I 'd see them a' streekit afore mine eyes  
Afore I lose my Geordie.
- 18 'I hae ele'en bairns i the wast,  
The twalt bears up my body ;  
The youngest 's on his nurse's knee,  
An he never saw his dadie.
- 19 'I hae se'en uncles in the north,  
They gang baith proud an lordly ;  
I 'd see them a' tread down afore my  
eyes  
Afore I lose my Geordie.'
- 20 Then out an spak an English lord,  
The ill gae wi his bodie !  
'It 's I gard hang Sir Francie Grey,  
An I 'll soon gar hang your Geordie.'

- 21 It's out an spak than a Scottish lord,  
May the weel gae wi his body!  
'It's I'k cast of my coat an feght  
Afore ye lose your Geordie.'
- 22 It's out then spak an English lord,  
May the ill gae wi his bodie!  
'Before the morn at ten o'clock,  
I's hae the head o Geordie.'
- 23 Out then spak the Scottish lord,  
May the weel gae wi his body!  
'I'll fight i bluid up to the knees  
Afore ye lose your Geordie.'
- 24 But out an spak the royal king,  
May the weel gae wi his body!  
'There's be bluidie heads amang us a'  
Afore ye lose your Geordie.'
- 25 'T was up than spak the royal queen,  
'May the weel gae wi his body!  
Tell down, tell down five hunder pound,  
An ye's get wi you yer Geordie.'
- 26 Some gae her gold, some gae her crowns,  
Some gae her ducats many,  
An she's telld down five hundred pound,  
An she's taen away her Geordie.
- 27 An ay she praised the powers above,  
An a' the royal family,  
An ay she blessed the royal queen,  
For sparin o her Geordie.
- 28 . . . . .  
Nae bird sang sweeter in the bush  
Than she did wi her Geordie.
- 29 'It's wo be to my Lord Costorph,  
It's wo be to him daily!  
For if Geordie's neck had been on the block  
He had neer enjoyd his ladie.
- 30 'Gar print me ballants weel,' she said,  
'Gar print me ballants many,  
Gar print me ballants weel,' she said,  
'That I am a worthy ladie.'

## C

a. "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy,"  
Abbotsford, No 38, MS. of Thomas Wilkie, 1813-15, p.  
16; taken down from the singing of Miss Christy Robert-  
son, Dunse. b. "Scotch Ballads," etc., No 108, in a lady's  
hand, and perhaps obtained directly from Miss Robertson.

- 1 THERE was a battle in the north,  
Among the nobles many;  
The Laird of Geight he's killd a man,  
And there's nane to die but Geordie.

\* \* \* \* \*

- 2 'What news? what news, my bonny boy?  
What news hae ye frae Geordie?'  
'He bids ye sew his linen shirts,  
For he's sure he'll no need many.'

- 3 'Go saddle the black, go saddle the brown,  
Go saddle to me the bonny;  
For I will neither eat nor drink  
Until I see my Geordie.'

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- 4 They've saddled the black, they've saddled  
the brown,  
They've saddled her the bonny,  
And she is away to Edinburgh town,  
Straight away to see her Geordie.

- 5 When she came to the sea-side,  
The boats they were nae ready;  
She turned her horse's head about,  
And swimd at the Queen's Ferry.

- 6 And when she came to the prison-door,  
There poor folks they stood many;  
She dealt the red guineas them among,  
And bade them pray weel for Geordie.

- 7 And when she came into the hall,  
Amang the nobles many,  
The napkin's tied on Geordie's face,  
And the head's to gae frae Geordie.

- 8 'I have born ten bonny sons,  
And the eleventh neer sa his dadie,

- And I will bear them all oer again  
For the life o bonny Geordie.
- 9 'I have born the Laird of Gight,  
And the Laird of bonny Pernonnie;  
And I will gie them all to thee  
For the life of my bonny Geordie.'
- 10 Up then spoke [a kind-hearted man],  
Wha said, He 's done good to many;  
If ye 'll tell down ten hundred crowns  
Away ye shall hae yer Geordie.
- 11 Some telld shillings, and some telld crowns,  
But she telld the red guineas many,  
Till they 've telld down ten hundred crowns,  
And away she 's got her Geordie.

## D

"Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 64, MS. of Thomas Wilkie, 1813-15, p. 50, Abbotsford. "I took this down from the recitation of Janet Scott, Bowden, who sung it to a beautiful plaintive old air."

- 1 THERE was a battle i the north-  
Among the nobles many,  
The Laird of Gigh he 's killd a man,  
The brother of his lady.
- 2 'Where will I get a man or boy,  
That will win both goud and money,  
That will run into the north,  
And fetch to me my lady?'
- 3 Up then spake a bonny boy,  
He was both blythe and merry;  
'O I will run into the north,  
And fetch to you your lady.'
- 4 'You may tell her to sew me a gude side shirt,  
She 'll no need to sew me mony;  
Tell her to bring me a gude side shirt,  
It will be the last of any.'
- 5 He has written a broad letter,  
And he 's seald it sad and sorry;  
He 's gaen it to that bonny boy,  
To take to his fair lady.
- 6 Away the bonny boy he 's gaen,  
He was both blythe and merrie;
- 12 [It 's up then spoke an Irish lord,  
And O but he spoke bauldly!]  
'I wish his head had been on the block,  
That I might hae got his fair lady.'
- 13 She turned about . . . .  
And O but she spoke boldly!  
'A pox upon your nasty face!  
Will ye eer be compared to my Geordie?'
- 14 She set him on a milk-white steed,  
Herself upon another;  
The thrush on the briar neer sang so clear  
As she sang behind her Geordie.
- He 's to that fair lady gane,  
And taen her word frae Geordie.
- 7 When she looked the letter on,  
She was both sad and sorrie:  
'O I 'll away to fair Edinburgh town  
Myself and see my Geordie.
- 8 'Gar saddle to me the black,' she says,  
'The brown was neer sae bonny;  
And I 'll straight to Edinburgh  
Myself and see my Geordie.'
- 9 When she came to that wan water,  
The boats was not yet ready;  
She wheeld her horse's head around,  
And swimd at the Queen's Ferry.
- 10 When she came to the Parliament Close,  
Amang the poor folks many,  
She dealt the crowns with duckatoons,  
And bade them pray for Geordie.
- 11 When she came to the Parliament House,  
Among the nobles many,  
The rest sat all wi hat on head,  
But hat in hand sat Geordie.
- 12 Up bespake an English lord,  
And he spake blythe and merrie;  
'Was Geordie's head upon the block,  
I am sure I would have his lady.'



13 Up bespake that lady fair,  
And O but she was sorrie!  
'If Geordie's head were on the block,  
There's never a man gain his lady.

14 'I have land into the north,  
And I have white rigs many,  
And I could gie them a' to you  
To save the life of Geordie.

15 'I have seven children in the north,  
And they seem very bonnie,  
And I could bear them a' over again  
For to win the life o Geordie.'

16 Up bespake the gude Argyle;  
He has befriended many;  
'If ye'll tell down ten hundred crowns,  
Ye's win the life o Geordie.'

17 Some gaed her shillings, and some her crowns,  
And some gaed her guineas many,  
And she's telld down ten hundred crowns,  
And she's wone the life o Geordie.

18 When she came down through Edinburgh,  
And Geordie in her hand, O,  
'Where will I get a writer's [house],  
A writer's house so ready,  
That I may write into the north  
I have wone the life o Geordie'?

## E

a. Kinloch MSS, V, 130; in the handwriting of James Beattie. b. Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 192.

1 THERE was a battle in the north,  
And rebels there were many,  
And they were a' brought before the king,  
And taken was my Geordie.  
My Geordie O, O my Geordie O,  
O the love I bear to Geordie!  
For the very ground I walk upon  
Bears witness I love Geordie.

2 As she went up the tolbooth-stair,  
The cripples there stood many,  
And she dealt the red gold them among,  
For to pray for her love Geordie.

3 And when she came unto the hall  
The nobles there stood many,  
And every one stood hat on head,  
But hat in hand stood Geordie.

4 O up bespoke a baron bold,  
And O but he spoke bonnie!  
'Such lovers true shall not parted be,'  
And she's got her true-love Geordie.

5 When she was mounted on her high horse,  
And on behind her Geordie,  
Nae bird on the brier eer sang sae clear  
As the young knight and his lady.  
O my Geordie O, O my Geordie O,  
O the love I bear to Geordie!  
The very stars in the firmament  
Bear tokens I love Geordie.

## F

Motherwell's MS., p. 367; from the recitation of Agnes Lyle, Kilbarchan.

1 'GEORDIE Lukely is my name,  
And many a one doth ken me; O  
Many an ill deed I hae done,  
But now death will owrecome me. O

2 'I neither murdered nor yet have I slain,  
I never murdered any;

But I stole fyfteen o the king's bay horse,  
And I sold them in Bohemia.

3 'Where would I get a pretty little boy,  
That would fain win gold and money,  
That would carry this letter to Stirling town,  
And give it to my lady?'

4 'Here am I, a pretty little boy,  
That wud fain win gold and money;

- I'll carry your letter to Stirling town,  
And give it to your lady.'
- 5 As he came in by Stirling town  
He was baith weet and weary;  
The cloth was spread, and supper set,  
And the ladies dancing merry.
- 6 When she read the first of it,  
She was baith glad and cheery;  
But before she had the half o't read,  
She was baith sad and sorry.
- 7 'Come saddle to me the bonnie dapple gray,  
Come saddle to me the wee poney;  
For I'll awa to the king mysell,  
And plead for my ain love Geordie.'
- 8 She gaed up the Cannogate,  
Amang the puir folk monie;  
She made the handfus o red gold fly,  
And bade them pray for Geordie,  
And aye she wrang her lily-white hands,  
Saying, I am a wearyd lady!
- 9 Up and spoke the king himsell,  
And oh, but he spok bonnie!  
'It's ye may see by her countenance  
That she is Geordie's lady.'
- 10 Up and spoke a bold bluidy wretch,  
And oh, but he spoke boldy!  
'Tho [thou] should pay ten thousand pounds,  
Thou'll never get thy own love Geordie.'
- 11 'For I had but ae brother to mysell,  
I loved him best of any;
- They cutted his head from his fair bodie,  
And so will they thy love Geordie.'
- 12 Up and spoke the king again,  
And oh, but he spak bonnie!  
'If thou'll pay me five thousand pound,  
I'll gie thee hame thy love Geordie.'
- 13 She put her hand in her pocket,  
She freely paid the money,  
And she's awa to the Gallows Wynd,  
To get her nain love Geordie.
- 14 As she came up the Gallows Wynd,  
The people was standing many;  
The psalms was sung, and the bells was  
rung,  
And silks and cords hung bonnie.
- 15 The napkin was tyed on Geordie's face,  
And the hangman was just readie:  
'Hold your hand, you bluidy wretch!  
O hold it from my Geordie!  
For I've got a remit from the king,  
That I'll get my ain love Geordie.'
- 16 When he heard his lady's voice,  
He was baith blythe and merry:  
'There's many ladies in this place;  
Have not I a worthy ladie?'
- 17 She mounted him on the bonnie dapple  
grey,  
Herself on the wee poney,  
And she rode home on his right hand,  
All for the pride o Geordie.

## G

Motherwell's Note-Book, p. 17, p. 10; from Mrs Rule, Paisley, August 16, 1825. Apparently learned from a blind aunt, pp. 1, 3.

- 1 THE weather it is clear, and the wind blows  
fair,  
And yonder a boy rins bonnie,  
And he is awa to the gates of Hye,  
With a letter to my dear ladie.
- 2 The first line that she lookit on,  
She was baith red and rosy;

She droppit down, and she dropt in a swoon,  
Crys, Och and alace for Geordie!

- 3 'Gar saddle to me the black, black horse;  
The brown is twice as bonnie;  
But I will neither eat nor drink  
Till I relieve my Geordie.'
- 4 When she cam to the canny Cannygate,  
Amang the puir folk many,  
She made the dollars flee amang them a',  
And she bade them plead for Geordie.

5 When she came to the tolbooth-gate,  
 Among the nobles many,  
 She made the red gold flee amang them a',  
 And she bade them plead for Geordie.

6 Out and spoke the king himsell,  
 'Wha's aught this weary lady?'  
 Out and spoke a pretty little page,  
 'She's the Earl o Cassilis lady.'

7 'Has he killed? or has he slain?  
 Or has he ravishd any?'  
 'He stole three geldings out o yon park,  
 And sold them to Balleny.'

8 'Pleading is idle,' said the king,  
 'Pleading is idle with any;  
 But pay you down five hundred pund,  
 And tak you hame your Geordie.'

9 Some gave marks, and som gave crowns,  
 Some gave dollars many;  
 She's paid down the five hundred pund,  
 And she's relieved her Geordie.

10 The lady smiled in Geordie's face:  
 'Geordie, I have bocht thee;  
 But down in yon green there had been bluidy  
 breeks  
 Or I had parted wi thee.'

## H

Christie's Traditional Ballad Airs, II, 44; "long favorite  
 in the counties of Aberdeen and Banff."

1 'WILL ye go to the Hielans, my bonny lad?  
 Will ye go to the Hielans, Geordie?  
 Though ye tak the high road and I tak the  
 low,  
 I will be in the Hielans afore ye.'

2 He hadna been in the high Hielans  
 A month but barely twa, O,  
 Till he was laid in prison strong,  
 For hunting the king's deer and rae, O.

3 'O where will I get a bonny, bonny boy,  
 That will run my errand cannie,  
 And gae quickly on to the bonny Bog o Gight,  
 Wi a letter to my lady?'

4 'O here am I, a bonny, bonny boy,  
 That will run your errand cannie,  
 And will gae on to the bonny Bog o Gight,  
 Wi a letter to your lady.'

5 When she did get this broad letter,  
 A licht, licht laugh gae she, O;  
 But before she read it to an end  
 The saut tear was in her ee, O.

6 'O has he robbd? or has he stown?  
 Or has he killèd ony?  
 Or what is the ill that he has done,  
 That he's gaun to be hangd sae shortly?'

7 'He hasna robbd, he hasna stown,  
 He hasna killèd ony;  
 But he has hunted the king's deer and rae,  
 And he will be hangd shortly.'

8 'Come saddle to me the bonny brown steed,  
 For the black never rade sae bonny,  
 And I will gae on to Edinboro town  
 To borrow the life o my Geordie.'

9 The first water-side that she cam to,  
 The boatman wasna ready;  
 She gae anither skipper half-a-crown,  
 To boat her oer the ferry.

10 When she cam on to Edinboro town,  
 The poor stood thick and mony;  
 She dealt them money roun and roun,  
 Bade them pray for the life o her Geordie.

11 When she gaed up the tolbooth-stair,  
 She saw there nobles mony,  
 And ilka noble stood hat on head,  
 But hat in hand stood Geordie.

12 Then out it spak an English lord,  
 And vow, but he spake bonny!  
 'If ye pay down ten thousand crouns,  
 Ye'll get the life o your Geordie.'

13 Some gae her marks, some gae her crouns,  
 Some gae her guineas rarely,  
 Till she paid down ten thousand crouns,  
 And she got the life o her Geordie.

- 14 Then out it spak an Irish lord,  
O wae befa his body!  
'It's a pity the knicht didna lose his head,  
That I micht hae gotten his lady.'
- 15 But out it spak the lady hersel,  
And vow, but she spak bonny!  
'The pock-marks are on your Irish face,  
You could not compare wi my Geordie!'
- 16 When she was in the saddle set,  
And on ahint her Geordie,

- The bird on the bush neer sang sae sweet,  
As she sung to her love Geordie.
- 17 'First I was mistress o bonny Auchindown,  
And I was lady o a' Carnie,  
But now I have come to the bonny Bog o Gight,  
The wife o my true-love Geordie.
- 18 'If I were in the high Hielans,  
I would hear the white kye lowing;  
But I'd rather be on the bonny banks o Spey,  
To see the fish-boaties rowing.'

## I

a. Buchan's MSS, II, 143. b. Kinloch MSS, VI, 1, in the handwriting of Joseph Robertson.

- 1 'I CHOOSED my love at the bonny yates of  
Gight,  
Where the birks an the flowers spring bony,  
But pleasures I had never one,  
But crosses very mony.
- 2 'First I was mistress of Pitfan  
And madam of Kincraigie,  
And now my name is bonny Lady Anne,  
And I am Gight's own lady.
- 3 'He does not use me as his wife,  
Nor cherish me as his lady,  
But day by day he saddles the grey,  
And rides off to Bignet's lady.'
- 4 Bignet he got word of this,  
That Gight lay wi his lady;  
He swore a vow, and kept it true,  
To be revengd on 's body.
- 5 'Where will I get a bonny boy  
Will run my errand shortly,  
That woud run on to the bonny yates o Gight  
Wi a letter to my lady?'
- 6 Gight has written a broad letter,  
And seald it soon and ready,  
And sent it on to Gight's own yates,  
For to acquaint his lady.
- 7 The first of it she looked on,  
O dear! she smiled bonny;

But as she read it till an end  
The tears were thick an mony.

- 8 'Come saddle to me the black,' she says,  
'Come saddle him soon and shortly,  
Ere I ride down to Edinburgh town,  
Wi a lang side sark to Geordy.'
- 9 When she came to the boat of Leith,  
I wad she did na tarry;  
She gave the boatman a guinea o gold  
To boat her oer the ferry.
- 10 As she gaed oer the pier of Leith,  
Among the peerls many,  
She dealt the crowns and dukedoons,  
Bade them a' pray for Geordy.
- 11 As she gaed up the tolbooth-stair,  
Among the nobles many,  
Every one sat hat on head,  
But hat in hand stood Geordy.
- 12 'Has he brunt? or has he slain?  
Or has he robbèd any?  
Or has he done any other crime,  
That gars you head my Geordy?'
- 13 'He hasna brunt, he hasna slain,  
He hasna robbed any;  
But he has done another crime,  
For which he will pay dearly.'
- 14 In it comes him First Lord Judge,  
Says, George, I'm sorry for you;  
You must prepare yourself for death,  
For there 'll be nae mercy for you.



- 15 In it comes him Second Lord Judge,  
Says, George I'm sorry for you;  
You must prepare yourself for death,  
For there'll be nae mercy for you.
- 16 Out it speaks Gight's lady herself,  
And vow, but she spake wordy!  
'Is there not a lord among you all  
Can plead a word for Geordy?'
- 17 Out it speaks the first Lord Judge:  
'What lady's that amang you  
That speaks to us so boldly here,  
And bids us plead for Geordy?'
- 18 Out then spake a friend, her own,  
And says, It's Gight's own lady,  
Who is come to plead her own lord's  
cause,  
To which she's true and steady.
- 19 The queen, looking oer her shott-window,  
Says, Ann, I'm sorry for you;  
If ye'll tell down ten thousand crowns,  
Ye shall get home your Geordy.
- 20 She's taen the hat out of his hand,  
And dear! it set her bonny;  
She's beggd the red gold them amang,  
And a' to borrow Geordy.
- 21 She turnd her right and round about  
Among the nobles many;  
Some gave her dollars, some her crowns,  
And some gave guineas many.
- 22 She spread her mantle on the floor,  
O dear! she spread it bonny,  
And she told down that noble sum;  
Says, Put on your hat, my Geordy.
- 23 But out it speaks him gleid Argyle,  
Says, Woe be to your body!  
I wish that Gight had lost his head,  
I should enjoyd his lady.
- 24 She looked oer her left shoulder,  
A proud look and a saucy;  
Says, Woe be to you, gleid Argyle!  
Ye'll neer be like my Geordy.
- 25 'You'll hae me to some writer's house,  
And that baith seen and shortly,  
That I may write down Gight's lament,  
And how I borrowed Geordy.'
- 26 When she was in her saddle set,  
And aye behind her Geordy,  
Birds neer sang blyther in the bush  
Than she behind her Geordy.
- 27 'O bonny George, but I love thee well,  
And O sae dear as I love thee!  
The sun and moon and firmament above  
Bear witness how I love thee!'
- 28 'O bonny Ann, but I love thee well,  
And O but sae dear as I love thee!  
The birds in the air, that fly together pair and  
pair,  
Bear witness, Ann, that I love thee!'

## J

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 133.

- 1 'FIRST I was lady o Black Riggs,  
And then into Kincraigie;  
Now I am the Lady o Gight,  
And my love he's ca'd Geordie.
- 2 'I was the mistress o Pitfan,  
And madam o Kincraigie;  
But now my name is Lady Anne,  
And I am Gight's own lady.
- 3 'We courted in the woods o Gight,  
Where birks and flowrs spring bonny;  
But pleasures I had never one,  
But sorrows thick and mony.
- 4 'He never ownd me as his wife,  
Nor honourd me as his lady,  
But day by day he saddles the grey,  
And rides to Bignet's lady.'
- 5 When Bignet he got word of that,  
That Gight lay wi his lady,  
He's casten him in prison strong,  
To ly till lords were ready.

- 6 'Where will I get a little wee boy,  
That is baith true and steady,  
That will run on to bonny Gight,  
And bring to me my lady?'
- 7 'O here am I, a little wee boy,  
That is baith true and steady,  
That will run to the yates o Gight,  
And bring to you your lady.'
- 8 'Ye'll bid her saddle the grey, the grey,  
The brown rode neer so smartly;  
Ye'll bid her come to Edinbro town,  
A' for the life of Geordie.'
- 9 The night was fair, the moon was clear,  
And he rode by Bevany,  
And stopped at the yates o Gight,  
Where leaves were thick and mony.
- 10 The lady lookd oer castle-wa,  
And dear, but she was sorry!  
'Here comes a page frae Edinbro town;  
A' is nae well wi Geordie.'
- 11 'What news, what news, my little boy?  
Come tell me soon and shortly;'  
'Bad news, bad news, my lady,' he said,  
'They're going to hang your Geordie.'
- 12 'Ye'll saddle to me the grey, the grey,  
The brown rade neer so smartly;  
And I'll awa to Edinbro town,  
Borrow the life o Geordie.'
- 13 When she came near to Edinbro town,  
I wyte she didna tarry,  
But she has mounted her grey steed,  
And ridden the Queen's Ferry.
- 14 When she came to the boat of Leith,  
I wat she didna tarry;  
She gae the boatman a guinea o gowd  
To boat her ower the ferry.
- 15 When she came to the pier o Leith,  
The poor they were sae many;  
She dealt the gowd right liberallie,  
And bade them pray for Geordie.
- 16 When she gaed up the tolbooth-stair,  
The nobles there were many:  
And ilka ane stood hat on head,  
But hat in hand stood Geordie.
- 17 She gae a blink out-ower them a',  
And three blinks to her Geordie;  
But when she saw his een fast bound,  
A swoon fell in this lady.
- 18 'Whom has he robbd? What has he stole?  
Or has he killed ony?  
Or what's the crime that he has done,  
His foes they are sae mony?'
- 19 'He hasna brunt, he hasna slain,  
He hasna robbed ony;  
But he has done another crime,  
For which he will pay dearly.'
- 20 Then out it speaks Lord Montague,  
O wae be to his body!  
'The day we hangd young Charles Hay,  
The morn we'll head your Geordie.'
- 21 Then out it speaks the king himsell,  
Vow, but he spake bonny!  
'Come here, young Gight, confess your sins,  
Let's hear if they be mony.'
- 22 'Come here, young Gight, confess your sins,  
See ye be true and steady;  
And if your sins they be but sma,  
Then ye'se win wi your lady.'
- 23 'Nane have I robbd, nought have I stown,  
Nor have I killed ony;  
But ane o the king's best brave steeds,  
I sold him in Bevany.'
- 24 Then out it speaks the king again,  
Dear, but he spake bonny!  
'That crime's nae great; for your lady's sake,  
Put on your hat now, Geordie.'
- 25 Then out it speaks Lord Montague,  
O wae be to his body!  
'There's guilt appears in Gight's ain face,  
Ye'll cross-examine Geordie.'
- 26 'Now since it all I must confess,  
My crimes' baith great and mony:  
A woman abused, five orphan babes,  
I kild them for their money.'

27 Out it speaks the king again,  
And dear, but he was sorry!  
'Your confession brings confusion,  
Take aff your hat now, Geordie.'

28 Then out it speaks the lady hersell,  
Vow, but she was sorry!  
'Now all my life I'll wear the black,  
Mourn for the death o Geordie.'

29 Lord Huntly then he did speak out,  
O fair mot fa his body!  
'I there will fight doublet alane  
Or ony thing ails Geordie.'

30 Then out it speaks the king again,  
Vow, but he spake bonny!  
'If ye'll tell down ten thousand crowns,  
Ye'll buy the life o Geordie.'

31 She spread her mantle on the ground,  
Dear, but she spread it bonny!  
Some gae her crowns, some ducadoons,  
And some gae dollars mony:  
Then she tauld down ten thousand crowns,  
'Put on your hat, my Geordie.'

32 Then out it speaks Lord Montague,  
Wae be to his body!  
'I wisht that Gight wanted the head;  
I might enjoyd his lady.'

33 Out it speaks the lady hersell,  
'Ye need neer wish my body;  
O ill befa your wizzend snout!  
Woud ye compare wi Geordie?'

34 When she was in her saddle set,  
Riding the leys sae bonny,

The fiddle and fleet playd neer sae sweet  
As she behind her Geordie.

35 'O Geordie, Geordie, I love you well,  
Nae jealousie coud move me;  
The birds in air, that fly in pairs,  
Can witness how I love you.

36 'Ye'll call for one, the best o clerks,  
Ye'll call him soon and shortly,  
As he may write what I indite,  
A' this I've done for Geordie.'

37 He turned him right and round about,  
And high, high looked Geordie:  
'A finger o Bignet's lady's hand  
Is worth a' your fair body.'

38 'My lands may a' be masterless,  
My babes may want their mother;  
But I've made a vow, will keep it true,  
I'll be bound to no other.'

39 These words they causd a great dispute,  
And proud and fierce grew Geordie;  
A sharp dagger he pulled out,  
And pierced the heart o's lady.

40 The lady's dead, and Gight he's fled,  
And left his lands behind him;  
Altho they searched south and north,  
There were nane there coud find him.

41 Now a' that lived into Black Riggs,  
And likewise in Kincraigie,  
For seven years were clad in black,  
To mourn for Gight's own lady.

## K

Motherwell's MS., p. 370, as sung by Agnes Lyle's father.

1 'I HAVE eleven babes into the north,  
And the twelfth is in my body, O  
And the youngest o them's in the nurse's arms,  
He neer yet saw his daddy.' O

2 Some gied her ducks, some gied her drakes,  
And some gied her crowns monie,  
And she's paid him down five thousand pound,  
And she's gotten hame her Geordie.

## L

Cunningham's Songs of Scotland, II, 186, 188; "from the recitation of Mrs Cunningham."

- 1 AND soon she came to the water broad,  
Nor boat nor barge was ready;  
She turned her horse's head to the flood,  
And swam through at Queensferry.

- 2 But when she to the presence came,  
'Mang earls high and lordlie,  
There hat on head sat every man,  
While hat in hand stood Geordie.

## M

Motherwell's Note-Book, pp. 2, 1; from Miss Brown, sister of Dr James Brown, of Glasgow.

- WHEN he came out at the tolbooth-stair,  
He was baith red and rosy;  
But gin he cam to the gallows-fit,  
He was wallourt like the lily.

## N

Motherwell's Note-Book, p. 20.

- I HAVE nine children in the west,  
The tenth ane's in my bodie;  
The eldest o them she never knew a man,  
And she knows not wha's her daddy.

A. 4<sup>2</sup>, 5<sup>2</sup>. menzie.

B. a. 8<sup>3</sup>, 9<sup>3</sup>, 19<sup>2</sup>, 21<sup>3</sup>. & for an.

13<sup>2</sup>. for *struck out before* Your.

14<sup>3</sup>. O *has been altered from* If, and is not *very distinct*.

25<sup>2</sup>. wi her?

25<sup>3</sup>. Tell down, tell tell down.

26. Or, She's put her hand to her pocket,  
She's pulld out ducats many,  
An she's telld down, etc.

27<sup>1</sup>. Var. she blessd.

28<sup>3,4</sup>. No indication that this is an imperfect stanza. The last line is nearly bound in, and not easy to read.

30<sup>3</sup>. Gar print, etc.

b. Variations written on the margin of a.

1<sup>3</sup>. The Laird of Gigh has killd a man.

2<sup>3</sup>. That will gae rin to the yates of Gigh.

7<sup>1</sup>. Burntisland sands for the water-side.

8<sup>1</sup>. the water-yate.

8<sup>3</sup>. dealt the red gold them amang.

14. 'T was up than spak a gentleman,  
Was ca'd the Laird of Logie,  
War Gighie's head but on the blo[ck],  
If I had his fair ladie!'

21<sup>1</sup>. the gude Argyle for a Scottish lord.

21<sup>2</sup>. He's been a friend to many.

C. a. "This song was taken down from a Miss Christy Robertson, Dunse, who sung it to a very pretty old tune. Being an old maid herself, she did not let it want any of the original plainture which I suppose the original air would have."

The MS. of Thomas Wilkie is inscribed, at the beginning, Gattonside, 4th Sept., 1813; at the end, Bowden, 2d Sept., 1815.

6<sup>3</sup>. goud written over guineas.

8<sup>1,2</sup>. Var. six for ten, seventh for eleventh.

10<sup>1</sup>. a kind-hearted man, wanting in b, has evidently been supplied.

12<sup>1,2</sup>. Supplied: originally only A man spoke loud.

12<sup>3</sup>. Geordie's written over his; were over had, been.

b. 2<sup>3</sup>. shirt. 4<sup>2</sup>. And they saddled to her.

6<sup>3</sup>. red goud. 7<sup>1</sup>. When she. 9<sup>1</sup>. Geight.

10<sup>1</sup>. a kind-hearted man wanting.

12<sup>1,2</sup>. A man spoke loud.

13<sup>4</sup>. my wanting.

14<sup>2</sup>. And herself.

D. 2<sup>2</sup>. goud and money substituted for hose and shoon struck out.

9<sup>2</sup>. they struck out before was.



18<sup>2-6</sup>. *Written in two lines.*

E. b. *No account is given of the variations of the printed copy from the manuscript, but it is presumed that the larger ones were traditional.*

1<sup>8</sup>. And monie ane got broken heads.

2<sup>1</sup>. she gaed. 2<sup>4</sup>. To pray. 3<sup>1</sup>. into.

3<sup>8</sup>. And ilka aue.

*After 3:*

Up bespak a Norlan lord,  
I wat he spak na bonnie;  
'If ye 'll stay here a little while,  
Ye 'll see Geordie hangit shortly.'

4<sup>1</sup>. Then up bespak.

4<sup>3,4</sup>. If ye 'll pay doun five hundred crowns,  
Ye 'se get your true-love Geordie.

*After 4:*

Some lent her guineas, some lent her crowns,  
Some lent her shillings monie,  
And she 's paid doun five hundred crowns,  
And she 's gotten her bonnie love Geordie.

5<sup>1</sup>. hie steed. 5<sup>2</sup>. ahint.

*Burden, first line:* My Geordie O, my Geordie O.  
F. "Sung to a tune something similar to 'My Nannie O.'"

10<sup>8</sup>. 10000. 12<sup>3</sup>. 5000.

G. 8<sup>8</sup>, 9<sup>8</sup>. 500.

10<sup>8</sup>. breeks *is a corruption, for bouks*, A 14<sup>8</sup>.

I. a. 10<sup>8</sup>. crowns like duke o Downs: *cf.* b 21<sup>8</sup>,  
G 31<sup>8</sup>.

12<sup>4</sup>. gars your.

b. 1<sup>1</sup>. I was courted a wife in the bonny woods  
of Fife.

1<sup>2</sup>. and flowers.

1<sup>8</sup>. And pleasures I've had never nane.

1<sup>4</sup>. I've had mony.

2<sup>1</sup>. was lady of bonny Pitfauns. 2<sup>2</sup>. Then.

2<sup>8</sup>. is Lady.

2<sup>4</sup>. I'm even. 3<sup>1</sup>. He never owns me.

3<sup>2</sup>. Nor loves me. 3<sup>8</sup>. But every day.

3<sup>4</sup>. rides to Pilbagnet's.

4<sup>1</sup>. Pilbagnet he 's.

4<sup>2</sup>. has lien wi.

4<sup>8</sup>. And he 's put him in prison strang.

4<sup>4</sup>. *Wanting.*

5<sup>8</sup>. That will rin on to Ythan side.

5<sup>4</sup>. Wi letters.

6. Now here am I, a bonny boy,  
Will rin your errand shortly,

That will rin on to Ythan side  
Wi letters to your ladye.

7<sup>1</sup>. But when she looked the letter on.

7<sup>8</sup>. But ere: to an. 7<sup>4</sup>. tears fell.

8<sup>1</sup>. Ye 'll saddle: said.

8<sup>2</sup>. Tho the brown should ride never so bonny.

8<sup>8</sup>. I 'll go on to.

8<sup>4</sup>. To see how they 're using my.

9. As she rode down by the pier of Leith,  
The poor met her never so mony,  
And she dealt the red gold right liberally,  
And bade them pray well for her Geordie.

10. As she rode down by Edinbro town,  
The poor met her never so mony,  
And she dealt the red gold right liberallie,  
And bade them pray weel for her Geor-  
die.

*After 10:*

The king looked ower his castle-wa,  
And he spak seen and shortly;  
'Now who is this,' said our liege the king,  
'Deals the red gold sae largely?'

Then up bespak a bonny boy,  
Was richt nigh to her Geordie;  
'I 'll wager my life and a' my lan  
That it is Gicht's own ladye.'

11<sup>1</sup>. Then she went down the toolbooth-stair.

11<sup>2</sup>. all the nobles so.

11<sup>8</sup>. And every one had his hat on.

12-20. *Wanting.*

21. Then she went down the toolbooth-stair,  
Among all the nobles so many;  
Some gave her guineas, some gave her  
crowns,  
Some gave her dukedoons many,  
And she has paid down the jailor's fee,  
And now she enjoys her Geordie.

22-26. *Wanting.*

27. 'O bonnie George, I love you weel!  
O dear George, as I love you!  
The sun and the moon, go together roun  
and roun,  
Bear witness, dear George, how I love  
you!'

28. 'O bonnie Anne, I love you weel!  
 Oh dear Anne, how I love you!  
 The birds of the air, fly together pair and  
 pair,  
 Bear witness, dear Anne, how I love  
 you!'
- J. 13<sup>4</sup>. the queen's berry.  
 26<sup>2</sup>. crimes. *I suppose crimes is to be meant.*

- K. "Of the preceding ballad [F], Agnes Lile says she has heard her father sing a different set, all of which she forgets except this, that there was nothing said of 'a bold bluidy wretch,' and in place of what is given to him in this version [F 10, 11], there were the two following stanzas." *Motherwell's MS.*, p. 370 f.  
 2<sup>3</sup>. 5000.

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## APPENDIX

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"A lamentable new ditty, made upon the death of a worthy gentleman named George Stoole, dwelling sometime on Gate-side Moore, and sometime at New-Castle in Northumberland: with his penitent end. To a delicate Scottish tune." Roxburghe Collection, I, 186, 187. Roxburghe Ballads, ed. W. Chappell, I, 576. Previously printed by [Ritson], Northumberland Garland, Newcastle, 1793, p. 33 (p. 43 of Haslewood's reprint, London, 1809), and in Bell's Rhymes of Northern Bards, p. 162.

- 1 COME, you lusty northerne lads,  
 That are so blith and bonny,  
 Prepare your hearts to be full sad,  
 To hear the end of Georgy.  
 Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, my bon[n]y love,  
 Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, my bonny!  
 Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, my owne deare love,  
 And God be with my Georgie!
- 2 When Georgie to his triall came,  
 A thousand hearts were sorry;  
 A thousand lasses wept full sore,  
 And all for love of Georgy.
- 3 Some did say he would escape,  
 Some at his fall did glory;  
 But these were clowns and fickle friends,  
 And none that lov'd Georgy.
- 4 Might friends have satisfide the law,  
 Then Georgie would find many;  
 Yet bravely did he plead for life,  
 If mercy might be any.
- 5 But when this doughty carle was cast,  
 He was full sad and sorry;  
 Yet boldly did he take his death,  
 So patiently dyde Georgie.
- 6 As Georgie went up to the gate,  
 He tooke his leave of many;

- He tooke his leave of his lard's wife,  
 Whom he lov'd best of any.
- 7 With thousand sighs and heavy lookes,  
 Away from thence he parted  
 Where he so often blith had beene,  
 Though now so heavy-hearted.
  - 8 He writ a letter with his owne hand,  
 He thought he writ it bravely;  
 He sent to New-castle towne,  
 To his beloved lady.
  - 9 Wherein he did at large bewaile  
 The occasion of his folly,  
 Bequeathing life unto the law,  
 His soule to heaven holy.
  - 10 'Why, lady, leave to weepe for me!  
 Let not my ending grieve ye!  
 Prove constant to the man you love,  
 For I cannot releeve ye.
  - 11 'Out upon the, Withrington!  
 And fie upon the, Phoenix!  
 Thou hast put downe the doughty one  
 That stole the sheepe from Anix.
  - 12 'And fie on all such cruell carles  
 Whose crueltie's so fickle  
 To cast away a gentleman,  
 In hatred, for so little!
  - 13 'I would I were on yonder hill,  
 Where I have beene full merry,  
 My sword and buckeler by my side,  
 To fight till I be weary.
  - 14 'They well should know, that tooke me first,  
 Though hopes be now forsaken,  
 Had I but freedome, armes, and health,  
 I'de dye ere I'de be taken.
  - 15 'But law condemns me to my grave,  
 They have me in their power;  
 Ther's none but Christ that can mee save  
 At this my dying houre.'

16 He calld his dearest love to him,  
When as his heart was sorry,  
And speaking thus, with manly heart,  
'Deare sweeting, pray for Georgie.'

17 He gave to her a piece of gold,  
And bade her give 't her barnes,  
And oft he kist her rosie lips,  
And laid him into her armes.

18 And comming to the place of death,  
He never changèd colour ;  
The more they thought he would looke pale,  
The more his veines were fuller.

19 And with a cheerefull countenance,  
Being at that time entreated  
For to confesse his former life,  
These words he straight repeated.

20 'I never stole no oxe nor cow,  
Nor never murdered any ;  
But fifty horse I did receive  
Of a merchant's man of Gory.

21 'For which I am condemnd to dye,  
Though guiltlesse I stand dying ;  
Deare gracious God, my soule receive !  
For now my life is flying.'

22 The man of death a part did act  
Which grieves mee tell the story ;  
God comfort all are comfortlesse,  
And did[e] so well as Georgie!  
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, my bonny love,  
Heigh-ho, heigh[-ho], my bonny,  
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, mine own true love,  
Sweet Christ receive my Georgie!

1. *Burden to st. 1 : honny in the second line.*

10<sup>3</sup>. the ney. 14<sup>2</sup>. whoops. 14<sup>4</sup>. dye are.

"The Life and Death of George of Oxford. To a pleasant tune, called Poor Georgy." Roxburghe Collection, IV, 53, Pepys, II, 150, Jersey, I, 86, Huth, I, 150, according to Mr J. W. Ebsworth, Roxburghe Ballads, VII, 70, 1890. It was printed for P. Brooksby, whose time Mr Ebsworth gives as between 1671 and 1692.

1 As I went over London Bridge,  
All in a misty morning,  
There did I see one weep and mourn,  
Lamenting for her Georgy.  
His time it is past, his life it will not last,  
Alack and alas, there is no remédý!  
Which makes the heart within me ready to  
burst in three,  
To think on the death of poor Georgy.

2 'George of Oxford is my name,  
And few there 's but have known me ;  
Many a mad prank have I playd,  
But now they 've overthrown me.'

3 O then bespake the Lady Gray ;  
'I 'le haste me in the morning,  
And to the judge I 'le make my way,  
To save the life of Georgy.

4 'Go saddle me my milk-white steed,  
Go saddle me my bonny,  
That I may to New-Castle speed,  
To save the life of Georgy.'

5 But when she came the judge before,  
Full low her knee she bended ;  
For Georgy's life she did implore,  
That she might be befriended.

6 'O rise, O rise, fair Lady Gray,  
Your suit cannot be granted ;  
Content your self as well you may,  
For Georgy must be hanged.'

7 She wept, she waild, she [w]rung her hands,  
And ceasèd not her mourning ;  
She offerd gold, she offerd lands,  
To save the life of Georgy.

8 'I have travell'd through the land,  
And met with many a man, sir,  
But, knight or lord, I bid him stand ;  
He durst not make an answer.

9 'The Brittain bold that durst deny  
His money for to tender,  
Though he were stout as valiant Guy,  
I forced him to surrender.

10 'But when the money I had got,  
And made him cry *peccavi*,  
To bear his charge and pay his shot,  
A mark or noble gave I.

11 'The ladies, when they had me seen,  
Would ner have been affrighted ;  
To take a dance upon the green  
With Georgy they delighted.

12 'When I had ended this our wake,  
And fairly them bespoken,  
Their rings and jewels would I take,  
To keep them for a token.'

13 The hue-and-cry for George is set,  
A proper handsome fellow,  
With diamond eyes as black as jet,  
And looks like gold so yellow.

- 14 Long it was, with all their art,  
Ere they could apprehend him,  
But at the last his valiant heart  
No longer could defend him.
- 15 'I ner stole horse nor mare in my life,  
Nor cloven foot, or any,  
But once, sir, of the king's white steeds,  
And I sold them to Bohemia.'

- 16 Georgy he went up the hill,  
And after followed many;  
Georgy was hanged in silken string,  
The like was never any.

*The burden (here given with only the first stanza) is from time to time varied.*

3<sup>l</sup>, 6<sup>l</sup>. Oh. After 7. George's Confession.

## 210

## BONNIE JAMES CAMPBELL

A. Herd's MSS, I, 40, II, 184.

C. 'Bonnie George Campbell,' Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, V, 42.

B. Finlay's *Scottish Ballads*, 1808, I, xxxiii.

D. Cunningham's *Songs of Scotland*, III, 2.

A WAS copied by Sir Walter Scott (with slight variations) into a MS. at Abbotsford, 'Scottish Songs,' fol. 68 (1795-1806). The first half is printed from notes of Scott in Laing's edition of Sharpe's *Ballad Book*, pp. 143, 156 f, and to these two stanzas, nearly as here printed, there are added in the second case, p. 157, the following verses, which are evidently modern, with the exception of the last:

His hawk and his hounds they are wandered and  
gane,

His lady sits dowie and weary her lane,  
His bairns wi greetin hae blinded their een,  
His croft is unshorn, and his meadow grows green.

Scott subjoins, "I never heard more of this." He was familiar with Herd's MSS.

C, like many things in the *Scottish Minstrel*, has passed through editorial hands, whence the 'never return' of st. 4, and 'A plume in his helmet, a sword at his knee,' st. 5. This copy furnished the starting point for Allan Cunningham, III, 1, who, however, substitutes Finlay's 'wife' for the *Minstrel*'s 'bryde,' and presents her with three bairns.

Motherwell made up his 'Bonnie George

Campbell' (*Minstrelsy*, p. 44) from B, C, D. In a manuscript copied out by a granddaughter of Lord Woodhouselee (1840-50), D is combined with Cunningham's ballad.

Motherwell says that this ballad "is probably a lament for one of the adherents of the house of Argyle who fell in the battle of Glenlivet, stricken on Thursday, the third day of October, 1594." Sir Robert Gordon observes that Argyle lost in this battle his two cousins, Archibald and James Campbell: *Genealogical History of Sutherland*, p. 229. Maidment, *Scottish Ballads*, 1868, I, 240, chooses to think that "there can be little doubt" that the ballad refers to the murder of Sir John Campbell of Calder by one of his own surname, in 1591, and alters the title accordingly to 'Bonnie John Campbell.' Motherwell has at least a name to favor his supposition. But Campbells enow were killed, in battle or feud, before and after 1590, to forbid a guess as to an individual James or George grounded upon the slight data afforded by the ballad.

Motherwell's ballad is translated by Wolff, *Halle der Völker*, I, 79, Hausschatz, p. 225.



## A

Herd's MSS, I, 40, II, 184.

- 1 O it's up in the Highlands,  
and along the sweet Tay,  
Did bonie James Campbell  
ride monie a day.
  - 2 Saddled and bridled,  
and bonie rode he;  
Hame came horse, hame came saddle,  
but neer hame cam he.
- 

## B

Finlay's Scottish Ballads, 1808, I, xxxiii.

- 1 Saddled and bridled  
and bootied rade he;  
Toom hame cam the saddle,  
but never cam he.
  - 2 Down cam his auld mither,  
greetin fu sair,
- 

## C

Smith's Scottish Minstrel, V, 42.

- 1 Hie upon Hielands,  
and laigh upon Tay,  
Bonnie George Campbell  
rode out on a day.
  - 2 He saddled, he bridled,  
and gallant rode he,  
And hame cam his guid horse,  
but never cam he.
  - 3 Out cam his mother dear,  
greeting fu sair,  
And out cam his bonnie bryde,  
riving her hair.
- 

- 3 And doun cam his sweet sisters,  
greeting sae sair,  
And doun cam his bonie wife,  
tearing her hair.

- 4 'My house is unbiggered,  
my barn's unbeen,  
My corn's unshorn,  
my meadow grows green.'

\* \* \* \* \*

And doun cam his bonny wife,  
wringin her hair.

- 3 Saddled and bridled  
and bootied rade he;  
Toom hame cam the saddle,  
but never cam he.

- 4 'The meadow lies green,  
the corn is unshorn,  
But bonnie George Campbell  
will never return.'

- 5 Saddled and bridled  
and bootied rode he,  
A plume in his helmet,  
a sword at his knee.

- 6 But toom cam his saddle,  
all bloody to see,  
Oh, hame cam his guid horse,  
but never cam he!
-

## D

Cunningham's Songs of Scotland, III, 2, communicated by Mr Yellowlees.

1 High upon Highlands,  
and low upon Tay,

Bonnie George Campbell  
rode out on a day.

2 'My meadow lies green,  
and my corn is unshorn,  
My barn is to build,  
and my babe is unborn.

*A is written, and C printed, in stanzas of four long lines.*

A. 1<sup>1</sup>. *Sharpe*, 143, O wanting.  
1<sup>2</sup>. *Scottish Songs and Sharpe*, and wanting.

2<sup>2</sup>. *Scottish Songs*, and gallant, as in C.

2<sup>4</sup>. *Sharpe*, but hame cam na he.

4<sup>4</sup>. *Scottish Songs*, meadows grow green.

## 211

## BEWICK AND GRAHAM

a. 'The Song of Bewick and Grahame,' a stall-copy, in octavo, British Museum, 11621. e. 1. (4.) b. 'A Remarkable and Memorable Song of Sir Robert Bewick and the Laird Graham,' broadside, Roxburghe Ballads, III, 624. c. 'A Remarkable and Memorable Song of Sir Robert Bewick and the Laird Graham,' broadside, Percy papers. d. 'Bewick and Graham's Garland,' M. Angus and Son, Newcastle,

Bell Ballads, Abbotsford Library, P. 5, vol. i, No 60. e. Broadside, in "A Jolly Book of Garlands collected by John Bell in Newcastle," No 29, Abbotsford Library, E. 1. f. 'Bewick and Graham,' chapbook, Newcastle, W. Fordyce. g. "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 145, Abbotsford. h. 'Chirstie Græme,' the same, No 89.

No copy of this ballad earlier than the last century is known to me. The Museum Catalogue gives a conjectural date of 1740 to a and of 1720 to b, and, conjecturally again, assigns both to Newcastle. c, d, e are also without date. c may be as old as b; d, e are at least not old, and f is of this century. The ballad was given under the title 'Græme and Bewick,' in Scott's Minstrelsy, 1803, III, 93, "from the recitation of a gentleman" who remembered it but imperfectly. In a succeeding edition, III, 66, 1833, deficiencies were partly supplied and some different readings adopted "from a copy obtained by the recitation of an ostler in Carlisle." The first copy (entitled 'Chirstie Græme') was sent Scott

by William Laidlaw, January 3, 1803 (Letters, vol. i, No 78), as taken down by him from the singing of Mr Walter Grieve, in Craik, on Borthwick Water. It is preserved in "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 89, Abbotsford (h); and in the same volume, No 145, is what is shown by internal evidence to be the ostler's copy (g). Both copies were indisputably derived from print, though h may have passed through several mouths. g agrees with b-f closely as to minute points of phraseology which it is difficult to believe that a reciter would have retained. It looks more like an immediate, though faulty, transcript from print. Of many deviations, though most may be charge-

able to a bad copyist, or, if one pleases, a bad memory, others indicate an original which differed in some particulars from b-f; and the same may perhaps be true of h, which is, however, of only very trifling value.\*

'The Brothers-in-Arms,' Maidment, *Scottish Ballads and Songs*, 1868, II, 150, is Scott's later copy.

Old Graham and old Bewick are drinking together at Carlisle. Graham proposes the health of their respective sons. Bewick demurs. Young Graham is no peer for young Bewick, who is good at both books and arms, whereas Graham is no scholar. Old Graham goes home mortified and angry, repeats to his son Christy what Bewick had said, and bids him, as he would have his blessing, prove that he can at least hold his own in a fight with young Bewick. Christy is 'faith and troth,' or sworn-brother, to young Bewick, and begs his father to forbear. The father insists; Christy may make his choice, to fight with young Bewick or with himself. Christy, upon reflection, concludes that it would be a less crime to kill his sworn-brother than to kill his father, but swears that, should it be his lot to kill his friend, he will never come home alive. He arms himself and goes to seek his comrade. Bewick, who has been teaching his five scholars their fence, and apparently also their psalms, is walking in his father's close, with his sword under his arm, and sees a man in armor riding towards him. Recognizing Graham, he welcomes him affectionately. Graham informs him that he has come to fight with him, rehearses the scene with old Graham, and puts by all his friend's remonstrances and the suggestion that the fathers may be reconciled through arbitrators. Forced to fight, Bewick vows, as Graham had done, that, if it be his fortune to kill his brother, he will never go home alive. Graham throws off

his armor that he may have no advantage; they fight two hours with no result, and then Graham gives Bewick one of those 'ackward' strokes which have determined several duels in foregoing ballads. The wound is deadly; Bewick intreats Graham to fly the country; Graham swears that his vow shall be kept, leaps on his sword and is the first to die. Old Bewick comes up and is disposed to congratulate his son on his victory. Young Bewick begs him to make one grave for both, and to lay young Graham on the sunny side, for he had been the better man. The two fathers indulge in exclamations of grief.

I am persuaded that there was an older and better copy of this ballad than those which are extant. The story is so well composed, proportion is so well kept, on the whole, that it is reasonable to suppose that certain passages (as stanzas 3, 4, 50) may have suffered some injury. There are also phrases which are not up to the mark of the general style, as the hack-rhymester lines at 7<sup>3</sup>, 19<sup>2</sup>. But it is a fine-spirited ballad as it stands, and very infectious.

"The ballad is remarkable," observes Sir Walter Scott, "as containing probably the very latest allusion to the institution of brotherhood in arms." And he goes on to say: "The quarrel of the two old chieftains over their wine is highly in character. Two generations have not elapsed [1803] since the custom of drinking deep and taking deadly revenge for slight offences produced very tragical events on the border; to which the custom of going armed to festive meetings contributed not a little."

Scott's later edition is translated by Loève-Veimars, p. 323; by Rosa Warrens, *Schottische Volkslieder der Vorzeit*, p. 99, No 22.

\* Somebody, perhaps J., the editor of *The Common-Place Book of Ancient and Modern Ballad*, etc., Edinburgh, 1824, attempted an improvement of the later edition of Scott's ballad. The recension was used by Loève-Veimars for his

translation, and is given in his *Popular Ballads and Songs from Tradition, Manuscripts, and Scarce Editions*, Paris, 1825, p. 71. This copy, with variations, is found in the Campbell MSS, I, 348. The alterations are mostly trivial.

- 1 OLD Grahame [he] is to Carlisle gone,  
Where Sir Robert Bewick there met he ;  
In arms to the wine they are gone,  
And drank till they were both merry.
- 2 Old Grahame he took up the cup,  
And said, ' Brother Bewick, here 's to thee ;  
And here 's to our two sons at home,  
For they live best in our country.'
- 3 ' Nay, were thy son as good as mine,  
And of some books he could but read,  
With sword and buckler by his side,  
To see how he could save his head,
- 4 ' They might have been calld two bold breth-  
ren  
Where ever they did go or ride ;  
They might [have] been calld two bold  
brethren,  
They might have crackd the Border-side.
- 5 ' Thy son is bad, and is but a lad,  
And bully to my son cannot be ;  
For my son Bewick can both write and read,  
And sure I am that cannot he.'
- 6 ' I put him to school, but he would not learn,  
I bought him books, but he would not read ;  
But my blessing he 's never have  
Till I see how his hand can save his head.'
- 7 Old Grahame called for an account,  
And he askd what was for to pay ;  
There he paid a crown, so it went round,  
Which was all for good wine and hay.
- 8 Old Grahame is into the stable gone,  
Where stood thirty good steeds and three ;  
He 's taken his own steed by the head,  
And home rode he right wantonly.
- 9 When he came home, there did he espy,  
A loving sight to spy or see,  
There did he espy his own three sons,  
Young Christy Grahame, the foremost was  
he.
- 10 There did he espy his own three sons,  
Young Christy Grahame, the foremost was  
he :  
' Where have you been all day, father,  
That no counsel you would take by me ?'
- 11 ' Nay, I have been in Carlisle town,  
Where Sir Robert Bewick there met me ;  
He said thou was bad, and calld thee a lad,  
And a baffled man by thou I be.
- 12 ' He said thou was bad, and calld thee a lad,  
And bully to his son cannot be ;  
For his son Bewick can both write and read,  
And sure I am that cannot thee.
- 13 ' I put thee to school, but thou would not learn,  
I bought thee books, but thou would not read ;  
But my blessing thou 's never have  
Till I see with Bewick thou can save thy  
head.'
- 14 ' Oh, pray forbear, my father dear ;  
That ever such a thing should be !  
Shall I venture my body in field to fight  
With a man that 's faith and troth to me ?'
- 15 ' What 's that thou sayst, thou limmer loon ?  
Or how dare thou stand to speak to me ?  
If thou do not end this quarrel soon,  
Here is my glove thou shalt fight me.'
- 16 Christy stoopd low unto the ground,  
Unto the ground, as you 'll understand :  
' O father, put on your glove again,  
The wind hath blown it from your hand.'
- 17 ' What 's that thou sayst, thou limmer loon ?  
Or how dare thou stand to speak to me ?  
If thou do not end this quarrel soon,  
Here is my hand thou shalt fight me.'
- 18 Christy Grahame is to his chamber gone,  
And for to study, as well might be,  
Whether to fight with his father dear,  
Or with his bully Bewick he.
- 19 ' If it be [my] fortune my bully to kill,  
As you shall boldly understand,  
In every town that I ride through,  
They 'll say, There rides a brotherless man !
- 20 ' Nay, for to kill my bully dear,  
I think it will be a deadly sin ;  
And for to kill my father dear,  
The blessing of heaven I neer shall win.
- 21 ' O give me your blessing, father,' he said,  
' And pray well for me for to thrive ;



- If it be my fortune my bully to kill,  
I swear I'll neer come home alive.'
- 22 He put on his back a good plate-jack,  
And on his head a cap of steel,  
With sword and buckler by his side;  
O gin he did not become them well!
- 23 'O fare thee well, my father dear!  
And fare thee well, thou Carlisle town!  
If it be my fortune my bully to kill,  
I swear I'll neer eat bread again.'
- 24 Now we'll leave talking of Christy Grahame,  
And talk of him again belive;  
But we will talk of bonny Bewick,  
Where he was teaching his scholars five.
- 25 Now when he had learnd them well to fence,  
To handle their swords without any doubt,  
He's taken his own sword under his arm,  
And walkd his father's close about.
- 26 He lookd between him and the sun,  
To see what farleys he cou'd see;  
There he spy'd a man with armour on,  
As he came riding over the lee.
- 27 'I wonder much what man yon be  
That so boldly this way does come;  
I think it is my nighest friend,  
I think it is my bully Grahame.
- 28 'O welcome, O welcome, bully Grahame!  
O man, thou art my dear, welcome!  
O man, thou art my dear, welcome!  
For I love thee best in Christendom.'
- 29 'Away, away, O bully Bewick,  
And of thy bullyship let me be!  
The day is come I never thought on;  
Bully, I'm come here to fight with thee.'
- 30 'O no! not so, O bully Grahame!  
That eer such a word should spoken be!  
I was thy master, thou was my scholar:  
So well as I have learn'd thee.'
- 31 'My father he was in Carlisle town,  
Where thy father Bewick there met he;  
He said I was bad, and he call'd me a lad,  
And a baffled man by thou I be.'
- 32 'Away, away, O bully Grahame,  
And of all that talk, man, let us be!  
We'll take three men of either side  
To see if we can our fathers agree.'
- 33 'Away, away, O bully Bewick,  
And of thy bullyship let me be!  
But if thou be a man, as I trow thou art,  
Come over this ditch and fight with me.'
- 34 'O no! not so, my bully Grahame!  
That eer such a word should spoken be!  
Shall I venture my body in field to fight  
With a man that's faith and troth to me?'
- 35 'Away, away, O bully Bewick,  
And of all that care, man, let us be!  
If thou be a man, as I trow thou art,  
Come over this ditch and fight with me.'
- 36 'Now, if it be my fortune thee, Grahame, to  
kill,  
As God's will's, man, it all must be;  
But if it be my fortune thee, Grahame, to kill,  
'T is home again I'll never gae.'
- 37 'Thou art of my mind then, bully Bewick,  
And sworn-brethren will we be;  
If thou be a man, as I trow thou art,  
Come over this ditch and fight with me.'
- 38 He flang his cloak from [off] his shoulders,  
His psalm-book out of his hand flang he,  
He clapt his hand upon the hedge,  
And oer lap he right wantonly.
- 39 When Grahame did see his bully come,  
The salt tear stood long in his eye:  
'Now needs must I say that thou art a man,  
That dare venture thy body to fight with me.
- 40 'Now I have a harness on my back;  
I know that thou hath none on thine;  
But as little as thou hath on thy back,  
Sure as little shall there be on mine.'
- 41 He flang his jack from off his back,  
His steel cap from his head flang he;  
He's taken his sword into his hand,  
He's tyed his horse unto a tree.
- 42 Now they fell to it with two broa[d swords],  
For two long hours fought Bewick [and he];

- Much sweat was to be seen on them both,  
But never a drop of blood to see.
- 43 Now Grahame gave Bewick an ackward stroke,  
An ackward stroke surely struck he;  
He struck him now under the left breast,  
Then down to the ground as dead fell he.
- 44 'Arise, arise, O bully Bewick,  
Arise, and speak three words to me!  
Whether this be thy deadly wound,  
Or God and good surgeons will mend thee.'
- 45 'O horse, O horse, O bully Grahame,  
And pray do get thee far from me!  
Thy sword is sharp, it hath wounded my heart,  
And so no further can I gae.
- 46 'O horse, O horse, O bully Grahame,  
And get thee far from me with speed!  
And get thee out of this country quite!  
That none may know who 's done the deed.'
- 47 'O if this be true, my bully dear,  
The words that thou dost tell to me,  
The vow I made, and the vow I'll keep;  
I swear I'll be the first that die.
- 48 Then he stuck his sword in a moody-hill,  
Where he lap thirty good foot and three;  
First he bequeathed his soul to God,  
And upon his own sword-point lap he.
- 49 Now Grahame he was the first that died,  
And then came Robin Bewick to see;  
'Arise, arise, O son!' he said,  
'For I see thou 's won the victory.
- 50 'Arise, arise, O son!' he said,  
'For I see thou 's won the victory.'  
'[Father, co]uld ye not drunk your wine at  
home,  
[And le]tten me and my brother be?
- 51 'Nay, dig a grave both low and wide,  
And in it us two pray bury;  
But bury my bully Grahame on the sun-side,  
For I'm sure he 's won the victory.'
- 52 Now we 'll leave talking of these two brethren,  
In Carlisle town where they lie slain,  
And talk of these two good old men,  
Where they were making a pitiful moan.
- 53 With that bespoke now Robin Bewick:  
'O man, was I not much to blame?  
I have lost one of the liveliest lads  
That ever was bred unto my name.'
- 54 With that bespoke my good lord Grahame:  
'O man, I have lost the better block;  
I have lost my comfort and my joy,  
I have lost my key, I have lost my lock.
- 55 'Had I gone through all Ladderdale,  
And forty horse had set on me,  
Had Christy Grahame been at my back,  
So well as he woud guarded me.'
- 56 I have no more of my song to sing,  
But two or three words to you I'll name;  
But 't will be talk'd in Carlisle town  
That these two [old] men were all the blame.

a. The Song of Bewick and Grahame: containing an account how the Lord Grahame met with Sir Robert Bewick in the town of Carlisle, and, going to the tavern, a dispute happened betwixt them which of their sons was the better man; how Grahame rode away in a passion, and, meeting with his son, persuaded him to go and fight young Bewick, which he did accordingly; and how it prov'd both their deaths.

Licensd and enterd according to order.

2<sup>4</sup>. love. b—g have live; h, like us.  
11<sup>4</sup>. thou. Cf. 31<sup>4</sup>. 13<sup>4</sup>. you can.  
18<sup>2</sup>. might he.  
25<sup>1</sup>, 36<sup>1</sup>, 40<sup>1</sup>, 42<sup>1</sup>, 43<sup>1</sup>, 49<sup>1</sup>. Nay for Now.  
37<sup>1</sup>. art in mind then.  
b, c, e, f. art then of my mind.  
40<sup>2,4</sup>. of for on. 41<sup>3</sup>. spear for sword:  
so b—f, but g, k, sword.  
42<sup>1,2</sup>, 50<sup>3,4</sup>. The top corner is torn off: cf. b—f.  
b—f. A remarkable and memorable Song [f,  
Remarkable and memorable History] of

Sir Robert Bewick and the Laird Graham, giving an account of Laird Graham's meeting with Sir Robert Bewick in the town of Carlisle, and, they going to a tavern, a dispute happened betwixt them which of their sons was the best man. How Graham rode home in a passion, and caused his son to fight young Bewick, which proved their deaths.

- 1<sup>1</sup>. b, c, d, e. he is. f. he has.  
 1<sup>4</sup>. b. drink. 2<sup>1</sup>. d. he *wanting*.  
 2<sup>4</sup>. live best. 3<sup>4</sup>. b. safe. 4<sup>2</sup>. do go.  
 4<sup>3</sup>. might have. 5<sup>1</sup>. he is. 5<sup>3,4</sup>. *Wanting*  
 6<sup>4</sup>. how he can. 7<sup>1</sup>. he calld.  
 7<sup>2</sup>. what there was to.  
 7<sup>4</sup>. b, d, e, f. good *wanting*. 8<sup>1</sup>. is to.  
 9<sup>1</sup>. came there he did. 9<sup>3</sup>. d. spy.  
 10<sup>1,2</sup>. *Wanting*. 10<sup>4</sup>. you'll take. 11<sup>1</sup>. been at.  
 11<sup>3,4</sup>. d. *Wanting*.  
 11<sup>3</sup>. f. wast. b. calld thou. e. he called.  
 11<sup>4</sup>. b. a *wanting*. b, c, e, f. by thee.  
 12<sup>1</sup>. d, f. wast. e. he called.  
 12<sup>4</sup>. b, c, d, e. cannot be.  
 13<sup>1</sup>. b, d, f. wouldst.  
 13<sup>2</sup>. b, d, e, f. wouldst. 13<sup>3</sup>. e. blessings.  
 13<sup>4</sup>. d, e. see if with. b, d, e, f. thou canst.  
 14<sup>3</sup>. d. in a.  
 15<sup>1</sup>. d. you say, you. e. thou says.  
 15<sup>2</sup>. d, e, f. dare you. 16<sup>1</sup>. d, e. Christy he.  
 17<sup>2</sup>. dare you. f. Or *wanting*. 17<sup>3</sup>. If you.  
 18<sup>2</sup>. might be. c. for no study, *wrongly*.  
 19<sup>1</sup>. be my. 19<sup>3</sup>. d. town as.  
 20<sup>1</sup>. my brother. 20<sup>2</sup>. it were.  
 20<sup>4</sup>. d. blessings. 21<sup>2</sup>. me then to.  
 21<sup>4</sup>. b, d, e, f. I shall. b—f. never.  
 22<sup>1</sup>. good old. b, d, e, f. jacket. c. jack.  
 22<sup>4</sup>. weel. 23<sup>1</sup>. b. O fare the *torn away*.  
 d. weel. 23<sup>2</sup>. b. And fa *torn away*.  
 23<sup>4</sup>. c, d, e. I'll swear.  
 24<sup>1</sup>. leave off. d, e, f. we leave.  
 24<sup>2</sup>. b, c, f. of them.  
 25<sup>1</sup>. b, d, e, f. Now. c. Nay.  
 b—f. learned: well *wanting*.  
 25<sup>3</sup>. own *wanting*.  
 26<sup>1</sup>. b, c. between them.  
 26<sup>3</sup>. b, c, d, e. espy'd. f. And espied.  
 27<sup>2</sup>. doth. 27<sup>3</sup>. b. is *wanting*.  
 28<sup>1</sup>. my bully.  
 29<sup>3</sup>. b, c, e, f. come that I neer. d. come neer.  
 29<sup>4</sup>. b, c, d, e. come hither. 30<sup>1</sup>. d. my bully.  
 30<sup>3</sup>. b, d, e, f. and thou wast. c. and thou was.  
 30<sup>4</sup>. b, c, d. as *wanting*. b. have *wanting*.

- 31<sup>3</sup>. d, e, f. he *wanting*. 31<sup>4</sup>. d. a *wanting*.  
 f. by you.  
 32<sup>2</sup>. all *wanting*.  
 32<sup>3</sup>. on either. b, c. make.  
 33<sup>3</sup>, 35<sup>3</sup>, 37<sup>3</sup>. b, c, e. I true.  
 33<sup>3</sup>. d. thou be. 34<sup>3</sup>. d. in a.  
 34<sup>4</sup>. b. truth. 35<sup>1</sup>. thou for O.  
 35<sup>2</sup>. all that *wanting*.  
 36<sup>1</sup>. b, c, d, e. Nay. f. Now.  
 36<sup>2</sup>. will. b, c. almost.  
 36<sup>3</sup>. f. But *wanting*. 36<sup>4</sup>. d. I'd.  
 37<sup>1</sup>. b, c, e, f. art then of my mind. d. then *wanting*.  
 37<sup>2</sup>. d, e, f. we will.  
 38<sup>1</sup>. from off. d. flung. b. shoulder.  
 38<sup>2</sup>. b, c, d, e. book from off (d, from) his shoulders.  
 39<sup>2</sup>. tears. 39<sup>3</sup>. that *wanting*. 40<sup>1</sup>. Nay.  
 40<sup>2</sup>. none on. f. hast. 40<sup>3</sup>. c, d, f. hast.  
 40<sup>4</sup>. be on. f. Sure *wanting*. 41<sup>1</sup>. jacket.  
 41<sup>2</sup>. b, c, d, e. from off. f. cap of steel.  
 41<sup>3</sup>. his spear. 42<sup>1</sup>. b, d, e, f. Now. c. Nay.  
 b—f. broad swords.  
 42<sup>2</sup>. and he. 43<sup>1</sup>. b, d, e, f. Now. c. Nay.  
 43<sup>3</sup>. f. now *wanting*.  
 44<sup>3</sup>. d, e. Were this to be.  
 45<sup>3</sup>. b, c, f. it is. d. has wounded.  
 46<sup>4</sup>. That not one. 47<sup>1</sup>. Oh. 47<sup>2</sup>. b, d, e. doth.  
 47<sup>4</sup>. d, e, f. first to.  
 48<sup>1</sup>. b, c. struck. b—f. mould hill.  
 48<sup>2</sup>. b, c, d, e. Then he leapt. f. And he leapt. b—f. feet.  
 48<sup>4</sup>. sword leapt he.  
 49<sup>1</sup>. b, d, e, f. Now. c. Nay.  
 49<sup>2</sup>. then Robert (d, e, f, Sir Robert) Bewick came. c. see *wanting*.  
 50<sup>1,2</sup>. d, f. *Wanting*.  
 50<sup>3</sup>. b, c, d, e. Father, could you not drink. f. could not you drink.  
 50<sup>4</sup>. And letten: my bully. 51<sup>1</sup>. f. Now.  
 52<sup>1</sup>. leave of, off: these bold. 52<sup>2</sup>. they were.  
 53<sup>1</sup>. b. c, d, e. Robert. b. Berwick.  
 54<sup>1</sup>. d, e, f. laird. 55<sup>1</sup>. Lauderdale.  
 55<sup>2</sup>. d. horses set. 55<sup>4</sup>. well he would have.  
 56<sup>2</sup>. b, d, e, f. to you *wanting*. f. I will.  
 56<sup>3</sup>. f. But *wanting*. 56<sup>4</sup>. b, c. two old.  
*Readings found only in f which have an editorial character.*  
 6<sup>3</sup>. he shall.  
 12<sup>4</sup>. And sure I cannot say that of thee.  
 13<sup>3</sup>. thou shalt.  
 13<sup>4</sup>. Till with Bewick thou canst.  
 22<sup>4</sup>. And O he did become.



- 29<sup>4</sup>. Bully *wanting*: I'm hither come to fight with thee.  
 38<sup>2</sup>. psalm-book from his pouch.  
 44<sup>3</sup>. Is this to be thy deadly wound.  
 53<sup>1</sup>. And now up spake Sir Robert Bewick.  
 54<sup>1</sup>. With that up spake my good laird.  
 g. (*Only partially collated.*) 1<sup>2</sup>. he is.  
 2<sup>2</sup>. Billy Bewick.  
 2<sup>4</sup>. leave (= live). 5<sup>2</sup>. billy, *and always*.  
 5<sup>3,4</sup>. *Wanting*.  
 6<sup>4</sup>. see with Bewick he can. Cf. 13<sup>4</sup>.  
 7<sup>4</sup>. good wine, *as in a, c.*  
 10<sup>1,2</sup>. *Wanting*. 10<sup>4</sup>. you will take.  
 12<sup>4</sup>. cannot be. 13<sup>1,2</sup>. would. 13<sup>3</sup>. thou shall.  
 14<sup>2</sup>. should spoken be. Cf. 30<sup>2</sup>.  
 20<sup>1</sup>. my brother.  
 20<sup>2</sup>. think that were. 22<sup>1</sup>. good ould jack.  
 24<sup>1</sup>. leave of.  
 25<sup>1</sup>, 36<sup>1</sup>, 40<sup>1</sup>, 42<sup>1</sup>, 43<sup>1</sup>, 44<sup>1</sup>. Nay.  
 25<sup>1</sup>. had teacht. 28<sup>1</sup>. my billey. 30<sup>1</sup>. my billy.  
 30<sup>4</sup>. have teacht. 31<sup>4</sup>. by thou.  
 35<sup>1</sup>. thou *for* O. 36<sup>2</sup>. will. 36<sup>3</sup>. Nay *for* But.

- 37<sup>1</sup>. then *wanting*. 38<sup>1</sup>. from of his back.  
 38<sup>2</sup>. book from his shoulders. 39<sup>2</sup>. tear.  
 39<sup>4</sup>. in feald to fight. 40<sup>4</sup>. Sure *wanting*.  
 41<sup>1</sup>. jacket from.  
 41<sup>3</sup>. sword *for* spear: *much better*.  
 48<sup>1</sup>. mould hill. 48<sup>2</sup>. feet. 48<sup>4</sup>. lept.  
 50<sup>4</sup>. my billy. 51<sup>3</sup>. sunney side.  
 52<sup>1</sup>. leave of: thease bould. 52<sup>2</sup>. they were.  
 53<sup>4</sup>. was born. 55<sup>4</sup>. well he would a.  
 56<sup>4</sup>. two old.  
 h. 2<sup>4</sup>. like us best. 5<sup>2</sup>. billie, *and always*.  
 41<sup>3</sup>. he stuck his sword into the grund.  
 48<sup>1</sup>. moudie hill. 51<sup>3</sup>. on the sunny side.

The Common Place Book of Ancient and Modern Ballad, etc., p. 292, gives 18 thus:

Then Christie Graham's to his chamber gane,  
 And his thoughts within him made him sick,  
 Whether he suld fight wi his auld father,  
 Or wi his billie, learnd Bewick.

## 212

### THE DUKE OF ATHOLE'S NURSE

- A. Cromek's Select Scottish Songs, 1810, II, 196.  
 B. Skene MS., p. 10.  
 C. 'Duke of Athole's Gates,' Kinloch MSS, I, 335.  
 D. 'Duke of Athole's Nurse,' Kinloch MSS, I, 337.

- E. a. 'Duke o Athole's Nourice,' Kinloch MSS, VII, 171. b. 'The Duke of Athol's Nourice,' Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 127.  
 F. 'The Duke of Athole's Nurse.' a. Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 23. b. Christie's Traditional Ballad Airs, I, 80.

M, N of No 214 have stanzas belonging here. M 1, 3=A 3, 5; N 4, 6, 7=A 2, 4, 5. A 1<sup>1,2</sup>, 2 nearly, are found in No 213, 'Sir James the Rose,' 4<sup>1,2</sup>, 5, where also there is a treacherous leman.

B. The 'new-come darling' of the Duke of Athole offers the duke's nurse a ring if she will carry a word to her leman. This leman had previously been the nurse's lover, and comes to tell her that another has now possession of his heart. The nurse plans revenge, but dissimulates; she tells the faithless fellow

to go for the night to an ale-house, and she will meet him there in the morning. But instead of the nurse he sees a band of men, her seven brothers (nine brothers, F), coming towards the house, and easily divines that they are come to slay him. He appeals to the landlady to save him; she dresses him in woman's clothes and sets him to her baking. The seven brothers ask the landlady if she had a lodger last night; they are come to pay his reckoning. A lodger had been there, but he did not stay till morning. They search the



house and stab the beds, often passing the sham baking-maid without detecting the disguise.

C-F have nothing about the 'new-come darling,' but begin at once with the nurse,

who longs for her lover, and would give her half-year's fee to see him. He appears, and avows to her that another woman has gained his heart.

## A

Cromek's Select Scottish Songs, 1810, II, 196, 194; sent, with other fragments, by Robert Burns to William Tytler, August, 1790; stanzas 2-6.

\* \* \* \* \*

- 1 'WHERE shall I gang, my ain true love?  
Where shall I gang to hide me?  
For weel ye ken i yere father's bowr  
It wad be death to find me.'
- 2 'O go you to yon tavern-house,  
An there count owre your lawin,  
An, if I be a woman true,  
I'll meet you in the dawin.'

- 3 O he's gone to yon tavern-house,  
An ay he counted his lawin,  
An ay he drank to her guid health  
Was to meet him in the dawin.

- 4 O he's gone to yon tavern-house,  
An counted owre his lawin,  
When in there cam three armed men,  
To meet him in the dawin.

- 5 'O woe be unto woman's wit!  
It has beguiled many;  
She promised to come hersel,  
But she sent three men to slay me.'

## B

Skene MS., p. 10; taken down in the north of Scotland, 1802-3.

- 1 'YE are the Duke of Athol's nurse,  
And I'm the new-come darling;  
I'll gie you my gay gold rings  
To get ae word of my leman.'
- 2 'I am the Duke of Athol's nurse,  
And ye're the new-come darling;  
Keep well your gay gold rings,  
Ye sall get twa words o your leman.'
- 3 He leand oure his saddle-bow,  
It was not for to kiss her:  
'Anither woman has my heart,  
And I but come here to see ye.'
- 4 'If anither woman has your heart,  
O dear, but I am sorry!  
Ye hie you down to yon ale-house,  
And stay untill 't be dawing,

And if I be a woman true  
I'll meet you in the dawing.'

- 5 He did him down to yon ale-house,  
And drank untill 't was dawing;  
He drank the bonnie lassie's health  
That was to clear his lawing.
- 6 He lookit out of a shot-window,  
To see if she was coming,  
And there he seed her seven brithers,  
So fast as they were running!
- 7 He went up and down the house,  
Says, 'Landlady, can you save me?  
For yonder comes her seven brithers,  
And they are coming to slay me.'
- 8 So quick she minded her on a wile  
How she might protect him!  
She dressd him in a suit of woman's attire  
And set him to her baking.

9 'Had you a quarterer here last night,  
Or staid he to the dawning?  
Shew us the room the squire lay in,  
We are come to clear his lawing.'

10 'I had a quarterer here last night,  
But he staid not to the dawning ;

He called for a pint, and paid as he went,  
You have nothing to do with his lawing.'

11 They searchd the house baith up and down,  
The curtains they spaird not to rive em,  
And twenty times they passd  
The squire at his baking.

## C

Kinloch MSS, I, 335.

1 As I went down by the Duke of Athole's gates,  
Where the bells of the court were ringing,  
And there I heard a fair maid say,  
O if I had but ae sight o my Johnie !

2 'O here is your Johnie just by your side ;  
What have ye to say to your Johnie?  
O here is my hand, but anither has my heart,  
So ye 'll never get more o your Johnie.'

3 'O ye may go down to yon ale-house,  
And there do sit till the dawning ;  
And call for the wine that is very, very fine,  
And I 'll come and clear up your lawing.'

4 So he 's gane down to yon ale-house,  
And he has sat till the dawning ;  
And he 's calld for the wine that 's very, very  
fine,  
But she neer cam to clear up his lawing.

5 Lang or the dawning he oure the window looks,  
To see if his true-love was coming,  
And there he spied twelve weel armd boys,  
Coming over the plainstanes running.

6 'O landlady, landlady, what shall I do?  
For my life it 's not worth a farthing !'

'O young man,' said she, 'tak counsel by me,  
And I will be your undertaking.

7 'I will clothe you in my own body-clothes  
And I 'll send you like a girl to the baking :'  
And loudly, loudly they rapped at the door,  
And loudly, loudly they rappèd.

8 'O had you any strangers here late last night?  
Or were they lang gane or the dawning?  
O had you any strangers here late last night?  
We are now come to clear up his lawing.'

9 'O I had a stranger here late last night,  
But he was lang gane or the dawning ;  
He called for a pint, and he paid it as he went,  
And ye 've no more to do with his lawing.'

10 'O show me the room that your stranger lay in,  
If he was lang gane or the dawning :'  
She showed them the room that her stranger  
lay in,  
But he was lang gane or the dawning.

11 O they stabbed the feather-bed all round and  
round,  
And the curtains they neer stood to tear  
them ;  
And they gade as they cam, and left a' things  
undone,  
And left the young squire by his baking.

## D

Kinloch MSS, I, 337.

1 As I cam in by the Duke of Athole's gate,  
I heard a fair maid singing,  
Wi a bonny baby on her knee,  
And the bells o the court were ringing.

2 'O it 's I am the Duke of Athole's nurse,  
And the place does well become me ;  
But I would gie a' my half-year's fee  
Just for a sight o my Johnie.

\* \* \* \* \*

3 'If ye'll gae down to yon ale-house,  
And stop till it be dawing,  
And ca for a pint o the very, very best,  
And I'll come and clear up your lawing.'

4 O he's gane down to yon ale-house,  
And stopt till it was dawing;  
He ca'd for a pint o the very, very best,  
But she cam na to clear up his lawing.

5 He looked out at the chamber-window,  
To see if she was coming;  
And there he spied ten armed men,  
Across the plain coming running.

6 'O landlady, landlady, what shall I do?  
For my life is not worth a farthing;  
I paid you a guinea for my lodging last  
night,  
But I fear I'll never see sun shining.'

7 'If ye will be advised by me,  
I'll be your undertaking;  
I'll dress you up in my ain body-clothes  
And set you to the baking.'

8 So loudly at the door they rapt,  
So loudly are they calling,  
'O had you a stranger here last night,  
Or is he within your dwelling?'

9 'O I had a stranger here last night,  
But he wos gane or dawing;  
He ca'd for a pint, and he paid it or he went,  
And I hae nae mair to do wi his lawing.'

10 They stabd the feather-beds round and round,  
The curtains they spared na to tear them;  
But they went as they came, and left a' things  
undone,  
And the young man busy baking.

## E

a. Kinloch MSS, VII, 171; from the recitation of Mrs Charles, Torry. b. Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 127.

1 'I AM the Duke o Athole's nurse,  
My part does weill become me,  
And I wad gie aw my half-year's fee  
For ae sicht o my Johnie.'

2 'Keep weill, keep weill your half-year's fee,  
For ye'll soon get a sight o your Johnie;  
But anither woman has my heart,  
And I'm sorry for to leave ye.'

3 'Ye'll dow ye down to yon changehouse,  
And ye'll drink till the day be dawin;  
At ilka pint's end ye'll drink my health out,  
And I'll come and pay for the lawin.'

4 Ay he ranted and he sang,  
And drank till the day was dawin,

And ay he drank the bonnie lassie's health  
That was coming to pay the lawin.

5 He spared na the sack, tho it was dear,  
The wine nor the sugar-candy,  
. . . . .

6 He's dune him to the shot-window,  
. To see an she was coming,  
And there he spied twelve armed men,  
That oure the plain cam rinning.

7 He's dune him down to the landlady,  
To see gin she wad protect him;  
She's buskit him up into women's claihs  
And set him till a baking.

8 Sae loudly as they rappit at the yett,  
Sae loudly as they callit,  
'Had ye onie strangers here last nicht,  
That drank till the day was dawin?'

\* \* \* \* \*

## F

- a. Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 23.  
b. Christie's Traditional Ballad Airs, I, 80.

- 1 As I gaed in yon greenwood-side,  
I heard a fair maid singing;  
Her voice was sweet, she sang sae complete  
That all the woods were ringing.
- 2 'O I'm the Duke o Athole's nurse,  
My post is well becoming;  
But I woud gie a' my half-year's fee  
For ae sight o my leman.'
- 3 'Ye say, ye're the Duke o Athole's nurse,  
Your post is well becoming;  
Keep well, keep well your half-year's fee,  
Ye'se hae twa sights o your leman.'
- 4 He leand him ower his saddle-bow  
And cannillie kissd his dearie:  
'Ohon and alake! anither has my heart,  
And I darena mair come near thee.'
- 5 'Ohon and alake! if anither hae your heart,  
These words hae fairly undone me;  
But let us set a time, tryst to meet again,  
Then in gude friends you will twine me.
- 6 'Ye will do you down to yon tavern-house  
And drink till the day be dawing,  
And, as sure as I ance had a love for you,  
I'll come there and clear your lawing.
- 7 'Ye'll spare not the wine, altho it be fine,  
Nae Malago, tho it be rarely,  
But ye'll aye drink the bonnie lassie's health  
That's to clear your lawing fairly.'
- 8 Then he's done him down to yon tavern-house  
And drank till day was dawing,  
And aye he drank the bonny lassie's health  
That was coming to clear his lawing.
- 9 And aye as he birlled, and aye as he drank,  
The gude beer and the brandy,  
He spar'd not the wine, altho it was fine,  
The sack nor the sugar candy.
- 10 'It's a wonder to me,' the knight he did say,  
'My bonnie lassie's sae delaying;
- She promisd, as sure as she loved me ance,  
She woud be here by the dawing.'
- 11 He's done him to a shott-window,  
A little before the dawing,  
And there he spied her nine brothers bauld,  
Were coming to betray him.
- 12 'Where shall I rin? where shall I gang?  
Or where shall I gang hide me?  
She that was to meet me in friendship this  
day  
Has sent nine men to slay me!'
- 13 He's gane to the landlady o the house,  
Says, 'O can you supply me?  
For she that was to meet me in friendship this  
day  
Has sent nine men to slay me.'
- 14 She gae him a suit o her ain female claise  
And set him to the baking;  
The bird never sang mair sweet on the bush  
Nor the knight sung at the baking.
- 15 As they came in at the ha-door,  
Sae loudly as they rappit!  
And when they came upon the floor,  
Sae loudly as they chappit!
- 16 'O had ye a stranger here last night,  
Who drank till the day was dawing?  
Come show us the chamber where he lyes in,  
We'll shortly clear his lawing.'
- 17 'I had nae stranger here last night  
That drank till the day was dawing;  
But ane that took a pint, and paid it ere he  
went,  
And there's naething to clear o his law-  
ing.'
- 18 A lad amang the rest, being o a merry mood,  
To the young knight fell a-talking;  
The wife took her foot and gae him a kick,  
Says, Be busy, ye jilt, at your baking.
- 19 They stabbed the house baith but and ben,  
The curtains they spared nae riving,  
And for a' that they did search and ca,  
For a kiss o the knight they were striv-  
ing.



- E. a. 1<sup>1</sup>. nurse *altered to* nurice.  
 3<sup>3</sup>. drink the bonnie out, *originally*.  
 4<sup>1</sup>. drank *struck out for* sang.  
 7<sup>2</sup>. and *struck out before* gin.  
 8<sup>2</sup>. callit *changed in pencil to* were calling.  
 b. *The printed copy seems to have been made up from a and Kinloch's other versions.*  
 1. *Preceded by these two lines, taken from D:*

As I cam in by Athol's yetts,  
 I heard a fair maid singing.

- 1<sup>2</sup>. And I wat it weel does set me.  
 3<sup>2</sup>. ye 'll *omitted*. 3<sup>3</sup>. drink the lass' health.  
 3<sup>4</sup>. That 's coming to pay the. (*This stanza occurs in Motherwell's Note-Book, p. 46, where it is credited to a MS.*)

After 3:

He hied him doun to yon change-house,  
 And he drank till the day was dawing,  
 And at ilka pint's end he drank the lass'  
 health  
 That was coming to pay for his lawing.

- 4<sup>1</sup>. and aye.  
 6<sup>2</sup>. see gin she war.

- 6<sup>3</sup>. There he saw the duke and a' his merry  
 men.  
 6<sup>4</sup>. the hill. 7<sup>1</sup>. doun *omitted*.  
 7<sup>3</sup>. She buskit: woman's.  
 8<sup>2</sup>. they war calling.  
 8<sup>3</sup>. Had ye a young man here yestreen.  
 After 8:

'He drank but ae pint, and he paid it or he  
 went,  
 And ye 've na mair to do wi the lawing.'  
 They searchit the house a' round and round,  
 And they spared na the curtains to tear  
 them,

While the landlady stood upo the stair-head,  
 Crying, 'Maid, be busy at your baking!'  
 They gaed as they cam, and left a' undone,  
 And left the bonnie maid at her baking.

- F. b. "*Some alterations made from the way it was sung*" by the editor's maternal grandfather.  
 4<sup>2</sup>. And kindly said, My dearie.  
 6<sup>3</sup>. as you ance had a love for me.  
 11<sup>4</sup>. That were.  
 12<sup>3</sup>. Where shall I gang to hide me.  
 14<sup>4</sup>. Than the.

## 213

## SIR JAMES THE ROSE

'Sir James the Rose.' a. From a stall-tract of about 1780, Abbotsford library. b. Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 321. c. Sir James the Rose's Garland, one of a volume of the like from Heber's library.

d. Motherwell's MS., p. 281; from the recitation of Mrs Gentles, of Paisley. e. Herd's MSS, I, 82. f. The same, II, 42. g. 'Sir James the Rose,' Pinkerton's Scottish Tragic Ballads, 1781, p. 61.

b, says Motherwell, "is given as it occurs in early stall-prints, and as it is to be obtained from the recitations of elderly people." Most of the variations are derived from d. c may have been printed earlier than a, but is astonishingly faulty. d, well remembered from print, is what Motherwell meant by "the recitations of elderly people." e was ob-

tained by Herd, probably from recitation, as early as 1776, but must have been learned from print. f is e with a few missing lines supplied. g, says Pinkerton, "is given from a modern edition in one sheet 12mo," but was beyond question considerably manipulated by the editor. All the important variations are certainly his work.

The copy in Buchan's *Gleanings*, p. 9, is *g*. Whitelaw, in his *Book of Scottish Ballads*, p. 39, has combined *b* and *g*.

Half a dozen lines preserved by Burns, Crome's *Select Scottish Songs*, II, 196 (see the preface to No 212), seem to belong to this ballad.

'Sir James the Ross, A Historical Ballad' (sometimes called 'The Buchanshire Tragedy'), was composed by the youthful Michael Bruce († 1767) upon the story of the popular ballad, and has perhaps enjoyed more favor with "the general" than the original.\* 'Elfrida and Sir James of Perth,' Caw's *Poetical Museum*, 1784, p. 290 (probably taken, as most of the pieces are by the collector said to be, from some periodical publication), looks more like an imitation of Bruce's ballad than of its prototype. It is in fact a stark plagiarism.

Sir James the Rose has killed a squire, and men are out to take him. A nurse at the house of Marr is his leman, and he resorts to her in the hope that she may befriend him. She advises him to go to an ale-house for the night, promising to meet him there in the morning; he says he will do so, but, perhaps from distrust, which proves to be well grounded, prefers to wrap himself in his plaid and sleep under the sky. The party sent out to take him question the nurse, who at first makes a deceptive answer, then gives them a direction to his hiding-place. They find James the Rose asleep and take away his arms; he wakes and begs for mercy, and is told that he shall have such as he has given. He appeals to his servant to stay by him till death, and then to take his body to Loch Largon (Loughargan), for which service the man shall have his clothes and valuables. The avengers cut out his heart and take it to his leman at the house of Marr; she raves over her

treachery, and is 'born away' bodily, to be seen no more.

*e*, *f*, it may be by accident, lack the vulgar passage 18, 19, which may be a later addition, for nothing is said of a man being in attendance when Sir James goes to his lair. The leader of the band that takes Sir James the Rose is Sir James the Graham, Sir James Graham, in *c*, *e*, *f*; a simple error, evidently. No motive is furnished in *a-f* for the woman's betraying her leman. *g* makes her offer information on condition of getting a proper reward, and she is promised Sir James's purse and brechan, but in the end is tendered his bleeding heart and his bleeding tartan, whatever that may be other than his brechan. This must be one of Pinkerton's improvements. The moral tag, st. 24, is dropped, or wanting, in *c*, *e*, *f*, *g*.

The topography of traditional ballads frequently presents difficulties, both because it is liable to be changed, wholly, or, what is more embarrassing, partially, to suit a locality to which a ballad has been transported, and again because unfamiliar names, when not exchanged, are exposed to corruption. Some of the places, also, have not a dignity which entitles them to notice in gazetteers. The first point, in the case before us, would be to settle the whereabouts of the House of Marr, in the vicinity of which the scene is laid. This I am unable to do. There is a Ballechin in Logierait Parish, Perthshire. There is said to be a Baleichan in Forfarshire.† It is not easy to see why the heir of either of these places (Buleighan and the rest may stand for either) should wish to have his body taken to Loch Largon in Invernesshire, if Loch Largon means Loch Laggan, as seems likely.‡

Translated by Knortz, *Schottische Balladen*, p. 79, after Aytoun.

\* 'Sir James the Ross' was first printed in *The Weekly Magazine*, or, *Edinburgh Amusement*, IX, 371, in 1770 (Grosart, *Works of Michael Bruce*, p. 257, the ballad at p. 197), and in the same year in "Poems on Several Occasions, by Michael Bruce" (p. 30), with differences, which are attributed to Logan, the editor.

† "The older ballad, entitled 'The Young Heir of Baleichan,' or Baleighan, . . . is claimed for this parish [Crim-

ond, Aberdeenshire]; while the same ballad is said to be founded on a traditionary tale of Baleichan in Forfarshire." Smith, *A New History of Aberdeenshire*, 1875, p. 429.

‡ Pinkerton reads Loch Lagan. He also reads 'the Hichts of Lundie,' in 104, for 'the gates of London.' Lundie is in Forfarshire. I suppose both readings to be Pinkerton's emendations.

- 1 O HEARD ye of Sir James the Rose,  
The young heir of Buleighen?  
For he has kild a gallant squire,  
An 's friends are out to take him.
- 2 Now he 's gone to the House of Marr,  
Where the nourrice was his leman;  
To see his dear he did repair,  
Thinking she would befriend him.
- 3 'Where are you going, Sir James?' she says,  
'Or where now are you riding?'  
'O I am bound to a foreign land,  
For now I 'm under hiding.
- 4 'Where shall I go? Where shall I run?  
Where shall I go to hide me?  
For I have kild a gallant squire,  
And they 're seeking to slay me.'
- 5 'O go ye down to yon ale-house,  
And I 'll pay there your lawing;  
And, if I be a woman true,  
I 'll meet you in the dawing.'
- 6 'I 'll not go down to yon ale-house,  
For you to pay my lawing;  
There 's forty shillings for one supper,  
I 'll stay in 't till the dawing.'
- 7 He 's turnd him right and round about  
And rowd him in his brechan,  
And he has gone to take a sleep,  
In the lowlands of Buleighen.
- 8 He was not well gone out of sight,  
Nor was he past Milstrethen,  
Till four and twenty belted knights  
Came riding oer the Leathen.
- 9 'O have you seen Sir James the Rose,  
The young heir of Buleighen?  
For he has kild a gallant squire,  
And we 're sent out to take him.'
- 10 'O I have seen Sir James,' she says,  
'For he past here on Monday;  
If the steed be swift that he rides on,  
He 's past the gates of London.'
- 11 But as they were going away,  
Then she calld out behind them;  
'If you do seek Sir James,' she says,  
'I 'll tell you where you 'll find him.
- 12 'You 'll seek the bank above the mill,  
In the lowlands of Buleighen,  
And there you 'll find Sir James the Rose,  
Lying sleeping in his brechan.
- 13 'You must not wake him out of sleep,  
Nor yet must you affright him,  
Till you run a dart quite thro his heart,  
And thro the body pierce him.'
- 14 They sought the bank above the mill,  
In the lowlands of Buleighen,  
And there they found Sir James the Rose,  
A sleeping in his brechan.
- 15 Then out bespoke Sir John the Græme,  
Who had the charge a keeping;  
'It 's neer be said, dear gentlemen,  
We 'll kill him when he 's sleeping.'
- 16 They seizd his broadsword and his targe,  
And closely him surrounded;  
But when he wak'd out of his sleep,  
His senses were confounded.
- 17 'O pardon, pardon, gentlemen!  
Have mercy now upon me!'  
'Such as you gave, such you shall have,  
And so we 'll fall upon thee.'
- 18 'Donald my man, wait me upon,  
And I 'll give you my brechan,  
And, if you stay here till I die,  
You 'll get my trews of tartan.
- 19 'There is fifty pounds in my pocket,  
Besides my trews and brechan;  
You 'll get my watch and diamond ring;  
And take me to Loch Largon.'
- 20 Now they have taken out his heart  
And stuck it on a spear,  
Then took it to the House of Marr,  
And gave it to his dear.
- 21 But when she saw his bleeding heart  
She was like one distracted;  
She smote her breast, and wrung her hands,  
Crying, 'What now have I acted!
- 22 'Sir James the Rose, now for thy sake  
O but my heart 's a breaking!  
Curst be the day I did thee betray,  
Thou brave knight of Buleighen.'



23 Then up she rose, and forth she goes,  
 All in that fatal hour,  
 And bodily was born away,  
 And never was seen more.

24 But where she went was never kend,  
 And so, to end the matter,  
 A traitor's end, you may depend,  
 Can be expect'd no better.

a. From "A collection of Popular Ballads and Tales," in six volumes, "formed by me," says Sir W. Scott, "when a boy, from the baskets of the travelling pedlars. . . . It contains most of the pieces that were popular about thirty years since." ("1810.") Vol. IV, No 21. *In stanzas of eight lines.*

b. 1<sup>2</sup>. Buleighan, and always. 2<sup>3</sup>. To seek (d).  
 5<sup>2</sup>. there pay. 5<sup>3</sup>. maiden true (d).

11<sup>1</sup>. As they rode on, man after man.

11<sup>2</sup>. she cried. 11<sup>3</sup>. James the Rose.

12<sup>1</sup>. Seek ye the bank abune.

13<sup>3</sup>. you drive (d). 13<sup>4</sup>. through his (d).

14<sup>1</sup>. abune (d). 14<sup>4</sup>. Lying sleeping (d).

15<sup>1</sup>. Up then spake (d). 15<sup>3</sup>. It shall (d).

15<sup>4</sup>. We killed: when a (d). 16<sup>3</sup>. And (d).

17<sup>4</sup>. we fall (d).

20<sup>1</sup>. they've taen out his bleeding heart (d).

21<sup>3</sup>. wrung her hands and tore her hair (d).

21<sup>4</sup>. Oh, what have I.

22<sup>1</sup>. It's for your sake, Sir J. the R. (d).

22<sup>2</sup>. That my poor heart's (d).

23<sup>3</sup>. She bodily. 24<sup>4</sup>. Can never be no.

c. 1<sup>1</sup>. Did you hear.

1<sup>2</sup>. That young. 1<sup>2</sup>, 7<sup>4</sup>, 9<sup>2</sup>. Belichan.

1<sup>3</sup>. For wanting. 1<sup>4</sup>. Who was sent out.

2<sup>1</sup>. Now wanting.

2<sup>2</sup>. nurse she was his layman.

3<sup>2</sup>. where are you a.

3<sup>3</sup>. I am going to some land.

3<sup>4</sup>. For I am. 4<sup>1</sup>. Where must: I turn.

4<sup>2</sup>. I run. 4<sup>3</sup>, 9<sup>3</sup>. esquire.

4<sup>4</sup>. And my friends are out to take me.

5<sup>1</sup>. Go you.

5<sup>2</sup>. There you'll stay till the dawning.

5<sup>4</sup>. I'll come and pay your lawing.

6<sup>1</sup>. down wanting.

6<sup>2</sup>. To stay unto the dawning.

6<sup>3</sup>. Now if you be a woman true.

6<sup>4</sup>. [D] o (?) come and pay the lawning.

7<sup>1</sup>. himself quite round. 7<sup>2</sup>. he is.

8<sup>1</sup>. not quite out. 8<sup>2</sup>. Wanting.

8<sup>4</sup>. ore Beligham. 9<sup>1</sup>. did you see.

9<sup>2</sup>. That. 9<sup>3</sup>. For wanting.

9<sup>4</sup>. Who was sent.

10<sup>1</sup>. Oh yes, I seed S. J. the R.

10<sup>2</sup>. He passed by here.

10<sup>3</sup>. His steed was: rid. 10<sup>4</sup>. And past.

11<sup>1</sup>. Just as.

11<sup>2</sup>. They thought no more upon him.

11<sup>3</sup>. Oh if you want S. J. the R.

12<sup>2</sup>. And the: Belighan. 12<sup>3</sup>. And wanting.

13 as 14. 13<sup>1</sup>. him from his.

13<sup>2</sup>. you wanting.

13<sup>3</sup>. But in his breast must run a dart.

14 as 13. 14<sup>2</sup>. And lowlands.

14<sup>4</sup>. Lying sleeping.

15<sup>1</sup>. up bespoke Sir James the Graham.

15<sup>2</sup>. charge in. 15<sup>3</sup>. Let it neer: gentleman.

15<sup>4</sup>. We killd a man a sleeping.

16<sup>1</sup>. They have taken from him his sword and target.

16<sup>3</sup>. wakened out of sleep. 16<sup>4</sup>. was.

17<sup>1</sup>. O wanting.

17<sup>2</sup>. And now have mercy on.

17<sup>3</sup>. Which as.

17<sup>4</sup>. And so shall fall upon you.

18<sup>2</sup>. Until I be a dead man.

18<sup>3</sup>. You'll get my hose, likewise my shoes.

18<sup>4</sup>. Likewise my Highland brichan.

19<sup>1,2</sup>. Wanting.

19<sup>3,4</sup> with 20<sup>1,2</sup>: 20<sup>3,4</sup> with 21<sup>1,2</sup>: 21<sup>3,4</sup> with 22<sup>3,4</sup>: 22<sup>1,2</sup> wanting.

19<sup>3</sup>. You shall have my.

19<sup>4</sup>. If you'll carry me to Loughargan.

20<sup>1</sup>. tane out his bleeding heart.

20<sup>2</sup>. And fetched it on a spear man.

20<sup>3</sup>. And locked it to the Marr.

20<sup>4</sup>. A present to. 21<sup>2</sup>. She ran.

21<sup>3</sup>. She wrung her hands and smote her breast.

21<sup>4</sup>. Oh what have I done, what have I acted.

22<sup>3</sup>. day I you betrayd. 22<sup>4</sup>. of Brichan.

23<sup>1</sup>. Then wanting. 23<sup>2</sup>. And in.

23<sup>3</sup>. Her body by.

23<sup>4</sup>. never was heard tell of: more wanting.

24. Wanting.

d. 1<sup>2</sup>. Buleichan, and always. 1<sup>4</sup>. And his.



- 2<sup>1</sup>. Now *wanting*. 2<sup>3</sup>. To seek.  
 3. *Wanting*.  
 4<sup>4</sup>. They're seeking for to. 5<sup>2</sup>. there I'll pay.  
 5<sup>3</sup>. a maiden. 6<sup>1</sup>. no gae.  
 6<sup>3</sup>. thirty shillings for your.  
 6<sup>4</sup>. And stay until the. 8<sup>1</sup>. He had.  
 8<sup>2</sup>. And past the Mill strethan.  
 10<sup>1</sup>. S. J. the Rose. 11<sup>1</sup>. But *wanting*.  
 11<sup>2</sup>. She cried out. 11<sup>3</sup>. S. J. the Rose.  
 12<sup>1</sup>. Search the. 13<sup>3</sup>. you drive.  
 13<sup>4</sup>. through his. 14<sup>1</sup>. They searched : abune.  
 14<sup>4</sup>. Lying sleeping. 15<sup>1</sup>. Up then spoke.  
 15<sup>3</sup>. It shall. 15<sup>4</sup>. We killed him when a.  
 16<sup>3</sup>. And. 17<sup>4</sup>. we fall.  
 19<sup>1</sup>. There is *wanting*.  
 20<sup>1</sup>. They've taen out his bleeding.  
 20<sup>3</sup>. And they've gone to. 20<sup>4</sup>. And gien.  
 21<sup>1</sup>. But *wanting*.  
 21<sup>3</sup>. She wrung her hands and tore her hair.  
 21<sup>4</sup>. Crying, Now what.  
 22<sup>1</sup>. It's for your sake, S. J. the R.  
 22<sup>2</sup>. That my poor heart's.  
 23<sup>1</sup>. Then *wanting*. 23<sup>2</sup>. And in.  
 23<sup>3</sup>. Bodily : She *prefixed later*. 24<sup>1</sup>. kent.  
 24<sup>4</sup>. Cannot expect no.
- e, f. e. Another song of Sir James the Ross;  
*this following Bruce's ballad, which has the*  
*title (p. 73) Sir James the Rose or de Ross.*  
 f. Another song of Sir James de Ross.  
 1<sup>1</sup>. O did ye na ken Sir.  
 1<sup>2</sup>. e. Ballachen, *and always*.  
 f. 1<sup>2</sup>, 7<sup>4</sup>, 9<sup>2</sup>, Ballachen ; 12<sup>3</sup>, Ballichan ;  
 14<sup>2</sup>, Ballichin ; 22<sup>4</sup>, Ballichen.  
 1<sup>4</sup>. e. And they seeking. f. And they're  
 seeking.  
 2<sup>1</sup>. He's hy'd him : Moor.  
 2<sup>2</sup>, 3. e. *Wanting*.  
 3<sup>2</sup>. f. O where away are.  
 3<sup>3</sup>. f. to some. 4<sup>1</sup>. O where.  
 4<sup>2</sup>. O whither shall I hide me.  
 4<sup>4</sup>. to kill. 5<sup>1</sup>. e. gan ye. f. gang you.  
 5<sup>2</sup>. I will pay your. 5<sup>3</sup>. And gin there be.  
 6<sup>1</sup>. gang. 6<sup>3</sup>. shillings in my purse.  
 6<sup>4</sup>. We'll stake it in the. 7<sup>1</sup>. He turnd.  
 7<sup>3</sup>. is gone. 8<sup>2</sup>. Mill Strechin. 8<sup>3</sup>. Ere.  
 8<sup>4</sup>. the Rechin. 9<sup>1</sup>. O saw ye.  
 10<sup>1</sup>. O yes, I saw S. J. the R.  
 10<sup>3</sup>. And gif : swift he : on *wanting*.  
 10<sup>4</sup>. He's near.  
 11<sup>1</sup>. They were not well gane out o sight.  
 11<sup>2</sup>. Ere she. 11<sup>3</sup>. O gin ye seek S. J. the R.  
 11<sup>4</sup>. ye where to.  
 12<sup>1</sup>. Ye'll search the bush aboon the know.
- 13<sup>1</sup>. him from his sleep.  
 13<sup>2</sup>. Neither man you  
 14<sup>1</sup>. the bush aboon the know.  
 14<sup>4</sup>. Lying sleeping.  
 15<sup>1</sup>. O then spake up Sir James Graham.  
 15<sup>3</sup>. Let it not be. 15<sup>4</sup>. We killd : while.  
 16<sup>1</sup>. They've tane his broadsword from his  
 side.  
 16<sup>2</sup>. him they have *for* closely him.  
 16<sup>3</sup>. o *for* of his.  
 17<sup>2</sup>. O pardon me, I pray ye.  
 17<sup>3</sup>. ye gae, such shall ye hae.  
 17<sup>4</sup>. There is no pardon for ye.  
 18, 19. *Wanting*.  
 20<sup>1</sup>. they've tane out his bleeding heart.  
 20<sup>2</sup>. f. stickt it.  
 20<sup>3</sup>. Then carried. e. Mure. f. Moor.  
 20<sup>4</sup>. And shewd. 21<sup>1</sup>. But *wanting*.  
 21<sup>2</sup>. She rav'd.  
 21<sup>3</sup>. And cried, Alake, a weel (well) a day.  
 21<sup>4</sup>. Alas what have. 22<sup>2</sup>. My heart it is a.  
 22<sup>3</sup>. Wae to the day I thee betrayd.  
 22<sup>4</sup>. Thou bold. 23<sup>2</sup>. In that unhappy hour.  
 23<sup>4</sup>. neer was heard of more. 24. *Wanting*.
- g. 1<sup>2</sup>. Buleighan, *and always*.  
 1<sup>4</sup>. Whase friends. 2<sup>1</sup>. has gane.  
 2<sup>2</sup>. Whar nane might seek to find him.  
 2<sup>4</sup>. Weining. 3<sup>1</sup>. said.  
 3<sup>2</sup>. O whar awa are ye. 3<sup>3</sup>. I maun be bound.  
 3<sup>4</sup>. And now. 4<sup>2</sup>. I rin to lay.  
 4<sup>4</sup>. And his friends seek. 5<sup>1</sup>. yon laigh.  
 5<sup>2</sup>. I sall pay there.  
 5<sup>3</sup>. And as I am your leman trew.  
 5<sup>4</sup>. at the. 6. *Wanting*. 7<sup>1</sup>. He turnd.  
 7<sup>2</sup>. And laid him doun to. 8<sup>3</sup>. Whan.  
 9<sup>4</sup>. sent to. 10<sup>1</sup>. Yea, I : said.  
 10<sup>2</sup>. He past by here. 10<sup>3</sup>. Gin.  
 10<sup>4</sup>. the Hichts of Lundie.  
 11<sup>1</sup>. as wi speid they rade awa.  
 11<sup>2</sup>. She leudly cryd.  
 11<sup>3</sup>. Gin ye'll gie me a worthy meid.  
 11<sup>4</sup>. whar to.
12. 'O tell, fair maid, and, on our band,  
 Ye'se get his purse and brechan :'  
 'He's in the bank aboon the mill,  
 In the lawlands o Buleighan.'
- 13, 14. *Wanting*. 15<sup>1</sup>. out and spak.  
 15<sup>3</sup>. said, my stalwart feres.  
 15<sup>4</sup>. We killd him whan a.  
 16<sup>3</sup>, 4. O pardon, mercy, gentlemen !  
 He then fou loudly sounded.

17<sup>3,4</sup>-19.

'Sic as ye gae sic ye sall hae,  
 Nae grace we shaw to thee can.'  
 'Donald my man, wait till I fa,  
 And ye shall hae my brechan;  
 Ye'll get my purse, thouch fou o gowd,  
 To tak me to Loch Lagan.'

20<sup>1</sup>. Syne they tuke out his bleeding heart.20<sup>2</sup>. And set. 20<sup>4</sup>. And shawd.

21. We cold nae gie Sir James's purse,  
 We cold nae gie his brechan,  
 But ye sall ha his bleeding heart,  
 Bot and his bleeding tartan.

22<sup>1</sup>. O for. 22<sup>2</sup>. My heart is now.22<sup>3</sup>. day I wrocht thy wae. 22<sup>4</sup>. brave heir.23<sup>2,3</sup>. And in that hour o tein, She wandered  
 to the dowie glen.23<sup>4</sup>. never mair was sein. 24. *Wanting*.

## 214

## THE BRAES O YARROW

- A. 'The Braes of Yarrow,' communicated to Percy by Dr Robertson, Principal of Edinburgh.
- B. 'The Braes o Yarrow,' Murison MS., p. 105.
- C. 'The Dowie Downs o Yarrow,' Motherwell's MS., p. 334; Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 252.
- D. 'The Bonny Braes of Yarrow,' communicated to Percy by Robert Lambe, of Norham, 1768.
- E. a. 'The Dowy Houms o Yarrow,' "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," Abbotsford.  
 b. 'The Dowie Dens of Yarrow,' Scott's *Minstrelsy* III, 72, 1803, III, 143, 1833.
- F. 'The Dowie Dens o Yarrow,' "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," Abbotsford.
- G. 'The Dowie Dens of Yarrow,' "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," Abbotsford.
- H. 'The Dowie Dens of Yarrow,' Campbell MSS, II, 55.
- I. 'Braes of Yarrow,' Buchan's MSS, II, 161; Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, II, 203; Dixon, *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads*, p. 68, Percy Society, vol. xvii.
- J. 'The Dowie Glens of Yarrow,' "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," Abbotsford.
- K. 'The Dowie Den in Yarrow,' Campbell MSS, I, 8.
- L. 'The Dowie Dens,' Blackwood's Magazine, CXLVII, 741, June, 1890.
- M. 'Dowie Banks of Yarrow,' "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," Abbotsford.
- N. 'The Yetts of Gowrie,' "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," Abbotsford.
- O. Herd's MSS, I, 35, II, 181; Herd's *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs*, 1776, I, 145; four stanzas.
- P. Cromeck's *Select Scottish Songs*, 1810, II, 196; two stanzas.

FIRST published in *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, 1803 (E b). Scott remarks that he "found it easy to collect a variety of copies, but very difficult indeed to select from them such a collated edition as might in any degree suit the taste of 'these more light and giddy-paced times.'" The copy principally used was E a. St. 12 of Scott, which suited the

taste of the last century, but does not suit with a popular ballad, is from O, and also st. 13, and there are traces of F, G, M, but 5-7 have lines which do not occur in any version that I have seen.

A had been somewhat edited before it was communicated to Percy; the places were, however, indicated by commas. Several copies

besides O, already referred to, have slight passages that never came from the unsophisticated people; as J 2, in which a page "runs with sorrow," for rhyme and without reason, L 2<sup>3</sup>, and L 12<sup>3,4</sup>, which is manifestly taken from Logan's Braes of Yarrow.\* N has been interpolated with artificial nonsense,† and is an almost worthless copy; the last stanza may defy competition for silliness.

M 1, 3, and N 4, 6, 7, belong to 'The Duke of Athole's Nurse.' So also does one half of a fragment sent by Burns in a letter to William Tytler, Cromek's Select Scottish Songs, 1810, II, 194-8, which, however, has two stanzas of this ballad (P) and two of 'Rare Willie's drowned in Yarrow,' No 215.

The fragment in Ritson's Scottish Songs, 1794, I, lxxvii, is O.

Herd's MSS, I, 36, II, 182, have the following couplets, evidently from a piece treating the story of this ballad:

O when I look east my heart is sair,  
But when I look west it's mair and mair,  
For there I see the braes of Yarrow,  
And there I lost for ay my marrow.

The groups A-I and J-P are distinguished by the circumstance, of no importance to the story, that the hero and heroine in the former are man and wife, in the other unmarried lovers. In all the versions (leaving out of account the fragments O, P) the family of the woman are at variance with the man. Her brothers think him an unfit match for their sister, A 8, B 2.‡ In C 2 the brothers have taken offence because their sister was not regarded as his equal by her husband, which is perhaps too much of a refinement for ballads,

\* Logan has a page, and the page may have come from some previously corrupted version of the popular ballad which J may follow. The first half of the stanza corresponding to L 12 in Logan is from the popular ballad.

† Sometimes also with sensible prose, as 7<sup>2</sup>, 'But I find she has deceived me;' 12<sup>3</sup>, 'I dreamed my luive had lost his life.'

The loose, though limited, rhyme in this ballad, in 'The Bonnie House of Airlie,' etc., does not favor exact recollection, and furnishes a temptation to invention: hence the sparrow in B 6, the arrow in D 7, the narrow in I 12, and, I fear, the harrow in L 9, which of itself is good, while all the others are bad.

‡ It must be noted, however, that in 'Ye think me an un-

and may be a perversion. She was worth stealing in C as in B. The dispute in two or three copies appears to take the form who is the flower, or rose, of Yarrow, that is the best man, C 8, 9, 17, B 1, 12, D 1, 14; but this matter is muddled, cf. C 2, 3, D 2. We hear nothing about the unequal match in D-I, but in J-L a young lady displeases her father by refusing nine gentlemen in favor of a servant-lad.

Men who are drinking together fall out and set a combat for the next day, B-F, H, I. It is three lords that drink and quarrel in B-D (ten (?) in I). The lady fears that her three brothers will slay her husband, B 5, C 5. The lord in D 2 seems not to be one of the three in D 1, and we are probably to understand that three brothers get into a brawl with a man who has surreptitiously married their sister. Only one brother is spoken of in A (6), from whom treachery is looked for, E 2.

In I-L the father makes the servant-lad fight with the nine high-born suitors.

The wife tries to keep her husband at home, A-E, I; but he is confident that all will go well, and that he shall come back to her early, A, B, C, I. She kisses (washes) and combs him, and helps to arm him, B, C, E, F, G, I; so J, K. § He finds nine armed men awaiting him on the braes or houns of Yarrow, A, E-G, I-M, ten B, D. || They ask if he has come to hawk, hunt (drink), or fight; he replies that he has come to fight, C, E, I; cf. A 5, 6. Five (four) he slays and four (five) he wounds, A, B, D, E, I, J, K; in F he kills all the nine; in L he gets no further than the seventh; in G he kills all but one.

These nine, after the way of ballads, should

meet marrow,' A 8<sup>2</sup>, Ye is an editorial reading. I may remark that I have included M-P in the second group simply because the hero in these is called love or true-love. The husband, however, has both titles in A.

§ 'Wi a thrusty rapier,' J, which I feel compelled to understand as the commonplace 'trusty;' but, guided by 'a rusted rapier,' K, we ought perhaps to read 'rusty.' In L the lady kisses and combs the swain, and sets him on her milk-white steed. — Since I suppose lover to have been substituted for husband in the course of tradition, I shall not be so precise as to distinguish the two when this would be inconvenient.

|| Nine is the number also in H, as we see from st. 5, compared with E, 5, 11.



be the lady's brothers, and such they are in **A** 7, 8. Three of them, but only three, should be the lady's brothers according to **B** 1-5, **C** 1-5. Three brethren are charged by the husband with a message to his lady in **D** 8, and these might be his brothers-in-law. The message is sent in **E** 9 by a good-brother, or wife's brother, John, who clearly was not in the fight in **E**, though the husband says he is going to meet this brother John in **A** 6. This brother-in-law of **E** is probably intended by brother in **I** 8.

After the hero has successively disposed of his nine or ten antagonists (he takes them 'man for man'), he is stabbed from behind in a cowardly way, **A**, **B**, **C**, **E**, **I**, **L**, **N**, by somebody. The tradition is much blurred here; it is a squire out of the bush, a cowardly man, a fause lord. An Englishman shoots him with an arrow out of a bush in **D**. But other reports are distinct. The lady's father runs him through (not from behind) in **J**, **K**. Her brother springs from a bush behind and runs him through, **L**. Her brother John comes behind him and slays him, **N**. Up and rose her brother James and slew him, **M**. In **E** "that stubborn knight" comes behind him and runs his body through, and that (a) "stubborn lord" is the author of his death in **G**, **F**. Taking **E** 2, 8, 9 together, the stubborn knight, at least in **E**, may be interpreted as good-brother John, whose treachery is feared in **E** 2, who is prominent in **A** 6, and who is expressly said to slay his sister's true-love in **N**. On the whole, the preponderance of tradition is to the effect that the hero was treacherously slain by his wife's (love's) brother.

\* It will be remembered that green is an unlucky color: see **II**, 181 f.

† She tears the ribbons from her head in **D** 11, **I** 12, when she hears the tidings: but this belongs to the bride in the ballad which succeeds, No 215.

‡ Ten in **F**, to include the lord with his nine foemen. But why only nine in **E**, **G**, **M**? Is it not because one of the brothers had not been mortally wounded, the brother who is said to kill the husband (lover) in **L**, **M**, **N**, and who may reasonably be supposed to do this in **E**, **F**, **G**? Such a matter would not be left in obscurity in the original ballad.

§ This is disagreeable, assuredly, and unnatural too. It is 'drank,' probably, that is softened to 'wiped' in **A** 14. Scott, to avoid unpleasantness, reads 'She kisssd them (his wounds) till her lips grew red;': which would not take long.

Word of her husband's death is sent or carried to the wife by her brother, brother John, **A**, **E**, **L**, **N**; her or his three brothers, **D** 8; her or his brother, **I** 8; his man John, **C** 12, by mistake; her father (?), **J**, **K**; her sister Anne, **F**, **G**, **H**. The wife has had a dream that she, her lord or true-love and she, had been pulling green heather (birk) in Yarrow, **A**, **C**-**F**, **I**-**M**, **O**.<sup>\*</sup> The dream is explained to signify her lord's death, and she is enjoined to fetch him home. In **A**, the dream occurs before the fight and is double, of pulling green heather and of her love coming headless home; in **B**, the lady dreams that her lord was sleeping sound in Yarrow, and in the highly vitiated **N** that 'he had lost his life.'

The wife hurries to Yarrow; † up a high, high hill and down into the valley, where she sees nine (ten) dead men, **E**, **F**, **G**, **M** (nine well-armed men, wrongly, **H**). ‡ She sees her true-love lying slain, finds him sleeping sound, in Yarrow, **A**, **B**, **J**, **K**. She kisses him and combs his hair, **A**, **E**, **F**, **G**, **I**, **L**, **M**; she drinks the blood that runs from him, **E** 12, **F** 11, **G** 7, **M** 9. §

Her hair is five quarters long; she twists it round his hand and draws him home, **C**; ties it round his middle and carries him home, **D**. She takes three lachters of her hair, ties them tight round his middle and carries him home, **B**. *His* hair is five quarters long! she ties it to her horse's mane and trails him home, **K**. || The carrying strikes one as unpractical, the trailing as barbarous. In **L**, after the lover is slain, the surviving lords and her brother trail him by the heels to Yarrow water and throw him into a whirlpool. The lady, searching for him, sees him 'deeply drowned.' His hair,

This is all nicely arranged in **L**: 'She laid him on her milk-white steed, and bore him home from Yarrow; she washed his wounds in yon well-strand, and dried him wi the hollan.' The washing and drying are done in **J** on the spot, where there might have been water, but no hollan.

|| The reciters of **A** and **J**, whether they gave what they had received, or tried to avoid the material difficulties about the hair, graze upon absurdity. Her hair was three quarters long, she tied it round 'her' (for his?) white hanse-bane — and died, **A** 15. His hair was three quarters long, she 's wrapt it round her middle — and brought it home, **J** 16. The hair comes in again in the next two ballads, and causes difficulty. Wonderful things are done with hair in ballads and tales: see **I**, 40 b, and the note at 486 b.



which we must suppose to float, is five quarters long; she twines it round her hand and draws him out. Raising no petty questions, it appears enough to say that this is the only version of fourteen in which the drowning occurs, and that the drowning of the lover is the characteristic of No 215, the next following ballad, which has otherwise been partly confused with this.\*

The lady's father urges her to restrain her grief; he will wed her with as good a lord as she has lost, or a better; she rejects his suggestions. Her heart breaks, B, I; she dies in her father's arms, D, F-H, J-L, being at the time big with child, B, D, F-H, J.

The lady tells her father to wed his sons, B 12; his seven sons, J 18. So 'Clerk Saunders' (of which this may be a reminiscence, for we do not hear of seven sons in this ballad), No 69, G 28; cf. A 26, E 19.

She bids him take home his ousen and his kye, E 15, F 12, G 8, H 9. This I conceive to be an interpolation by a reciter who followed the tradition cited from Hogg further on.

The message to the mother to come take up her son in I 8 may possibly be a reminiscence from 'Johnie Cock,' No 114. It occurs in no other copy, and comes in awkwardly.

'The Braes of Yarrow' ('Busk ye, busk ye, my bony, bony bride'), written by William Hamilton of Bangour "in imitation of the ancient Scottish manner," was suggested by this ballad.†

'The Dowy Dens,' Evans's *Old Ballads*, 1810, III, 342, has the same foundation. 'The Haughs o Yarrow,' a modern piece in Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, II, 211, repeats with a slight change the third

stanza of O, and has further on half a stanza from 'Willie's rare,' No 215.

James Hogg, in sending E a to Sir Walter Scott, wrote as follows: "Tradition placeth the event on which this song is founded very early. That the song hath been written near the time of the transaction appears quite evident, although, like others, by frequent singing the language is become adapted to an age not so far distant. The bard does not at all relate particulars, but only mentions some striking features of a tragical event which everybody knew. This is observable in many of the productions of early times; at least the secondary bards seem to have regarded their songs as purely temporary.

"The hero of the ballad is said to have been of the name of Scott, and is called a knight of great bravery. He lived in Ettrick, some say at Oakwood, others Kirkhope; but was treacherously slain by his brother-in-law, as related in the ballad, who had him at ill will because his father had parted with the half of all his goods and gear to his sister on her marriage with such a respectable man. The name of the murderer is said to be Annand, a name I believe merely conjectural from the name of the place where they are said both to be buried, which at this day is called Annan's Treat, a low muir lying to the west of Yarrow church, where two huge tall stones are erected, below which the least child that can walk the road will tell you the two lords are buried that were slain in a duel."

Sir Walter Scott, in the revised edition of his *Minstrelsy*, expressed a conviction that this ballad referred to a duel fought between John Scott of Tushielaw and his brother-in-

\* L 19 is also found only in that copy. It seems to me, but only because L does not strike me as being of an original cast — rather a ballad improved by reciters, — to be an adaptation of No 215, A 2.

† James Chalmers, in *Archæologia Scotica*, III, 261, says that Hamilton's ballad was contributed to the second volume of the *Tea Table Miscellany* in 1724. It is not in the Dublin edition of 1729. It is at p. 242 of the London edition of 1733; in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, II, 34, of the same year; at p. 46 of the first edition of [Hamilton's] *Poems on Several Occasions*, Glasgow, 1748. The author died in 1754. The copy in the second edition of Hamilton's *Poems*, 1760, p. 67, says Chalmers, is somewhat altered.

In Hamilton's ballad it is a lover, and not a husband, who

is slain, and he is thrown into the Yarrow. It is a question whether Hamilton's ballad did not affect tradition in the case of J, K, L, particularly L. The editorial Douglas in A 11 is from Hamilton 24. 'Wi her tears she bathed bis wounds,' I 13<sup>3</sup>, looks like Hamilton 9<sup>1</sup>. The 'dule and sorrow' of O 4<sup>2</sup> is a recurring phrase in Hamilton, and 'slain the comeliest swain,' O 4<sup>3</sup>, is in Hamilton 6<sup>3</sup>.

In Hamilton's ballad the slayer of the lover endeavors to induce the lady to marry *him*, as is done in the Icelandic ballad spoken of under No 89, II, 297 f.

A song by Ramsay, T. T. M., Dublin, 1729, p. 139, has nearly the same first four lines as Hamilton's ballad, and these have been thought to be traditional.

law Walter Scott of Thirlestane, in which the latter was slain.\* Contemporary entries in the records of the Presbytery of Selkirk show that John Scott, son to Walter of Tushielaw, killed Walter Scott, brother of Sir Robert of Thirlestane, in 1609. The slain Walter Scott was not, however, the brother-in-law of John of Tushielaw, for his wife was a daughter of Sir Patrick Porteous. A violent feud ensued, as might be expected, between the Scotts of Thirlestane and of Tushielaw. Seven years later, in 1616, a Walter Scott of Tushielaw made "an informal and inordinat marriage with Grizel Scott of Thirlestane without consent of her father." The record of the elopement is three months after followed by an entry of a summons to Simeon Scott of Bonytoun (an adherent of Thirlestane) and three other Scotts "to compear in Melrose to hear themselves excommunicat for the horrible slaughter of Walter Scott" [of Tushielaw]. Disregarding the so-called duel, we have a Walter Scott of Tushielaw carrying off a wife from the Scotts of Thirlestane, with which family he was at feud; and a Walter Scott of Tushielaw horribly slaughtered by Scotts of Thirlestane. These facts correspond rather closely with the incidents of the ballad. We do not know, to be sure, that the two Walter Scotts of Tushielaw were the same person. There were Walter Scotts many; but tradition is capable of confounding the two or the three connected with this series of events. On the other hand, there is nothing in the ballad to connect it preferably with the Scotts; the facts are such as are likely to

have occurred often in history, and a similar story is found in other ballads.

In the Scandinavian ballad 'Herr Helmer,' Helmer has married a lady whose family are at feud with him for the unatoned slaughter of her uncle; he meets her seven brothers, who will now hear of no satisfaction; there is a fight; Helmer kills six, but spares the seventh, who treacherously kills him: Afzelius, ed. Bergström, I, 264, Arwidsson, I, 155 (etc., see II, 170 of this collection, note ‡). Other forms make the last of the brothers willing to accept an arrangement: 'Herr Helmer Blau,' Danske Viser, IV, 251, No 209, 'Herr Hjelme,' Grundtvig, Danske Folkeminder, 1861, p. 81. 'Jomfruen i Skoven,' Danske Viser, III, 99, No 123, has also several features of our ballad. The hero, on parting from a lady with whom he has passed the night in a wood, is warned by her to avoid her seven brothers. This he is too brave to do, and he meets them. They ask him where are his hawk and his hound. He tries, unsuccessfully, to induce them to give him their sister for wife; they fight; he kills all the seven brothers, and is slain himself, in some way not explained. (These ballads are translated in Prior, III, 371, 230.)

The next ballad has been partially confused with this.

E b, Scott's ballad, is translated by Doeniges, p. 237; by Loève-Veimars, p. 347. Knortz, Lieder und Romauzen Alt-Englands, p. 92, translates Allingham's ballad.

## A

Communicated to Percy by Dr William Robertson, Principal of Edinburgh.

- 1 'I DREAMED a dreary dream this night,  
That fills my heart wi sorrow;  
I dreamed I was pouing the heather green  
Upon the braes of Yarrow.

- 2 'O true-luve mine, stay still and dine,  
As ye ha done before, O;  
'O I'll be hame by hours nine,  
And frae the braes of Yarrow.'

- 3 I dreamed a dreary dream this night,  
That fills my heart wi sorrow;

\* Minstrelsy, 1833, III, 144. For a criticism of Sir Walter Scott's remarks and a correction of some errors, with much new information, see Mr T. Craig-Brown's

History of Selkirkshire, Edinburgh, 1886, I, 14-16, 311-15, of which work grateful use is here made.

- I dreamed my luv came headless hame,  
O frae the braes of Yarrow!
- 4 'O true-luv mine, stay still and dine,  
As ye ha done before, O;'  
'O I'll be hame by hours nine,  
And frae the braes of Yarrow.'
- 5 'O are ye going to hawke,' she says,  
'As ye ha done before, O?  
Or are ye going to weild your brand,  
Upon the braes of Yarrow?'
- 6 'O I am not going to hawke,' he says,  
'As I have done before, O,  
But for to meet your brother Jhon,  
Upon the braes of Yarrow.'
- 7 As he gade down yon dowy den,  
Sorrow went him before, O;  
Nine well-wight men lay waiting him,  
Upon the braes of Yarrow.
- 8 'I have your sister to my wife,  
'Ye' think me an unmeet marrow;  
But yet one foot will I never flee  
Now frae the braes of Yarrow.'
- 9 'Than' four he killd and five did wound,  
That was an unmeet marrow!  
'And he had weel nigh wan the day  
Upon the braes of Yarrow.'
- 10 'Bot' a cowardly 'loon' came him behind,  
Our Lady lend him sorrow!  
And wi a rappier pierced his heart,  
And laid him low on Yarrow.
- 11 'Now Douglas' to his sister's gane,  
Wi meikle dule and sorrow:  
'Gae to your luv, sister,' he says,  
'He's sleeping sound on Yarrow.'
- 12 As she went down yon dowy den,  
Sorrow went her before, O;  
She saw her true-love lying slain  
Upon the braes of Yarrow.
- 13 'She swoond thrice upon his breist  
That was her dearest marrow;  
Said, Ever alace and wae the day  
Thou wentst frae me to Yarrow!'
- 14 She kist his mouth, she kaimed his hair,  
As she had done before, O;  
She 'wiped' the blood that trickled doun  
Upon the braes of Yarrow.
- 15 Her hair it was three quarters lang,  
It hang baith side and yellow;  
She tied it round 'her' white hause-bane,  
'And tint her life on Yarrow.'

## B

Murison MS., p. 105; Old Deer, Aberdeenshire.

- 1 THREE lords sat drinking at the wine  
I the bonny braes o Yarrow,  
An there cam a dispute them between,  
Who was the Flower o Yarrow.
- 2 'I'm wedded to your sister dear,  
Ye coont nae me your marrow;  
I stole her fae her father's back,  
An made her the Flower o Yarrow.'
- 3 'Will ye try hearts, or will ye try hans,  
I the bonnie braes o Yarrow?
- Or will ye try the weel airmt sword,  
I the bonnie braes o Yarrow?'
- 4 'I winna try hearts, I winna try hans,  
I the bonnie braes o Yarrow,  
But I will try the weel airmt sword,  
I the bonnie braes o Yarrow.'
- 5 'Ye'll stay at home, my own good lord,  
Ye'll stay at home tomorrow;  
My brethren three they will slay thee,  
I the bonnie braes o Yarrow.'
- 6 'Bonnie, bonnie shines the sun,  
An early sings the sparrow;



- Before the clock it will strike nine  
An I'll be home tomorrow.'
- 7 She's kissed his mouth, an combed his hair,  
As she had done before, O;  
She's dressed him in his noble bow,  
An he's awa to Yarrow.
- 8 As he gaed up yon high, high hill,  
An doon the dens o Yarrow,  
An there he spied ten weel airt men  
I the bonnie braes o Yarrow.
- 9 It's five he wounded, an five he slew,  
I the bonnie braes o Yarrow;  
There cam a squire out o the bush,  
An pierced his body thorough.
- 10 'I dreamed a dream now sin the streen,  
God keep us a' fae sorrow!  
That my good lord was sleepin soun  
I the bonnie braes o Yarrow.'
- 11 'O hold your tongue, my daughter dear,  
An tak it not in sorrow;
- I'll wed you wi as good a lord  
As you've lost this day in Yarrow.'
- 12 'O hand your tongue, my father dear,  
An wed your sons wi sorrow;  
For a fairer flower neer sprang in May nor  
June  
Nor I've lost this day in Yarrow.'
- 13 Fast did she gang, fast did she rin,  
Until she cam to Yarrow,  
An there she fan her own good lord,  
He was sleepin soun in Yarrow.
- 14 She's taen three lachters o her hair,  
That hung doon her side sae bonny,  
An she's tied them roon his middle tight,  
An she's carried him hame frae Yar-  
row.
- 15 This lady being big wi child,  
She was fu o grief an sorrow;  
Her heart did break, and then she died,  
She did not live till morrow.

## C

Motherwell's MS., pp. 334, 331, from the recitation of  
Agnes Lile, Kilbarchan, July 19, 1825; learned from her  
father, who died fourteen years earlier, at the age of eighty.

- 1 THERE were three lords birling at the wine  
On the dowie downs o Yarrow;  
They made a compact them between  
They would go fight tomorrow.
- 2 'Thou took our sister to be thy bride,  
And thou neer thocht her thy marrow;  
Thou stealed her frae her daddie's back,  
When she was the rose o Yarrow.'
- 3 'Yes, I took your sister to be my bride,  
And I made her my marrow;  
I stealed her frae her daddie's back,  
And she's still the rose o Yarrow.'
- 4 He is hame to his lady gane,  
As he had dune before! O;  
Says, Madam, I must go and fight  
On the dowie downs o Yarrow.
- 5 'Stay at hame, my lord,' she said,  
'For that will cause much sorrow;  
For my brethren three they will slay thee,  
On the dowie downs o Yarrow.'
- 6 'Hold your tongue, my lady fair,  
For what needs a' this sorrow?  
For I'll be hame gin the clock strikes nine,  
From the dowie downs o Yarrow.'
- 7 She wush his face, she kamed his hair,  
As she had dune before, O;  
She dressed him up in his armour clear,  
Sent him furth to fight on Yarrow.
- 8 'Come you here to hawk or hound,  
Or drink the wine that's so clear, O?  
Or come you here to eat in your words,  
That you're not the rose o Yarrow?'
- 9 'I came not here to hawk or hound,  
Nor to drink the wine that's so clear, O;  
Nor I came not here to eat in my words,  
For I'm still the rose o Yarrow.'



- 10 Then they a' begoud to fight,  
I wad they focht richt sore, O,  
Till a cowardly man came behind his back,  
And pierced his body thorough.
- 11 'Gae hame, gae hame, it's my man John,  
As ye have done before, O,  
And tell it to my gay lady  
That I soundly sleep on Yarrow.'
- 12 His man John he has gane hame,  
As he had dune before, O,  
And told it to his gay lady,  
That he soundly slept on Yarrow.
- 13 'I dreamd a dream now since the streen,  
God keep us a' frae sorrow!  
That my lord and I was pu'ing the heather  
green  
From the dowie downs o Yarrow.'
- 14 Sometimes she rade, sometimes she gaed,  
As she had dune before, O,  
And aye between she fell in a sounne,  
Lang or she cam to Yarrow.
- 15 Her hair it was five quarters lang,  
'T was like the gold for yellow;  
She twisted it round his milk-white hand,  
And she's drawn him hame from Yarrow.
- 16 Out and spak her father dear,  
Says, What needs a' this sorrow?  
For I'll get you a far better lord  
Than ever died on Yarrow.
- 17 'O hold your tongue, father,' she said,  
'For ye've bred a' my sorrow;  
For that rose'll neer spring sae sweet in  
May  
As that rose I lost on Yarrow.'

## D

Communicated to Percy by Robert Lambe, Norham, April  
16, 1768.

- 1 THERE were three lords drinking of wine  
On the bonny braes of Yarrow;  
There fell a combat them between,  
*Wha* was the rose of Yarrow.
- 2 Up then spak a noble lord,  
And I wot it was bot sorrow:  
'I have as fair a flower,' he said,  
'As ever sprang on Yarrow.'
- 3 Then he went hame to his ain house,  
For to sleep or the morrow,  
But the first sound the trumpet gae  
Was, Mount and haste to Yarrow.
- 4 'Oh stay at hame,' his lady said,  
'Oh stay untill the morrow,  
And I will mount upon a steed,  
And ride with you to Yarrow.'
- 5 'Oh hawd your tongue, my dear,' said he,  
'And talk not of the morrow;  
This day I have to fight again,  
In the dowy deans of Yarrow.'
- 6 As he went up yon high, high hill,  
Down the dowy deans of Yarrow,  
There he spy'd ten weel armd men,  
There was nane o them his marrow.
- 7 Five he wounded and five he slew,  
In the dowy deans of Yarrow,  
But an English-man out of a bush  
Shot at him a lang sharp arrow.
- 8 'Ye may gang hame, my brethren three,  
Ye may gang hame with sorrow,  
And say this to my fair lady,  
I am sleeping sound on Yarrow.'
- 9 'Sister, sister, I dreamt a dream —  
You read a dream to gude, O!  
That I was pu'ing the heather green  
On the bonny braes of Yarrow.'
- 10 'Sister, sister, I'll read your dream,  
But alas! it's unto sorrow;  
Your good lord is sleeping sound,  
He is lying dead on Yarrow.'
- 11 She as pu'd the ribbons of her head,  
And I wot it was wi sorrow,  
And she's gane up yon high, high hill,  
Down the dowy deans of Yarrow.

12 Her hair it was five quarters lang,  
The colour of it was yellow;  
She as ty'd it round his middle jimp,  
And she as carried him frae Yarrow.

13 'O hawd your tongue!' her father says,  
'What needs a' this grief and sorrow?  
I'll wed you on as fair a flower  
As ever sprang on Yarrow.'

14 'No, hawd your tongue, my father dear,  
I'm fow of grief and sorrow;  
For a fairer flower ne[v]er sprang  
Than I've lost this day on Yarrow.'

15 This lady being big wi bairn,  
And fow of grief and sorrow,  
She as died within her father's arms,  
And she died lang or the morrow.

## E

a. In the handwriting of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, about 1801; now in a volume with the title "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 136, Abbotsford. b. Scott's Minstrelsy, III, 72, 1803, III, 143, 1833.

1 LATE at een, drinkin the wine,  
Or early in a mornin,  
The set a combat them between,  
To fight it in the dawnin.

2 'O stay at hame, my noble lord!  
O stay at hame, my marrow!  
My cruel brother will you betray,  
On the dowy houns o Yarrow.'

3 'O fare ye weel, my lady gaye!  
O fare ye weel, my Sarah!  
For I maun gae, tho I neer return  
Frae the dowy banks o Yarrow.'

4 She kissd his cheek, she kaimd his hair,  
As she had done before, O;  
She belted on his noble brand,  
An he's awa to Yarrow.

5 O he's gane up yon high, high hill —  
I wat he gaed wi sorrow —  
An in a den spied nine armd men,  
I the dowy houns o Yarrow.

6 'O ir ye come to drink the wine,  
As ye hae doon before, O?  
Or ir ye come to wield the brand,  
On the bonny banks o Yarrow?'

7 'I im no come to drink the wine,  
As I hae don before, O,  
But I im come to wield the brand,  
On the dowy houns o Yarrow.'

8 Four he hurt, an five he slew,  
On the dowy houns o Yarrow,  
Till that stubborn knight came him behind,  
An ran his body thorow.

9 'Gae hame, gae hame, good-brother John,  
An tell your sister Sarah  
To come an lift her noble lord,  
Who's sleepin sound on Yarrow.'

10 'Yestreen I dreamd a dolefu dream;  
I kend there wad be sorrow;  
I dreamd I pu'd the heather green,  
On the dowy banks o Yarrow.'

11 She gaed up yon high, high hill —  
I wat she gaed wi sorrow —  
An in a den spy'd nine dead men,  
On the dowy houns o Yarrow.

12 She kissd his cheek, she kaimd his hair,  
As oft she did before, O;  
She drank the red blood frae him ran,  
On the dowy houns o Yarrow.

13 'O hand your tongue, my douchter dear,  
For what needs a' this sorrow?  
I'll wed you on a better lord  
Than him you lost on Yarrow.'

14 'O hand your tongue, my father dear,  
An diuna grieve your Sarah;  
A better lord was never born  
Than him I lost on Yarrow.

15 'Tak hame your ousen, tak hame your kye,  
For they hae bred our sorrow;  
I wiss that they had a' gane mad  
Whan they cam first to Yarrow.'

## F

"From Nelly Laidlaw." In the handwriting of William Laidlaw, "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 20 a, Abbotsford.

1 LATE in the eenin, drinkin the wine,  
Or early in the mornin,  
The set a combat them between,  
To fight it out i the dawnin.

2 She's kissd his lips, an she's caim'd his hair,  
As she did ay afore, O,  
She's belted him in his noble broun,  
Afore he gaed to Yarrow.

3 Then he's away oer yon high hill —  
A wait he's gane wi sorrow —  
An in a den he spied nine armd men,  
On the dowie banks o Yarrow.

4 'If I see ye a', ye'r nine for ane,  
But ane's [un]equal marrow;  
Yet as lang's I'm able wield my brand,  
I'll fight an bear ye marrow.

5 'There are twa swords into my sheath,  
The're ane and equal marrow;  
Now wale the best, I'll take the warst,  
An, man for man, I'll try ye.'

6 He has slain a' the nine men,  
A ane an equal marrow,  
But up there startit a stubborn lord,  
That gard him sleep on Yarrow.

\* \* \* \* \*

7 'Gae hame, gae hame, my sister Anne,  
An tell yer sister Sarah  
That she may gang an seek her lord,  
He's lyin sleepin on Yarrow.'

8 'I dreamd a dream now sin yestreen,  
I thought it wad be sorrow;  
I thought I was pouin the hether green  
On the dowie banks o Yarrow.'

9 Then she's away oer yon high hill —  
I wat she's gane wi sorrow —  
And in a den she's spy'd ten slain men,  
On the dowie banks o Yarrow.

10 'My love was a' clad oer last night  
Wi the finest o the tartan,  
But now he's a' clad oer wi red,  
An he's red bluid to the garten.'

11 She's kissd his lips, she's caim'd his hair,  
As she had done before, O;  
She drank the red bluid that frae him ran,  
On the dowie banks o Yarrow.

12 'Tak hame your ousen, father, and yer  
kye,  
For they've bred muckle sorrow;  
I wiss that they had a' gaen mad  
Afore they came to Yarrow.'

13 'O hand yer tongue, my daughter dear,  
For this breeds ay but sorrow;  
I'll wed you to a better lord  
Than him you lost on Yarrow.'

14 'O hand yer tongue, my father dear,  
For ye but breed mair sorrow;  
A better rose will never spring  
Than him I've lost on Yarrow.'

15 This lady being big wi child,  
An fu o lamentation,  
She died within her father's arms,  
Amang this stubborn nation.

## G

"Carterhaugh, June 15, 1802." "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 135, Abbotsford.

\* \* \* \* \*

1 SHE kissd his mouth and she combd his hair,  
As she had done before, O,

She belted him in his noble broun,  
Before he went to Yarrow.

2 O he's gone up yon high, [high] hill —  
I wat it was with sorrow —  
In a den he spied nine weal armd men,  
On the bonny banks of Yarrow.

- 3 'I see that you are nine for one,  
Which are of an unequal marrow;  
As lang's I'm able to wield my bran,  
I'll fight and be your marrow.'
- 4 O he has killed them a' but one,  
Which bred to him great sorrow;  
For up and rose that stubborn lord,  
Made him sleep sound in Yarrow.
- 5 'Rise up, rise up, my daughter Ann,  
Go tell your sister Sarah  
She may rise up go lift her lord;  
He's sleeping sound in Yarrow.'
- 6 She's gone up yon high, high hill —  
I wat it was with sorrow —  
And in a den she spied nine slain men,  
On the dowie banks o Yarrow.
- 7 O she kissed his mouth, and she combd his  
hair,  
As she had done before, O;

She drank the bleed that from him ran,  
On the dowie banks o Yarrow.

- 8 'Take hame your oxen, tak hame your kye,  
They've bred to me great sorrow;  
I wish they had all now gone mad  
First when they came to Yarrow.'
- 9 'O hold your tongue now, daughter dear,  
These words to me's great sorrow;  
I'll wed you on a better lord  
Than you have lost on Yarrow.'
- 10 'O hold your tongue now, father dear,  
These words to me's great sorrow;  
A brighter O shall there never spread  
Than I have lost in Yarrow.'
- 11 This lady being big with child,  
And full of lamentation,  
She died unto her father's arms,  
Among the stubborn nation.

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### H

Campbell MSS, II, 55.

- 1 'T WAS late at evening drinking wine,  
And early in the morning,  
He set a combat them among,  
And he fought it in the morning.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 2 'I have two swords by my side,  
They cost me both gold and money;  
Take ye the best, I'll take the worst,  
Come man for man, I'll try ye.'
- 3 He has foughten them all round,  
His equal man and marrow,  
While up bespake the stubborn lord,  
'He's made them sleep in Yarrow.'
- 4 He says, Go home, my daughter Ann,  
And tell your sister Sarah  
To come and lift her stubborn lord;  
The lad's made him sleep in Yarrow.
- 5 As she gaed up yon high, high hill,  
I wot she gaed right sorrow,

And in a den spied nine well armd men,  
In the dowie dens of Yarrow.

- 6 'My love was dressd in the finest robes,  
And of the finest tartan,  
And now he's a' clad oer wi red,  
He's bloody to the gartan!'
- 7 'O hold yer tongue, daughter!' he says,  
'That would breed but sorrow;  
Ye shall be wed to a finer lord  
Than the one you've lost in Yarrow.'
- 8 'Hold your tongue, father!' she says,  
'For that will breed but sorrow;  
A finer lord can neer be born  
Than the one I've lost in Yarrow.'
- 9 'Take hame yer ox, and take hame yer kye,  
You've bred me muckle sorrow;  
I wish they'd a' gane mad that day,  
That day they came to Yarrow.'
- 10 This woman being big wi child,  
And full of lamentation,  
She died into her father's arms,  
Among that stubborn nation.



## I

Buchan's MSS, II, 161.

- 1 TEN lords sat drinking at the wine  
Intill a morning early;  
There fell a combat them among,  
It must be fought, nae parley.
- 2 'O stay at hame, my ain gude lord!  
O stay, my ain dear marrow!'  
'Sweetest min, I will be thine,  
An dine wi you tomorrow.'
- 3 She kissd his lips, an combed his hair,  
As she had done before O,  
Gied him a brand down by his side,  
An he is on to Yarrow.
- 4 As he gaed oer yon dowey knowe,  
As he had dane before O,  
Nine armed men lay in a den,  
Upo the braes o Yarrow.
- 5 'O came ye here to hunt or hawk,  
As ye hae dane before O?  
Or came ye here to wiel your brand,  
Upo the braes o Yarrow?'
- 6 'I came nae here to hunt nor hawk,  
As I hae done before O;  
But I came here to wiel my brand,  
Upo the braes o Yarrow.'
- 7 Four he hurt, an five he slew,  
Till down it fell himsell O;  
There stood a fause lord him behin,  
Who thrust his body thorow.
- 8 'Gae hame, gae hame, my brother John,  
An tell your sister sorrow;  
Your mither woud come take up her son,  
Aff o the braes o Yarrow.'

- 9 As he gaed oer yon high, high hill,  
As he had dane before O,  
There he met his sister dear,  
Came rinnin fast to Yarrow.
- 10 'I dreamd a dream last night,' she says,  
'I wish it binna sorrow;  
I dreamd I was puing the heather green  
Upo the braes o Yarrow.'
- 11 'I'll read your dream, sister,' he says,  
'I'll read it into sorrow;  
Ye're bidden gae take up your luvie,  
He's sleeping sound on Yarrow.'
- 12 She's torn the ribbons frae her head—  
They were baith thick an narrow—  
She's kilted up her green claiting,  
An she's awa to Yarrow.
- 13 She's taen him in her arms twa,  
An gaen him kisses thorough,  
An wi her tears she bath'd his wounds,  
Upo the braes o Yarrow.
- 14 Her father, looking oer the castle-wa,  
Beheld his daughter's sorrow;  
'O had your tongue, daughter,' he says,  
'An lat be a' your sorrow!  
I'll wed you wi a better lord  
Than he that died on Yarrow.'
- 15 'O had your tongue, father,' she says,  
'An lat be till tomorrow!  
A better lord there coudna be  
Than he that died on Yarrow.'
- 16 She kissd his lips, an combd his hair,  
As she had done before O,  
An wi a crack her head did brack,  
Upo the braes o Yarrow.

## J

Taken down from the singing of Marion Miller, in Threepwood, in the parish of Melrose. In Thomas Wilkie's handwriting, "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 107, Abbotsford. Another copy in Thomas Wilkie's MS., 1813-15, p. 57, No 67 of "Scotch Ballads," etc.

- 1 IN Thoro town there lives a maid,  
I am sure she has no marrow;  
For she has forsaken both lords and knights,  
And loved a servant-lad in Galla.
- 2 Evening and morning her page he ran,  
Her page he ran wi sorrow,  
With letters bound, just frae the town,  
To the servant-lad in Galla.
- 3 Her father he got word of that,  
And he's bred all her sorrow;  
He sent him forth to fight wi nine,  
In the dowie glens of Yarrow.
- 4 She washd his face, she combd his hair,  
She thought he had no marrow;  
Wi a thrusty rapier by his side,  
She sent him forth to Yarrow.
- 5 She's taen fareweel of him that day,  
As she had done before, O,  
And she's comd back to her bonny bower,  
But her love's away to Yarrow.
- 6 He wanderd up, he wandred down,  
His heart was full of sorrow;  
There he spied nine gentlemen,  
Watering their steeds in Yarrow.
- 7 'O come away, young man,' they said,  
'I'm sure ye'r no our marrow;  
Ye'r welcome here, young man,' they said,  
'For the bonny lass o Thorro.'
- 8 'Nine against one, weel do ye ken,  
That's no an equal marrow;  
Yet for my love's sake I'll venture my life,  
In the dowie glens of Yarrow.'
- 9 Five was wounded, and four was slain,  
Amongst them a' he had no marrow;  
He's mounted on his horse again,  
Cries, I have won the bonny lass of Thorro!

- 10 Up then spake her father dear —  
And he's bred all her sororw —  
And wi a broad sword ran him through,  
In the dowie glens of Yarrow.
- 11 'I have dreamd a dream, father,  
I doubt I have dreamd for sorrow;  
I dreamd I was pouing the heather green  
Wi my true love in Yarrow.'
- 12 'O I will read your dream, daughter,  
Although it be for your sorrow;  
Go, and ye'll find your love lying sound,  
In a heather-bush in Yarrow.'
- 13 She's calld on her maidens then —  
Her heart was full of sorrow —  
And she's away wi her maidens twa,  
To the dowie glens o Yarrow.
- 14 She wandered up, she wandred down,  
In the dowie glens of Yarrow,  
And there she spied her love lying sound,  
In a heather-bush in Yarrow.
- 15 She's washd him in the clear well-strand,  
She's dry'd him wi the holland,  
And aye she sighd, and said, Alass!  
For my love I had him chosen.
- 16 His hair it was three quarters long,  
Three quarters long and yellow;  
And she's rapt it round her middle small,  
And brought it home to Thorro.
- 17 'O hold your tongue, my daughter dear,  
And talk no more of sorrow;  
I'll soon wed you on a better match  
Than your servant-lad in Galla.'
- 18 'O you may wed a' your seven sons,  
I wish you may wed them in sorrow:  
O you may wed a' your seven sons,  
For you'll neer wed the bonny lass of  
Thoro.'
- 19 This lady being big wi child,  
And her heart was full wi sorrow,  
She died between her father's arms,  
In the bonny house of Thorro.

## K

Campbell MS., I, 8; "communicated by Janet Ormstone, Innerleithen, who sung it to a beautiful old air."

- 1 THERE lived a lady in the south,  
She thought she had not her marrow;  
And she was courted by nine gentlemen,  
In the dowie dens in Yarrow.
- 2 All their offers they proved in vain,  
She thought that they were not her marrow;  
She has forsaken a' the nine,  
Loved a servant-lad on Galla.
- 3 Up bespoke her father dear,  
Who bred them a' this sorrow;  
You must go far, far to fight the nine,  
In the dowie den in Yarrow.'
- 4 She washd his face, she combd his hair,  
Her heart being full of sorrow,  
With a rusted rapier down by his side,  
To fight his foes in Yarrow.
- 5 He's ridden east, he's ridden west,  
He's ridden into Yarrow,  
And there he espied all the nine,  
Watering their steeds in Yarrow.
- 6 'Ye'r welcome, welcome, young man,' they  
said,  
'But I think ye are not our marrow;'  
'But I'll fight ye all out, one by one,  
In the dowie dens o Yarrow.'

- 7 Four he has wounded, five he has slain,  
He left them a' sound in Yarrow;  
He turned him round with rejoyfull looks,  
Says, I wone the lady of Thoro.
- 8 Up then spoke her father dear,  
Who bred them a' this sorrow;  
He's taen out a broadsword and run him  
through,  
In the dowie dens o Yarrow.
- 9 'I dreamed a dream last night,' she says,  
'I fear it is for sorrow;  
I dreamd I was pulling the heather green  
With my true love in Yarrow.'
- 10 'I'll read your dream now, daughter dear,  
I fear it is for sorrow;  
You will find your true-love lying sound,  
In a heather bush in Yarrow.'
- 11 She's ridden east, she's ridden west,  
She's ridden into Yarrow;  
There she found her true lover sound,  
In a heather bush in Yarrow.
- 12 His hair it was five quarters lang,  
It was baith lang and yellow;  
She's tied it to her horse's mane,  
She's trailed him home from Yarrow.
- 13 'O woe be to you, father dear!  
You've bred me all this sorrow;'  
So she died between her father's arms,  
In the dowie dens o Yarrow.

## L

Blackwood's Magazine, CXLVII, 741, June, 1890; communicated by Professor John Veitch, as received from William Welsh, a Peeblesshire cottar and poet, born 1799, whose mother used to recite the ballad, and whose grandmother had a copy in her father's handwriting.

- 1 AT Dryhope lived a lady fair,  
The fairest flower in Yarrow,  
And she refused nine noble men  
For a servan lad in Gala.
- 2 Her father said that he should fight  
The nine lords all to-morrow,

And he that should the victor be  
Would get the Rose of Yarrow.

- 3 Quoth he, You're nine, an I'm but ane,  
And in that there's no much inarrow;  
Yet I shall fecht ye, man for man,  
In the dowie dens o Yarrow.
- 4 She kissed his lips, and combed his hair,  
As oft she'd done before, O,  
An set him on her milk-white steed,  
Which bore him on to Yarrow.

- 5 When he got oer yon high, high hill,  
An down the deus o Yarrow,  
There did he see the nine lords all,  
But there was not one his marrow.
- 6 'Now here ye're nine, an I'm but ane,  
But yet I am not sorrow;  
For here I'll fecht ye, man for man,  
For my true love in Yarrow.'
- 7 Then he wheeld round, and fought so fierce  
Till the seventh fell in Yarrow,  
When her brother sprang from a bush behind,  
And ran his body thorough.
- 8 He never spoke more words than these,  
An they were words o sorrow;  
'Ye may tell my true love, if ye please,  
That I'm sleepin sound in Yarrow.'
- 9 They've taen the young man by the heels  
And trailed him like a harrow,  
And then they flung the comely youth  
In a whirlpool o Yarrow.
- 10 The lady said, I dreamed yestreen —  
I fear it bodes some sorrow —  
That I was pu'in the heather green  
On the scroggy braes o Yarrow.'
- 11 Her brother said, I'll read your dream,  
But it should cause nae sorrow;  
Ye may go seek your lover hame,  
For he's sleepin sound in Yarrow.
- 12 Then she rode oer yon gloomy height,  
An her heart was fu o sorrow,  
But only saw the clud o night,  
Or heard the roar o Yarrow.
- 13 But she wandered east, so did she wast,  
And search'd the forest thorough,  
Until she spied her ain true love,  
Lyin deeply drowned in Yarrow.
- 14 His hair it was five quarters lang,  
Its colour was the yellow;  
She twined it round her lily hand,  
And drew him out o Yarrow.
- 15 She kissed his lips, and combed his head,  
As oft she'd done before, O;  
She laid him oer her milk-white steed,  
An bore him home from Yarrow.
- 16 She washed his wounds in yon well-strand,  
And dried him wi the hollan,  
And aye she sighed, and said, Alas!  
For my love I had him chosen.
- 17 'Go hold your tongue,' her father said,  
'There's little cause for sorrow;  
I'll wed ye on a better lad  
Than ye hae lost in Yarrow.'
- 18 'Haud your ain tongue, my faither dear,  
I canna help my sorrow;  
A fairer flower neer sprang in May  
Than I hae lost in Yarrow.
- 19 'I meant to make my bed fu wide,  
But you may make it narrow;  
For now I've nane to be my guide  
But a deid man drowned in Yarrow.'
- 20 An aye she screighed, and cried Alas!  
Till her heart did break wi sorrow,  
An sank into her faither's arms,  
Mang the dowie dens o Yarrow.

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### M

In the handwriting of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd (later than E a). "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 11 a, Abbotsford.

- 1 O AY he sat, and ay he drank,  
An ay he counted the laying,  
An ay he drank to the lass'es health  
Was to meet him in the dawning.
- 2 Up he gaes on yon high, high hill,  
An a wat he gaes wi sorrow,  
An in a den he spy'd nine well armd men,  
On the dowie banks of Yarrow.
- 3 'Oh woe be to young women's wit!  
For the've bred to me meikle sorrow;  
She promis'd for to meet me here,  
An she's sent nine men to slay me.



- 4 'But there is two swords in my scabba[rd],  
They cost me gold and money;  
Tak ye the best, and I'll tak the wa[rst],  
An come man for man, I'll not fly yo[u].'
- 5 Ay he stood, an ay he fought,  
Till it was near the dawning,  
Then up an rose her brother James,  
An has slain him in the dawning.
- 6 'O the last night I dreamd a dream,  
God keep us a' frae sorrow!  
I dreamd I was powing the heather green  
In the dowie banks of Yarrow.'
- 7 Up she gaes on yon high, high hill,  
An a wat she gaes with sorrow,  
An in a den she spy'd nine slain men,  
In the dowie banks of Yarrow.
- 8 'O the last time I saw my love  
He was a' clad oer in tartan;  
But now he's a' clad oer in red,  
An he's a' blood to the gartin.'
- 9 She kist his mouth, an she's combd his hair,  
As she had done before, O,  
She drank the blood that from him ran,  
In the dowie banks of Yarrow.
- 10 'O hold your tongue now, daughter,' he says,  
'An breed to me no more sorrow;  
For I'll wed you on a better match  
Than you have lost on Yarrow.'
- 11 'Hold your tongue now, father,' she says,  
'An breed to me no more sorrow;  
For a better rose will never spring  
Than I have lost on Yarrow.'

## N

Communicated to Scott by Mrs Christiana Greenwood, London, May 27, 1806 (Letters, I, No 189); presumably learned by her at Longnewton, near Jedburgh. "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 84, Abbotsford.

- 1 THE cock did crawl, and the day did daw,  
And the moon shone fair and clearly;  
Sir James gade out o his castle-yett,  
To meet fair Anne, his dearie.
- 2 'O come down, come down, my true-love Anne,  
And speak but ae word to me!  
But ae kiss o your bonny mouth  
Wad yield much comfort to me.'
- 3 'O how can I come down?' she says,  
'Or how can I win to thee?  
When there is nane that I can trust  
Wad safe convey me to thee.
- 4 'But gang down, gang down, to yon hostess'  
house,  
And there take on yere lawing,  
And, as I'm a woman kind and true,  
I'll meet you at the dawning.'
- 5 Then he gade thro the good green-wood,  
And oer the moor sae eerie,
- And lang he stayd, and sair he sighd,  
But he never mair saw his dearie.
- 6 And ay he sat, and lang he drank,  
And ay he counted his lawing,  
Till fifteen men did him surround,  
To slay him or the dawning.
- 7 'O she promisd ance to meet me this night,  
But I find she has deceived me;  
She promisd ance to meet me this night,  
And she's sent fifteen to slay me!
- 8 'There are twa swords in my scabard,  
They cost me gowd and money;  
Take ye the best, and gie me the warst,  
And man for man I'll try ye.'
- 9 Then they fought on, and on they fought,  
Till maist o them were fallen,  
When her brother John cam him behind,  
And slew him at the dawning.
- 10 Then he's away to his sister Anne,  
To the chamber where's she's lying:  
'Come down, come down, my sister Anne,  
And take up your true-love Jamie!
- 11 'Come down, come down now, sister Anne!  
For he's sleeping in yon logie;

Sound, sound he sleeps, nae mair to wake,  
And nae mair need ye be rogie.'

But lang or ere the day did daw  
They war a' red bluid to the garten.

12 'I dreamd a drearie dream yestreen,  
Gin it be true, it will prove my sorrow;  
I dreamd my luive had lost his life,  
Within the yetts o Gowrie.

15 'Yestreen my luive had a suit o claise  
Were o the apple reamin;  
But lang or ere the day did daw  
The red bluid had them streamin.'

13 'O wae betide ye, lassies o Gowrie  
For ye hae sleepit soundly;  
Gin ye had keepit your yetts shut,  
Ye might hae sav'd the life o my Jamie.

16 In yon fair ha, where the winds did blaw,  
When the moon shone fair and clearly,  
She's thrawn her green skirt oer her head,  
And ay she cried out mercy.

14 'Yestreen my luive had a suit o claise  
Were o the finest tartan;

## O

Herd's MSS, I, 35, II, 181.

1 'I DREAMD a dreary dream last night,  
God keep us a' frae sorrow!  
I dreamd I pu'd the birk sae green  
Wi my true luv on Yarrow.'

2 'I'll read your dream, my sister dear,  
I'll tell you a' your sorrow;  
You pu'd the birk wi your true luv,  
He's killd, he's killd on Yarrow!'

3 'O gentle wind, that blaweth south  
To where my love repaireth,  
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,  
And tell me how he fareth!

4 'But oer yon glen run armed men,  
Have wrought me dule and sorrow;  
They've slain, they've slain the comliest swain,  
He bleeding lies on Yarrow.'

## P

Cromek's Select Scottish Songs, 1810, II, 196, the seventh  
and tenth stanzas; sent by Burns to William Tytler in 1790.

1 'GET up, get up now, sister Ann,  
I fear we've wrought you sorrow;  
Get up, ye'll find your true love slain,  
Among the banks of Yarrow.'

2 'I made my love a suit of clothes,  
I clad him all in tartan,  
But ere the morning sun arose,  
He was a' bluid to the gartan.'

A. The words in '' are so distinguished in the  
MS., and are of course emendations.  
'Than,' 9<sup>1</sup>, is obviously an insertion; 'Now  
Douglas,' 11<sup>1</sup>, is entirely unauthorized, and,  
as before said, is taken from Hamilton's  
ballad; 'wiped,' 14<sup>3</sup>, is probably substi-

tuted for drank, cf. 12<sup>3</sup>, etc.; and 'her,'  
15<sup>3</sup>, is very likely to have been his.  
B. 12<sup>1</sup>. Var. O father dear, I pray forbear.  
C. 7<sup>1</sup>. He. 7<sup>3</sup>. SHE, originally He.  
9<sup>1,3</sup>. a in came is not closed; possibly cume.

*A few changes were, as usual, made by Motherwell in printing.*

D. 1<sup>4</sup>. Wha is blotted.

E. b. *A minute collation of a copy constructed by Scott would be useless and deceptive, and therefore only the larger variations will be noted.*

1<sup>2</sup>. And ere they paid the lawing.

5<sup>1</sup>. As he gaed up the Tennies bank.

6<sup>1,2</sup>. O come ye here to part your land,  
The bonnie forest thorough.

7<sup>1,2</sup>. I come not here to part my land,  
And neither to beg nor borrow.

*After 7 :*

If I see all, ye're nine to ane, (Cf. F 4<sup>1</sup>.)

And that's an unequal marrow; (Cf. G 3<sup>2</sup>.)

Yet will I fight while lasts my brand,

(Cf. F 4<sup>3</sup>, G 3<sup>3</sup>.)

On the bonny banks of Yarrow. (Cf. E a 6<sup>4</sup>.)

10<sup>4</sup>. Wi my true love, on Yarrow. (Cf. O 1<sup>4</sup>.)

*After 10, two stanzas which are nearly O 3, 4.*

11<sup>3</sup>. ten slain men. (Cf. F 9<sup>3</sup>.)

12<sup>2,3</sup>. She searchd his wounds all thorough;  
She kissd them till her lips grew red.

13<sup>2</sup>. For a' this breeds but sorrow. (Cf. F 13<sup>2</sup>.)

14<sup>2</sup>. Ye mind me but of sorrow.

14<sup>3,4</sup>. A fairer rose did never bloom

Than now lies croppd on Yarrow.

(Cf. M 11<sup>3,4</sup>.)

*Scott gives in a note, III, 79, 1803, "the last stanza, as (since?) it occurs in most copies."*  
(Cf. F, G, H.)

That lady, being big with child,

And full of consternation,

She swooned in her father's arms,

Amidst that stubborn nation.

F. 2<sup>3</sup>. browns, and so again G 1<sup>3</sup>. *A derivation from bruny, mail-coat, is scarcely to be thought of. Apparently a corruption of brand, (cf. E 4<sup>3</sup>); but brand occurs in F 4<sup>3</sup>, G 3<sup>3</sup>.*

G. 1<sup>2</sup>. before him. 1<sup>3</sup>. and his noble brouns.

10<sup>3</sup>. shalt.

H. 3, 4. *The stubborn lord in 3<sup>3</sup> is the wife's father, and the race, or family, is stubborn according to 10. Stubborn folk think opposers stubborn, no doubt; still the epithet is unlikely in 4<sup>3</sup>. Lad I suppose to refer*

*to the man who in the other versions stabs from behind.*

5<sup>3</sup>. dern for den. *The nine men must be dead, as in E 11, F 9, G 6. The well armd belongs to an earlier (lost) stanza; corresponding to E 5, F 3, G 2.*

I. *Variations in Buchan's printed copy:*

1<sup>1</sup>. Ten lords. *The lords in my copy of the MS., but, as Dixon has also Ten, I presume The to be an error. Otherwise I should have read Th[re]e, as in B, C, D.*

4<sup>2</sup>. As aft he 'd.

7<sup>4</sup>. thrust him thro body and mell, O.

8<sup>3</sup>. mother to. 14<sup>4</sup>. ower his.

J. *The first copy seems to be the earlier, and that which was transcribed into the MS. to have been slightly edited, but the variations are few, mostly spellings. The first copy has no title. The title of the second is altered from The Braes of Yarrow to The Dowie Glens of Yarrow. At the end of the second is this note: This song I took down from Marion Miller in Threepwood, in the Parish of Melrose. The air was plaintive and extremely wild. I consider this song more valuable on account that Mern had never sung it to any but myself for fifteen years, and she had almost said, or rather promised, that she would never sing it to another. Thoro, 1<sup>1</sup>, etc., is spelt Thorough, Thorough, in the first copy, Thorough, Thorough, Thorro, Thoro, in the second; but in the latter ugh is struck out wherever it occurs.*

4<sup>3</sup>. thrusty, in both; i. e., trusty.

11<sup>3</sup>. the (birks) heather green, in both.

*First.* 5<sup>2</sup>, 17<sup>1</sup>, 18<sup>1</sup>. oh, Oh.

*Second.* 5<sup>2</sup>. What she had neer done before, O.

6<sup>2</sup>, 19<sup>2</sup>. was filled wi.

9<sup>1</sup>. Five he. 9<sup>2</sup>. nae. 9<sup>3</sup>. steed.

12<sup>2</sup>. to your.

18<sup>2</sup>. wi for in.

K. 3<sup>3</sup>. far far should probably be forth, as in J; possibly forth for.

L. 12<sup>3,4</sup>, 13<sup>1,2</sup>. *Compare Logan's Braes of Yarrow.*

They sought him east, they sought him west,

They sought him all the forest thorough;

They only saw the cloud of night

They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

O. "A fragment, to the tune of Leaderhaughs and Yarrow."



## 215

RARE WILLIE DROWNED IN YARROW, OR, THE WATER  
O GAMRIE

- A. 'Willy's rare and Willy's fair,' Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, II, 110, 1733.      E. 'Willie's drowned in Gamery,' Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, I, 245.
- B. a. Cromeek's *Select Scottish Songs*, 1810, II, 196.      F. 'The Water o Gamery,' Buchan's MSS, II, 159.  
b. Stenhouse, *Musical Museum*, 1853, IV, 464.      Dixon, *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads*, p. 66, Percy Society, vol. xvii.
- C. 'The Dowie Dens o Yarrow,' Gibb MS., p. 37.      G. 'The Water o Gamrie,' Motherwell's MS., p. 637.
- D. Skene MS., p. 47.      H. 'The Water o Gemrie,' Campbell MSS, II, 78.

A WAS inserted in the fourth volume of *The Tea-Table Miscellany*, and stands in the edition of 1763 at p. 321, 'Rare Willie drowned in Yarrow.' It is given in *Herd's Ancient and Modern Scots Songs*, 1769, p. 197 (with two or three trifling changes); in *Johnson's Museum*, p. 542, No 525. F is epitomized in *Christie's Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 66, "with some changes from the way the editor has heard it sung."

The fragment in Cromeek's *Select Scottish Songs*, 1810, II, 196, sent by Burns in a letter to William Tytler, 1790, belongs, as already said, mostly with 'The Duke of Athole's Nurse,' but has two stanzas of 'Willie drowned in Yarrow' (B).

'The Braes of Yarrow,' Ritson's *Scottish Song*, I, 154, composed upon the story of this ballad by the Rev. John Logan (1748-88), has two of the original lines (nearly):

They sought him east, they sought him west,  
They sought him all the forest thorough.

\* Buchan's note to E is, for a wonder, to the purpose. With his usual simplicity, he informs us that "the unfortunate hero of this ballad was a factor to the laird of Kinmundy." He then goes on to say: "As the young woman to whom he was to be united in connubial wedlock resided in Gamery, a small fishing-town on the east coast of the Murray Frith, the marriage was to be solemnized in the church of that parish; to which he was on his way when overtaken by some of the breakers which overflow a part of the

Willie is drowned in Yarrow according to the older (southern) tradition, A; also B, C. In the northern copies, D, E, F, with which G, H, agree, the scene is transferred to Gamrie, on the coast of the Moray Frith, where, as Christie remarks, "there is no water that Willie could have been drowned in but the sea, on his way along the sands to the old kirk."\* In the ballad which follows this, a western variety of the same story, Willie is drowned in the Clyde.

C 2, 3, 5, 6, belong to the preceding ballad, and 4 is common to that and this.

A 2 would come in better at the end of the story (as it does in C, a copy of slight authority), if it might properly find a place anywhere in the ballad. But this stanza suits only a woman who has been for some time living with her husband. A woman on her wedding-day could have no call to make her bed broad in her mother's house, whether yestreen or the morrow. I therefore conclude that A 2 does not belong to this ballad.†

road he had to pass, and dash with impetuous fury against the lofty and adamantine rocks with which it is skirted." I, 315.

† Professor Veitch has remarked on the incongruousness of this stanza in *Blackwood's Magazine*, June, 1890, p. 739 ff. Something like it, but adjusted to the circumstances of a maid, occurs in the ballad which he there prints as the "Original Ballad of the Dowie Dens." See No 214, p. 174, L 19.



D-H. Rare Willie has promised to marry Meggie, E (also A, C, D). His mother would give her the wale of all her other sons, but not Willie; she will have him only; D, E (cf. G 1). The bridegroom, with a large company, is mounted to ride for the bride; he tells his friends to go forward, he has forgotten to ask his mother's blessing; D, E, F, H. He receives the blessing, D, F, H; her blessing goes not with him, G; he gets her heavy curse, E; even in F his mother, after giving her blessing, says that he will never see his wedding. (The mother's curse is the characteristic feature of the next following ballad.) The bridal party come to the river, or burn, of Gamrie; all the others pass the stream safely, but Willie is washed from his saddle, D-H. The rest ride on to the kirk of Gamrie. The bride asks where is the man who was to marry her, and is told that Willie is drowned. She tears the ribbons from her hair and runs to the river, plunges in, and finds Willie in the deepest pot, the middle, the deepest weil. She will make her bed with him in Gamrie; both mothers shall be alike sorry; D-G.

In H, Willie's horse comes home with an

empty saddle. His mother is sure that her son is dead; her daughter tries in vain to persuade her that all is well; Meggie takes her lover's body from the river and lays it on the grass; she will sleep with him in the same grave at Gamrie.

In A, B, the drowned body is found in the cleft of a rock, the clifting or clintin of a craig; in C 4 neath a buss of brume, that stanza belonging, as most of the copy does, to the preceding ballad; cf. J 14, K 11 of No 214. The bride ties three links of her hair, which is three quarters long, round Willie's waist, and draws him out of the water, B 2, C 5; for the hair, cf. No 214, where also it is not advantageously used. The bride's tearing the ribbons from her head, D 12, E 15, F 8, G 7, H 14, is found also in No 214, D 11, I 12, but is inappropriate there. A brother, brother John, whether the man's or the woman's, tells the bad news in No 214, A 11, E 9, I 8, L 11, N 9, 10, as here D 11, E 14, F 7, G 6, H 13.

'Annan Water,' a ballad in which a lover is drowned on his way to visit his mistress, is given in an appendix.

### A

Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, II, 110, 1733.

- 1 'WILLY's rare, and Willy's fair,  
And Willy's wondrous bony,  
And Willy heght to marry me,  
Gin eer he marryd ony.
- 2 'Yestreen I made my bed fu brade,  
The night I'll make it narrow,  
For a' the live-long winter's night  
I lie twin'd of my marrow.

- 3 'O came you by yon water-side?

Pu'd you the rose or lilly?

Or came you by yon meadow green?

Or saw you my sweet Willy?

- 4 She sought him east, she sought him west,

She sought him brade and narrow;

Sine, in the clifting of a craig,

She found him drownd in Yarrow.

### B

a. Cromeck's *Select Scottish Songs*, 1810, II, 196; eighth and ninth stanzas of a fragment sent William Tytler by Burns in 1790. b. Stenhouse's edition of the *Musical Museum*, 1853, IV, 464.

- 1 SHE sought him east, she sought him west,  
She sought him braid and narrow,

Till in the clintin of a craig

She found him drownd in Yarrow.

- 2 She's taen three links of her yellow hair,

That hung down lang and yellow,

And she's tied it about sweet Willie's waist,

An drawn him out o Yarrow.

## C

Gibb MS., No 7, p. 37; from recitation. "Traced to Eppie Fraser, daughter of a tramp, and unable to read, circa 1840."

- 1 'WILLIE's fair, an Willie's rare,  
An Willie's wondrous bonny,  
An Willie's promised to marry me,  
If eer he marry ony.'
- 2 'O sister dear, I've dreamed a dream,  
I'm afraid it's unco sorrow;  
I dreamed I was pu'in the heather green,  
In the dowie dens o Yarrow.'
- 3 'O sister dear, I'll read your dream,  
I'm afraid it will be sorrow;

Ye'll get a letter ere it's een  
Your lover's drowned in Yarrow.'

- 4 She socht him up, she socht him doun,  
In mickle dule an sorrow;  
She found him neath a buss o brume,  
In the dowie dens o Yarrow.
- 5 Her hair it was three quarters lang,  
Its colour it was yellow;  
She tied it to his middle sma,  
An pu'ed him oot o Yarrow.
- 6 'My bed it was made wide yestreen,  
The nicht it sall be narrow;  
There's neer a man lie by my side  
Since Willie's drowned in Yarrow.'

## D

Skene MS., p. 47; taken down from recitation in the north of Scotland, 1802-3.

- 1 'WILLIE's fair, and Willie's rare,  
An he is wondrous bonnie,  
An Willie has promist to marry me,  
Gin ever he marry ony.'
- 2 'Ye's get Jammie, or ye's [get] Johnnie,  
Or ye's get bonny Peter;  
Ye's get the wale o a' my sons,  
But leave me Willie the writer.'
- 3 'I winna hae Jamie, I winna hae Johnie,  
I winna hae bonny Peter;  
I winna hae ony o a' your sons,  
An I get na Willie the writer.'
- 4 . . . . .  
There was threescore and ten brisk young men  
Was boun to briddal-stool wi him:
- 5 'Ride on, ride on, my merry men a',  
I forgot something behind me;  
I forgot my mither's blessing,  
To hae to bride-stool wi me.'
- 6 'God's blessin an mine gae wi ye, Willie,  
God's blessing an mine gae wi ye;

For ye're nae ane hour but bare nineteen,  
Fan ye're gauin to meet your Meggie.'

- 7 They rode on, and farther on,  
Till they came to the water of Gamrie,  
An they a' wan safe through,  
Unless it was sweet Willie.
- 8 The first ae step that Willie's horse steppit,  
He steppit to the bridle;  
The next ae step that Willie's horse steppit,  
Toom grew Willie's saddle.
- 9 They rod on, an farther on,  
Till they came to the kirk of Gamrie.  
. . . . .  
. . . . .
- 10 Out spak the bonny bride,  
. . . . .  
'Whar is the man that's to gie me his han  
This day at the kirk of Gamrie?'
- 11 Out spak his brother John,  
An O bat he was sorrie!  
'It fears me much, my bonny bride,  
He sleeps oure soun in Gamerie.'
- 12 The ribbons that were on her hair—  
An they were thick and monny—  
She rive them a', let them doun fa,  
An is on[to] the water o Gamerie.

13 She sought it up, she sought it down,  
 She sought it braid and narrow;  
 An in the deepest pot o Gamerie,  
 There she got sweet Willie.

14 She has kissd his comely mouth,  
 As she had done before [O]:  
 'Baith our mithers sall be alike sorry,  
 For we's baith sleep in Gamery.'

## E

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 245.

1 'O WILLIE is fair, and Willie is rare,  
 And Willie is wondrous bonny,  
 And Willie says he'll marry me,  
 Gin ever he marry ony.'

2 'O ye'se get James, or ye'se get George,  
 Or ye's get bonny Johnnie;  
 Ye'se get the flower o a' my sons,  
 Gin ye'll forsake my Willie.'

3 'O what care I for James or George,  
 Or yet for bonny Peter?  
 I dinna value their love a leek,  
 An I getna Willie the writer.

4 'O Willie has a bonny hand,  
 And dear but it is bonny!  
 'He has nae mair for a' his land;  
 What woud ye do wi Willie?'

5 'O Willie has a bonny face,  
 And dear but it is bonny!  
 'But Willie has nae other grace;  
 What woud ye do wi Willie?'

6 'Willie's fair, and Willie's rare,  
 And Willie's wondrous bonny;  
 There's nane wi him that can compare,  
 I love him best of ony.'

7 On Wednesday, that fatal day,  
 The people were convening;  
 Besides all this, threescore and ten,  
 To gang to the bride-steel wi him.

8 'Ride on, ride on, my merry men a',  
 I've forgot something behind me;  
 I've forgot to get my mother's blessing,  
 To gae to the bride-steel wi me.'

9 'Your Peggy she's but bare fifteen,  
 And ye are scarcely twenty;  
 The water o Gamery is wide and braid;  
 My heavy curse gang wi thee!'

10 Then they rode on, and further on,  
 Till they came on to Gamery;  
 The wind was loud, the stream was proud,  
 And wi the stream gaed Willie.

11 Then they rode on, and further on,  
 Till they came to the kirk o Gamery;  
 And every one on high horse sat,  
 But Willie's horse rade toomly.

12 When they were settled at that place,  
 The people fell a mourning,  
 And a council held amo them a',  
 But sair, sair wept Kinmundy.

13 Then out it speaks the bride hersell,  
 Says, What means a' this mourning?  
 Where is the man amo them a'  
 That shoud gie me fair wedding?

14 Then out it speaks his brother John,  
 Says, Meg, I'll tell you plainly;  
 The stream was strong, the clerk rade wrong,  
 And Willie's drown'd in Gamery.

15 She put her hand up to her head,  
 Where were the ribbons many;  
 She rave them a', let them down fa',  
 And straightway ran to Gamery.

16 She sought it up, she sought it down,  
 Till she was wet and weary;  
 And in the middle part o it,  
 There she got her deary.

17 Then she stroakd back his yellow hair,  
 And kissd his mou sae comely:  
 'My mother's heart's be as wae as thine!  
 We'se baith asleep in the water o Gamery.'

## F

Buchan MSS, II, 159.

- 1 WHAN Willie was in his saddle set,  
And all his merry men wi him,  
'Stay still, stay still, my merry men all,  
I've forgot something behind me.
- 2 'Gie me God's blessing an yours, mither,  
To hae me on to Gamery;  
Gie me God's blessing an yours, mither,  
To gae to the bride-stool wi me.'
- 3 'I'll gie ye God's blessing an mine, Willie,  
To hae you on to Gamery;  
Ye's hae God's blessing an mine, Willie,  
To gae to the bride-stool wi you.
- 4 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
'But Gamery it is wide and deep,  
An ye'll never see your wedding;'
- 5 Some rede back, an some rede fore,  
An some rede on to Gamery;  
The bonniest knight's saddle among them all  
Stood teem in the Water o Gamery.

- 6 Out it spake the bride hersell,  
Says, What makes all this riding?  
Where is the knight amongst you all  
Aught me this day for wedding?
- 7 Out it spake the bridegroom's brother,  
Says, Margaret, I'll tell you plainly;  
The knight ye should hae been wedded on  
Is drown'd in the Water o Gamery.
- 8 She's torn the ribbons aff her head —  
They were baith thick an mony —  
She kilted up her green clathing,  
And she has passed the Gamery.
- 9 She's plunged in, so did she down,  
That was baith black an jumly,  
And in the middle o that water  
She found her ain sweet Willie.
- 10 She's taen him in her arms twa  
And gied him kisses many:  
'My mother's be as wae as thine!  
We'll baith lie in the Water o Gamery.'

## G

Motherwell's MS., p. 637; from the recitation of the wife  
of James Baird, forester at Dalrymple.

- 1 'O STAY at hame, my ain son Willie,  
And let your bride tak Johnie!  
O stay at hame, my ain son Willie!  
For my blessing gaes not wi thee.'
- 2 'I canna stay, nor I winna stay,  
And let my bride tak Johnie;  
I canna stay, nor I winna stay,  
Though your blessing gaes na wi me.
- 3 'I have a steed in my stable  
That cost me monie a pennie,  
And on that steed I winna dread  
To ride the water o Genrie.'
- 4 The firsten step that Willie stept,  
He steppit to the bellie;  
The wind blew loud, the stream ran proud,  
And awa wi it gaed Willie.

- 5 And when the bride gaed to the kirk,  
Into the kirk o Ganrie,  
She cuist her ee among them a',  
But she sawna her love Willie.
- 6 Out and spak her auld brither,  
Saying, Peggie, I will tell thee;  
The man ye should been married till  
Lyes in the water o Genrie.
- 7 She tore the ribbons aff her head,  
That were baith rich and manie,  
And she has kiltit up her coat,  
And ran to the water o Ganrie.
- 8 She's sought him up, sae did she down,  
Thro a' the water o Ganrie;  
In the deepest weil in a' the burn,  
Oh, there she fand her Willie!
- 9 She has taen him in her arms twa,  
Sae fondly as she kisst him!  
Said, 'My mither sall be wae as thine,'  
And she's lain down aside him.



## H

Campbell MSS, II, 78.

1 THEY were saddled a', they were briddled a',  
 Bridegroom and a' was ready;  
 'Stop,' says he, 'my nobles a',  
 For I've left something behind me.

2 'It is your blessing, mother dear,  
 To bound [to] the bride-styl with me:'  
 'God's blessing now, my son,' says she,  
 'And mine and a' gang wi ye!

3 'For ye are scarce nineteen years of age  
 When ye met in wi bonny Maggie,  
 And I'm sure, my dear, she'll welcome you  
 This day in the kirk o Gemrie.'

4 It's they have ridden up, it's they have ridden  
 down,  
 And joy was in their gallant company;  
 It's they have ridden up, and they have ridden  
 down,  
 Till they came to the water o Gemrie.

5 When they came to the water, it was flooded;  
 In the middle Sweet William he fell;  
 The spray brook over his horse's mane,  
 And the wind sang his funeral knell.

6 'O much is the pity! O much is the pity!'  
 Cried that joyful company;  
 'O much is the pity! O much is the pity!'  
 But alas! now are woeful and wae.

7 Hame and hame came his stead,  
 And ran to its ain stable;  
 They've gien it corn and hay to eat,  
 As much as it was able.

8 His mother she was a waefu woman,  
 As dung as woman could be;  
 'My son,' says she, 'is either hurt or slain,  
 Or drowned in the waters of Gemrie.'

9 It's up and spak her daughter Ann:  
 'What needs be a' this mourning?  
 He's lighted at yon bonny kirk-style,  
 And his steed has run away from him.'

10 'O had yer tongue, my daughter Ann,  
 Nor scold na me about mourning;  
 Hadna my son there men enew  
 To hae taken his steed from him?'

11 They've ridden up, they've ridden down,  
 Till they came to the kirk o Gemrie;  
 There they saw his winsome bride,  
 Alone at the kirk-style standing.

12 'Where away is the man,' says she,  
 'That promised me fair wedding?  
 This day he vovd to meet me here,  
 But O he's lang o coming!'

13 Up and spak his brother John,  
 Says, 'Meg, I'll tell ye plainly;  
 The stream was strang, and we rade wrang,  
 And he's drownd in the water o Gemrie.'

14 She's torn the ribons frae her hair,  
 That were baith thick and many;  
 She's torn them a', lettin them fa',  
 And she's away to the waters o Gemrie.

15 She [s] sought him up, she's sought him down,  
 Until that she's gotten his body,  
 And she's laid it on the green, green grass,  
 And flung her mantle oer him.

16 'O Willie was red, but O now he's white'  
 And Willie was wondrous bonny,  
 And Willie he said he'd marry me,  
 Gin ere he married ony.

17 'He was red, he was white, he was my delight,  
 And aye, aye I thought him bonny;  
 But now since Willie has dy'd for me,  
 I will sleep wi him in the same grave at  
 Gemrie.'

B. b. "The editor has often heard the following  
 additional stanza [*the second*], though it is  
 omitted by Thomson."

2<sup>1</sup>. links o her gowden locks.

2<sup>8</sup>. She's tied them about.

D. *Not divided into stanzas in the MS.*

E. *Variations in Christie*, I, 66:

2<sup>1-8</sup>. ye'll. 6<sup>1</sup>. O Willie's.

7<sup>s</sup>. And there were mair than threescore and ten.

14<sup>4</sup>. at Gamery. 15<sup>2</sup>. Where she had ribbons.

15<sup>s</sup>. And tore them a' and let.

15<sup>4</sup>. And syne she ran. 16<sup>4</sup>. 'T was there.

17<sup>1</sup>. She straked back. 17<sup>4</sup>. We'll baith sleep.

G. 6<sup>1</sup>. *Originally* But out.

H. 2<sup>2</sup>. bound the bridge-stye.

## APPENDIX

### ANNAN WATER

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, 1833, III, 282; 1802, II, 138.

THE first edition lacks stanzas 5, 6, 8, 9. Two of these were inserted "from another copy of the ballad in which the conclusion proves fortunate."

"The ballad," says Scott, "is given from tradition," for which a more precise expression would perhaps be "oral repetition." It is asserted in the Minstrelsy to be "the original words of the tune of 'Allan Water,' by which name the song is mentioned in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany" ('Allan Water, or, My love Annie's very bonny,' T. T. M., vol. i, p. 105, of the Dublin edition of 1729). This assertion is not justified by any reasons, nor does it seem pertinent, if the Allan was originally the river of the ballad, to add, as the editor does, that "the Annan and the Frith of Solway, into which it falls, are the frequent scenes of tragical accidents."

A song which may pass for the original Allan Water until an earlier is produced is among the Laing broadsides (now in the possession of Lord Rosebery), No 59. There is no date or place, but it is thought to have been printed toward the end of the seventeenth century, or the beginning of the eighteenth, and probably at Edinburgh.

The title is: 'Allan Water, or, A Lover in Captivity.\* A new song, sung with a pleasant new air.' There are three eight-line stanzas, and it begins:

Allan Water's wide and deep,  
and my dear Anny's very bonny;  
Wide's the straith that lyes above 't,  
if 't were mine, I'de give it all for Anny.

Allan Cunningham says of the ballad, Songs of

\* Mr Macmath informs me that in "A Collection of Old Ballads, etc., printed at Edinburgh between the years 1660 and 1720," No 7228 of the catalogue issued by John Stevenson, Edinburgh, 1827, there is this item: "Be valiant still,

Scotland, II, 102: "I have heard it sung on the banks of the Annan. Like all traditional verses, there are many variations." And he cites as "from an old fragment" these couplets:

O Annan water's wading deep, [*i. e.* wide and]  
Yet I am loth to weet my feet;  
But if ye'll consent to marry me,  
I'll hire a horse to carry thee.†

It is my conviction that 'Anna Water,' in Ramsay's language, is one of the "Scots poems wrote by the ingenious before" 1800.

"By the Gatehope Slack," says Sir Walter Scott, "is perhaps meant the Gate Slack, a pass in Annandale."

1 'ANNAN water's wading deep,  
And my love Annie's wondrous bonny,  
And I am laith she suld weet her feet,  
Because I love her best of ony.

2 'Gar saddle me the bonny black,  
Gar saddle sune, and make him ready,  
For I will down the Gatehope-Slack,  
And all to see my bonny ladye.'

3 He has loupén on the bonny black,  
He stirrd him wi the spur right sairly;  
But, or he wan the Gatehope-Slack,  
I think the steed was wae and weary.

4 He has loupén on the bonny grey,  
He rade the right gate and the ready;  
I trow he would neither stint nor stay,  
For he was seeking his bonny ladye.

5 O he has ridden oer field and fell,  
Through muir and moss, and mony a mire;  
His spurs o steel were sair to bide,  
And frae her fore-feet flew the fire.

6 'Now, bonny grey, now play your part!  
Gin ye be the steed that wins my deary,

etc., a new song much in request; also Logan Water, or, A Lover in Captivity."

† "Hire a horse," in an "old fragment"?—Cunningham gives the first two stanzas of the ballad, with variations in the first, in his edition of Burns, 1834, V, 107.

- Wi corn and hay ye 'se be fed for aye,  
And never spur sall make you wearie.'
- 7 The grey was a mare, and a right good mare,  
But when she wan the Annan water  
She couldna hae ridden a furlong mair  
Had a thousand merks been wadded at her.
- 8 'O boatman, boatman, put off your boat!  
Put off your boat for gowden money!  
I cross the drumly stream the night,  
Or never mair I see my honey.'
- 9 'O I was sworn sae late yestreen,  
And not by ae aith, but by many;  
And for a' the gowd in fair Scotland  
I dare na take ye through to Annie.'
- 10 The ride was stey, and the bottom deep,  
Frae bank to brae the water pouring,  
And the bonny grey mare did sweat for fear,  
For she heard the water-kelpy roaring.
- 11 O he has poud aff his dapperpy coat,  
The silver buttons glanced bonny;  
The waistcoat bursted aff his breast,  
He was sae full of melancholy.
- 12 He has taen the ford at that stream tail;  
I wot he swam both strong and steady;  
But the stream was broad, and his strength did  
fail,  
And he never saw his bonny ladye!
- 13 'O wae betide the frush saugh wand!  
And wae betide the bush of brier!  
It brake into my true-love's hand,  
When his strength did fail, and his limbs did tire.
- 14 'And wae betide ye, Annan Water,  
This night that ye are a drumlie river!  
For over thee I'll build a bridge,  
That ye never more true love may sever.'

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## THE MOTHER'S MALISON, OR, CLYDE'S WATER

A. 'Clyde's Water,' Skene MS., p. 50.

B. 'Willie and May Margaret,' Jamieson's Popular Ballads, 1806, I, 135.

C. 'The Drowned Lovers,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 140; 'Willie and Margaret,' Motherwell's MS., p. 611; printed in part in Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Appendix, p. iii.

STANZAS 1, 5, 6, 7, 16, of B were printed by Jamieson (under the title of Sweet Willie and May Margaret) in the Scots Magazine, October, 1803, p. 700, in the hope of obtaining a complete copy.

In notes to B are here given some various readings and supplementary verses which were entered by Motherwell in a copy of his Minstrelsy, without indication of their origin.\* Motherwell made a few changes in transcribing C into his MS., and others in the verses which he printed in the appendix to his Minstrelsy.

\* This volume came in 1836 into the hands of Motherwell's friend, Mr P. A. Ramsay. The entries have been communicated to me by Mr Macmath.

The copy of this ballad in Nimmo's Songs and Ballads of Clydesdale, p. 134, was compounded from B and C.

Willie orders his horse and his man to be fed, for he means to be that very night with his love Margaret. His mother would have him stay with her: he shall have the best bed in the house and the best hen in the roost, A; the best cock in the roost and the best sheep in the flock, B; a sour wind is blowing and the night will be dark, C. He cares for none of these, and will go. My malison drown thee in Clyde! says his mother. Clyde is roaring fearfully, but he wins through. Arrived at Margaret's bower, he tirls at the



pin and calls to her to open. A voice asks, Who is there? It is her lover, his boots full of Clyde's water. An answer comes, as if from Margaret, that she has no lovers without and none within, and she will not open, A, C; her mother is fast asleep, and she dares make no din, B. Then he begs for some shelter for the night; but is told that one chamber is full of corn, another full of hay, and the third full of gentlemen, who will not go till morning. Farewell, then; he has won his mother's malison by coming. Clyde's water is half up over the brae, B, and sweeps him off his horse, C. Margaret wakens from a dreary dream that her love had been 'staring' (standing?) at the foot of her bed, A; had been at the gates, and nobody would let him in, C. Her mother informs her that her lover had really been at the gates but half an hour before. Margaret instantly gets up and goes after Willie, crying to him against the loud wind. She does not stop for the river. No more was ever seen of Willie but his hat, no more of Margaret but her comb and her snood, A, which might end well so, but has lost a few lines. C ends like the preceding ballad: Margaret finds Willie in the deepest pot in Clyde; they shall sleep together in its bed.

C 20, 21 absurdly represents Willie's brother as standing on the river-bank and expostulating with him; this in the dead of night.\*

The passage in two of the copies, A 10-16, C 11-15, 22-25, in which the mother, pretending to be her daughter, repels the lover, and the daughter, who has dreamed that her lover had come and had been refused admittance, is told by her mother that this had actually happened, and sets off in pursuit of her lover, seems to have been adopted from 'The Lass of Roch Royal,' No 76. Parts are exchanged, as happens not infrequently with ballads; in the 'Lass of Roch Royal,' the lass is turned away by her lover's mother, pretending to speak in his person. There is verbal correspondence, particularly in A 16; cf. No 76,

D 26, 27, E 22, 23. In D 19 of No 76 the professed Love Gregor tells Annie that he has another love, as the professed Meggie in A 11 (inconsistently with what precedes) tells Willie.

The three steps into the water, C 26-28, occur also in 'Child Waters,' No 63, B 7-9, C 6-8, I 3, 4, 6. Nose-bleed, C 1, is a bad omen; see No 208.

Verses A 8<sup>1,2</sup>, C 10<sup>1,2</sup>,

Make me your wrack as I come back,  
But spare me as I go,

are found in a broadside 'Tragedy of Hero and Leander,' Roxburghe Ballads, III, 152, etc., of the date, it is thought, of about 1650; Ebsworth's Roxburghe Ballads, VI, 558, Collier's Book of Roxburghe Ballads, 1847, p. 227. The conceit does not overwell suit a popular ballad. The original is Martial's *Parcite dum propero, mergite cum redeo*, otherwise, *Mergite me, fluctus, cum rediturus ero*, Epigr. lib., 25 b, and lib. xiv, 181.

A very popular Italian ballad has some of the traits of 'The Mother's Malison,' parts being exchanged and the girl drowned. A girl is asked in marriage; her mother objects, in most of the copies on the ground of her daughter's youth; she goes off with her lover; the mother wishes that she may drown in the sea; arrived at the seashore her horse becomes restive, and the girl is drowned (or she goes down in mid-sea): 'Maledizione della Madre,' Nigra, *Canti popolari del Piemonte*, p. 151, No 23 A-F; 'La Maledizione materna,' Marcoaldi, p. 170, No 15; 'La Maledetta,' Ferraro, C. p. monferrini, p. 35, No 27; 'Buona sera, vedovella,' Ferraro, C. p. del Basso Monferrato, p. 16, No 7; 'La Figlia disobbediente,' Bolza, C. p. comasche, No 55; 'Amor di Fratello,' Bernoni, C. p. veneziani, Puntata 9, No 4; Righi, C. p. veronesi, p. 30, No 93; Wolf, *Volkslieder aus Venetien*, No 92 (a fragment). In 'Marinai,' Ferraro, C. p. di Ferrara, etc., p. 59, No 9, the suitor is a sailor, and the girl goes down in his ship, and so in 'Il marinaio e la sua amorosa,' No 94, Wolf, but in this last she is still told to stick to her horse. A fragment in Marie Aycard's Bal-

\* The cane in 18<sup>1</sup> of this copy is a touch of "realism" which we have had in a late copy of Tam Lin; see J 16, III, 505.



lades et ch. p. de la Provence, p. xix, repeated in Arbaud, II, 166, makes it probable that the Italian ballad was known in the south of France. (All the above are cited by Count Nigra.)

A mother's curse upon her son, who is riding to fetch his bride, results in his breaking his neck, in a Bohemian ballad already spoken of under 'Clerk Colvil,' No 42; see I, 368 (where a translation by Wenzig, *Slawische Volkslieder*, p. 47, might have been noted).

A mother refuses to give her daughter in marriage because the girl is under age; the

daughter is forcibly carried off; the mother wishes that she may not live a year, which comes to pass: 'Der Mutter Fluch,' Meinert, p. 246.

B is translated by Grundtvig, *Engelske og skotske Folkeviser*, p. 64, No 10, and (with use of C), by Wolff, *Halle der Völker*, I, 26, *Hausschatz*, p. 203; Aytoun's ballad (with use of C) by Rosa Warrens, *Schottische Volkslieder*, p. 152, No 35; Allingham's ballad by Knortz, *L. u. R. Alt-Englands*, p. 123.

## A

Skene MS., p. 50; taken down from recitation in the north of Scotland, 1802-3.

1 'YE gie corn unto my horse,  
An meat unto my man,  
For I will gae to my true-love's gates  
This night, gin that I can.'

2 'O stay at hame this ae night, Willie,  
This ae bare night wi me;  
The best bed in a' my house  
Sall be well made to thee.'

3 'I carena for your beds, mither,  
I carena ae pin,  
For I'll gae to my love's gates  
This night, gin I can win.'

4 'O stay, my son Willie, this night,  
This ae night wi me;  
The best hen in a' my roost  
Sall be well made ready for thee.'

5 'I carena for your hens, mither,  
I carena ae pin;  
I sall gae to my love's gates  
This night, gin I can win.'

6 'Gin ye winna stay, my son Willie,  
This ae bare night wi me,  
Gin Clyde's water be deep and fu o flood,  
My malisen drown ye!'

7 He rode up yon high hill,  
An down yon dowie glen;  
The roaring of Clyde's water  
Wad hae fleyt ten thousand men.

8 'O spare me, Clyde's water,  
O spare me as I gae!  
Mak me your wrack as I come back,  
But spare me as I gae!'

9 He rade in, and farther in,  
Till he came to the chin;  
And he rade in, and farther in,  
Till he came to dry lan.

10 An whan he came to his love's gates,  
He tirl'd at the pin:  
'Open your gates, Meggie,  
Open your gates to me,  
For my beets are fu o Clyde's water,  
And the rain rains oure my chin.'

11 'I hae nae lovers therout,' she says,  
'I hae nae love within;  
My true-love is in my arms twa,  
An nane will I lat in.'

12 'Open your gates, Meggie, this ae night,  
Open your gates to me;  
For Clyde's water is fu o flood,  
An my mither's malison 'll drown me.'

13 'Ane o my chamers is fu o corn,' she says,  
'An ane is fu o hay;

- Anither is fu o gentlemen,  
An they winna move till day.'
- 14 Out waked her May Meggie,  
Out o her drousy dream :  
'I dreamed a dream sin the yestreen,  
God read a' dreams to guid !  
That my true-love Willie  
Was staring at my bed-feet.'
- 15 'Now lay ye still, my ae dochter,  
An keep my back fra the call,  
For it's na the space of hafe an hour  
Sen he gad fra yer hall.'
- 16 'An hey, Willie, an hoa, Willie,  
Winne ye turn agen ?'  
But ay the louder that she crayed  
He rod agenst the wind.
- 17 He rod up yon high hill,  
An doun yon douey den ;  
The roring that was in Clid[e]'s water  
Wad ha flayed ten thousand men.
- 18 He road in, an farder in,  
Till he came to the chine ;  
An he road in, an farder in,  
Bat neuer mare was seen.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 19 Ther was na mare seen of that guid lord  
Bat his hat frae his head ;  
Ther was na mare seen of that lady  
Bat her comb an her sneed.
- 20 Ther waders went up an doun  
Eadying Claid's water  
Hav don us wrang

## B

Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 135; from Mrs Brown's recitation, apparently in 1800.

- 1 'Gie corn to my horse, mither,  
Gie meat unto my man,  
For I maun gang to Margaret's bower  
Before the nicht comes on.'
- 2 'O stay at hame now, my son Willie,  
The wind blows cald and sour ;  
The nicht will be baith mirk and late  
Before ye reach her bower.'
- 3 'O tho the nicht were ever sae dark,  
Or the wind blew never sae cald,  
I will be in my Margaret's bower  
Before twa hours be tald.'
- 4 'O gin ye gang to May Margaret,  
Without the leave of me,  
Clyde's water's wide and deep enough,  
My malison drown thee !'
- 5 He mounted on his coal-black steed,  
And fast he rade awa,  
But ere he came to Clyde's water  
Fu loud the wind did blaw.
- 6 As he rode oer yon hich, hich hill,  
And down yon dowie den,  
There was a roar in Clyde's water  
Wad feard a hunder men.
- 7 His heart was warm, his pride was up ;  
Sweet Willie kentna fear ;  
But yet his mither's malison  
Ay sounded in his ear.
- 8 O he has swam through Clyde's water,  
Tho it was wide and deep,  
And he came to May Margaret's door,  
When a' were fast asleep.
- 9 O he's gane round and round about,  
And tirl'd at the pin ;  
But doors were steekd, and windows barrd,  
And nane wad let him in.
- 10 'O open the door to me, Margaret !  
O open and lat me in !  
For my boots are full o Clyde's water  
And frozen to the brim.'
- 11 'I darena open the door to you,  
Nor darena lat you in,  
For my mither she is fast asleep,  
And I darena mak nae din.'

12 'O gin ye winna open the door,  
Nor yet be kind to me,  
Now tell me o some out-chamber  
Where I this nicht may be.'

13 'Ye canna win in this nicht, Willie,  
Nor here ye canna be;  
For I've nae chambers out nor in,  
Nae ane but barely three.

14 'The tane o them is fu o corn,  
The tither is fu o hay;  
The tither is fu o merry young men;  
They winna remove till day.'

15 'O fare ye weel, then, May Margaret,  
Sin better manna be;  
I've win my mither's malison,  
Coming this nicht to thee.'

16 He's mounted on his coal-black steed,  
O but his heart was wae!  
But, ere he came to Clyde's water,  
'T was half up oer the brae.

\* \* \* \* \*

17 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . he plunged in,  
But never raise again.

# C

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 140.

1 WILLIE stands in his stable-door,  
And clapping at his steed,  
And looking oer his white fingers  
His nose began to bleed.

2 'Gie corn to my horse, mother,  
And meat to my young man,  
And I'll awa to Maggie's bower;  
I'll win ere she lie down.'

3 'O bide this night wi me, Willie,  
O bide this night wi me;  
The best an cock o a' the reest  
At your supper shall be.'

4 'A' your cocks, and a' your reests,  
I value not a prin,  
For I'll awa to Maggie's bower;  
I'll win ere she lie down.'

5 'Stay this night wi me, Willie,  
O stay this night wi me;  
The best an sheep in a' the flock  
At your supper shall be.'

6 'A' your sheep, and a' your flocks,  
I value not a prin,  
For I'll awa' to Maggie's bower;  
I'll win ere she lie down.'

7 'O an ye gang to Meggie's bower,  
Sae sair against my will,  
The deepest pot in Clyde's water,  
My malison ye's feel.'

8 'The guid steed that I ride upon  
Cost me thrice thretty pound;  
And I'll put trust in his swift feet  
To hae me safe to land.'

9 As he rade ower yon high, high hill,  
And down yon dowie den,  
The noise that was in Clyde's water  
Woud feard five huner men.

10 'O roaring Clyde, ye roar ower loud,  
Your streams seem wondrous strang;  
Make me your wreck as I come back,  
But spare me as I gang!'

11 Then he is on to Maggie's bower,  
And tirl'd at the pin;  
'O sleep ye, wake ye, Meggie,' he said,  
'Ye'll open, lat me come in.'

12 'O wha is this at my bower-door,  
That calls me by my name?'  
'It is your first love, sweet Willie,  
This night newly come hame.'

13 'I hae few lovers thereout, thereout,  
As few hae I therein;

- The best an love that ever I had  
Was here just late yestreen.'
- 14 'The warstan stable in a' your stables,  
For my puir steed to stand!  
The warstan bower in a' your bowers,  
For me to lie therein!  
My boots are fu o Clyde's water,  
I'm shivering at the chin.'
- 15 'My barns are fu o corn, Willie,  
My stables are fu o hay;  
My bowers are fu o gentlemen,  
They'll nae remove till day.'
- 16 'O fare ye well, my fause Meggie,  
O farewell, and adieu!  
I've gotten my mither's malison  
This night coming to you.'
- 17 As he rode ower yon high, high hill,  
And down yon dowie den,  
The rushing that was in Clyde's water  
Took Willie's cane frae him.
- 18 He leand him ower his saddle-bow,  
To catch his cane again;  
The rushing that was in Clyde's water  
Took Willie's hat frae him.
- 19 He leand him ower his saddle-bow,  
To catch his hat thro force;  
The rushing that was in Clyde's water  
Took Willie frae his horse.
- 20 His brither stood upo the bank,  
Says, Fye, man, will ye drown?  
Ye'll turn ye to your high horse head  
And learn how to sowm.
- 21 'How can I turn to my horse head  
And learn how to sowm?
- I've gotten my mither's malison,  
It's here that I maun drown.'
- 22 The very hour this young man sank  
Into the pot sae deep,  
Up it wakend his love Meggie  
Out o her drowsy sleep.
- 23 'Come here, come here, my mither dear,  
And read this dreary dream;  
I dreamd my love was at our gates,  
And nane wad let him in.'
- 24 'Lye still, lye still now, my Meggie,  
Lye still and tak your rest;  
Sin your true-love was at your yates,  
It's but twa quarters past.'
- 25 Nimble, nimble raise she up,  
And nimble pat she on,  
And the higher that the lady cried,  
The louder blew the win.
- 26 The first an step that she steppd in,  
She stepped to the queet;  
'Ohon, alas!' said that lady,  
'This water's wondrous deep.'
- 27 The next an step that she wade in,  
She wadit to the knee;  
Says she, 'I could wide farther in,  
If I my love could see.'
- 28 The next an step that she wade in,  
She wadit to the chin;  
The deepest pot in Clyde's water  
She got sweet Willie in.
- 29 'You've had a cruel mither, Willie,  
And I have had anither;  
But we shall sleep in Clyde's water  
Like sister an like brither.'

A. Not divided into stanzas in the MS.; sometimes not into verses.

15<sup>8</sup>. For is written after call in the preceding line.

16<sup>8</sup>. But ay is written after agen in the preceding line.

16<sup>4</sup>. He is written after crayed in the preceding line.

18<sup>2</sup>. Till is written after in in the preceding line.

19. Ther was na mare seen of that guid lord bat his hat frae his head ther was na mare seen of that lady bat her comb an her sneed.



- 20<sup>1</sup>. Doun stands at the beginning of the next .  
line.  
A 14-16 might perhaps be better put after  
the drowning, as in C.  
B. Readings inserted by Motherwell in a copy of  
his *Minstrelsy*.  
4<sup>3,4</sup>. My malison and deidly curse  
Shall bear ye companie.  
After 7:

He swam high, and he swam low,  
And he swam to and fro,  
Until he gript a hazel-bush,  
That brung him to the brow.

- 9<sup>4</sup>. Var. But his mother answered him.  
10. O rise, O rise, May Marget, h[e says],  
(cut away by the binder)  
O rise and let me in,  
For the very steed that I came on  
Does tremble at every limb.  
11<sup>3</sup>. mither and father's baith awauk.  
12. O hae ye neer a stable, he says,  
Or hae ye neer a barn,  
Or hae ye neer a wild-guse house,  
Where I might rest till morn?

- 14<sup>1</sup>. My barn is. 14<sup>2</sup>. My stable is.  
14<sup>3</sup>. The house is fu o wild, wild gees.  
14<sup>4</sup>. They canna be moved.  
15<sup>4</sup>. Rides in my companie.  
16<sup>1</sup>. his milk-white.  
16<sup>2</sup>. And who could ride like him.  
16<sup>4</sup>. 'T was far outowre the brim.  
After 16:

He swam high, and he swam low,  
And he swam to and fro,  
But he neer could spy the hazel-bush  
That would bring him to the brow.

*Comment:* The mother was a witch; made  
responses for Margaret; met him in a green  
habit on his return home. He inquired for  
the ford; she directed him to the deepest  
linn. When he got into the water, two  
hounds seized on his horse, and left him to  
struggle with the current.

*Willie's mother had transferred herself to  
Margaret's house according to the varia-  
tion in 9<sup>4</sup>; so she is the witch.*

*All this is very paltry. The mother's curse  
was enough to drown Willie without her  
bestirring herself further.*

## 217

## THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS

- A. 'The Laird of Knotington,' Percy papers, 1768.  
B. 'Bonny May.' a. Herd's Ancient and Modern  
Scots Songs, 1769, p. 308; 1776, I, 98. b. Johnson's  
Museum, No 110, p. 113.  
C. 'Laird o Ochiltree,' Kinloch MSS, VII, 143; Kin-  
loch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 160.  
D. 'The Laird o Ochiltree Wa's,' Motherwell's MS.,  
p. 517.  
E. Motherwell's MS., p. 175.  
F. 'Bonny May,' Gibb MS., p. 9.  
G. 'The Broom of Cowdenknows,' Scott's Minstrelsy,  
III, 280, 1803; III, 37, 1833.  
H. 'The Maid o the Cowdenknows,' Kinloch MSS,  
I, 137.  
I. 'Laird o Lochnie,' Kinloch MSS, VII, 153; Kin-  
loch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 167.  
J. Kinloch MSS, VI, 11.  
K. 'Maiden o the Cowdenknowes,' Dr Joseph Robert-  
son's Journal of Excursions, No 6.  
L. 'The Broom of the Cowden Knowes,' Buchan's  
MSS, II, 178.  
M. 'Broom o the Cowdenknowes,' Buchan's Ballads  
of the North of Scotland, I, 172.  
N. 'The Laird of Lochinvar,' Kinloch MSS, I, 145.

THIS ballad was widely diffused in Scotland. "It would be useless," says Motherwell, "to enumerate the titles of the different versions which are common among reciters." "Each district has its own version," says Kinloch. So it must have done no little mischief in its day. The earliest known copies, A, B, are of the second half of the last century.

There is an English "ditty" (not a traditional ballad) of a northern lass who got harm while milking her father's ewes, which was printed in the first half of the seventeenth century. It is here given in an appendix. This ditty is "to a pleasant Scotch tune called The broom of Cowden Knowes," and the burden is:

With, O the broome, the bonny broome,  
The broome of Cowden Knowes!  
Fain would I be in the North Countrey,  
To milk my dadyes ewes.

The tune was remarkably popular, and the burden is found, variously modified, in connection with several songs: see Chappell's *Popular Music*, pp. 458-461, 613, 783. 'The Broom of Cowdenknows,' a "new" song, in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, p. 22, Dublin, 1729, has the burden not greatly changed; also G, L, M, of this ballad.

There is very little story to the English ditty. A maid is beguiled by a shepherd-boy while milking her father's ewes; the consequences are what might be expected; her mother puts her out of doors, and she ranges the world; a young man who hears her complaint offers to marry her, and go to the North Country with her to milk her father's ewes. The Scottish ballad could not have been developed from a story of this description. On the other hand, it is scarcely to be believed that the author of the English ditty, if he had known the Scottish ballad, would have dropped all the interesting particulars. It is possible that he may have just heard about it, but much more likely that he knew only the burden and built his very slight tale on that. It may be observed that his maid, though she

haunts Liddesdale, and should have belonged to Cowdenknowes, was born in Danby Forest, Yorkshire.

Two passages which do not occur in A may have been later additions: D 9, 10, F 5, 6, G 13, 14, M 19, 20, in which the laird, returning to his men, is told that he has tarried long, and answers that, east or west, he has never seen so bonny a lass as was in the ewebuchts; and H 12-15, J 2-5, L 5-8, where the laird tries to pass himself off for one of his men, and the maid for one of her mother's servants (found in part, also, in G 9, 10, I 5, M 12-14). "The maid of a place, such as the maid of the Cowdenknows," as Dr Joseph Robertson remarks, "means the eldest daughter of the tenant or proprietor, who is generally called by the name of his farm."\*

It is obvious that the maid would keep her counsel when she came back to her father. She puts him off with a riddle, C 9, D 13, E 11, F 9, G 18, H 20, J 6, L 14, M 23, N 7, which it is the height of absurdity to make her explain, as is done in A 11, B 4, C 10, D 14, E 12; and so of the exclamation against the shepherd if uttered in the father's presence, as in F 8, H 19, I 11, L 13, N 8.

H 10, 11 (cf. D 6), where the maid asks the man's name, is a familiar commonplace: see No 39, I, 340 a; No 50, I, 444, 446; No 110, II, 458 ff. (especially p. 473, H 3, 4); No 111, II, 478 f.

M has many spurious stanzas of its own; as 3-5, 25, 30-32, 35. N is quite perverted from 9 to 28. It is impossible that 9-14 should follow upon 8, and stanzas 15-27 have not a genuine word in them.

Cunningham has rewritten the ballad, *Songs of Scotland*, II, 113. He says that through Dumfriesshire and Galloway the hero is always Lord Lochinvar, and cites this stanza, which he had heard sung:

For I do guess, by your golden-rimmed hat,  
And by the silken string,  
That ye are the lord of the Lochinvar,  
Who beguiles all our young women.

\* The attempt to lessen the disproportion of the match seems to me a decidedly modern trait. In H 27, 28, this goes so far that the maid has twenty ploughs and three

against the laird's thirty and three. In M 3-5, the maid's father was once a landed laird, but gambles away his estate, and then both father and mother take to drinking!

'Malfred og Sadelmand,' Kristensen, I, 258, No 99, is an independent ballad, but has some of the traits of this: the maid, who is treated with great violence, asks the knight's name, as in H, D; he comes back to marry her, after she has borne twins.

Cowdenknowes is on the east bank of Leader, near Earlston, and some four or five miles from Melrose. Auchentrone, in B b 11,

Stenhouse conjectures to be a corruption of Auchentroich, an estate in the county of Stirling, and Oakland Hills, in G, to be Ochil Hills, in the same county: Musical Museum, IV, 112.

B is translated by Knortz, Schottische Balladen, p. 92, No 29.

### A

Percy papers; communicated to Percy by R. Lambe, of Norham, August 17, 1768, and dated May, 1768.

1 THERE was a troop of merry gentlemen  
Was riding atween twa knows,  
And they heard the voice of a bonny lass,  
In a bught milking her ews.

2 There's ane o them lighted frae off his steed,  
And has ty'd him to a tree,  
And he's gane away to yon ew-bught,  
To hear what it might be.

3 'O pity me, fair maid,' he said,  
'Take pity upon me;  
O pity me, and my milk-white steed  
That's trembling at yon tree.'

4 'As for your steed, he shall not want  
The best of corn and hay;  
But as to you yoursel, kind sir,  
I've naething for to say.'

5 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the green gown-sleeve,  
And he as led her into the ew-bught,  
Of her friends he speerd nae leave.

6 He as put his hand in his pocket,  
And given her guineas three:  
'If I dinna come back in half a year,  
Then luke nae mair for me.

7 'Now show to me the king's hie street,  
Now show to me the way;  
Now show to me the king's hie street,  
And the fair water of Tay.'

8 She showd to him the king's hie street,  
She showd to him the way;  
She showd him the way that he was to go,  
By the fair water of Tay.

9 When she came hame, her father said,  
'Come, tell to me right plain;  
I doubt you've met some in the way,  
You have not been your lain.'

10 'The night it is baith mist and mirk,  
You may gan out and see;  
The night is mirk and misty too,  
There's nae body been wi me.

11 'There was a tod came to your flock,  
The like I neer did see;  
When he spake, he lifted his hat,  
He had a bonny twinkling eee.'

12 When fifteen weeks were past and gane,  
Full fifteen weeks and three,  
Then she began to think it lang  
For the man wi the twinkling eee.

13 It fell out on a certain day,  
When she cawd out her father's ky,  
There was a troop of gentlemen  
Came merrily riding by.

14 'Weel may ye sigh and sob,' says ane,  
'Weel may you sigh and see;  
Weel may you sigh, and say, fair maid,  
Wha's gotten this bairn wi thee?'

15 She turned her sel then quickly about,  
And thinking meikle shame,



'O no, kind sir, it is na sae,  
For it has a dad at hame.'

16 'O hawd your tongue, my bonny lass,  
Sae loud as I hear you lee!  
For dinna you mind that summer night  
I was in the bught wi thee?'

17 He lighted off his milk-white steed,  
And set this fair maid on;

'Now caw out your ky, good father,' he said,  
'She'll neer caw them out again.'

18 'I am the laird of Knottington,  
I've fifty plows and three;  
I've gotten now the bonniest lass  
That is in the hale country.'

### B

a. Herd's Ancient and Modern Scots Songs, 1769, p. 308.  
b. Johnson's Museum, No 110, p. 113.

1 It was on an evning sae saft and sae clear  
A bonny lass was milking the kye,  
And by came a troupe of gentlemen,  
And rode the bonny lassie by.

2 Then one of them said unto her,  
'Bonny lass, prythee shew me the way:'  
'O if I do sae, it may breed me wae,  
For langer I dare nae stay.'

\* \* \* \* \*

3 But dark and misty was the night  
Before the bonny lass came hame:  
'Now where hae you been, my ae doughter?  
I am sure you was nae your lane.'

4 'O father, a tod has come oer your lamb,  
A gentleman of high degree,  
And ay whan he spake he lifted his hat,  
And bonny, bonny blinkit his ee.'

5 Or eer six months were past and gane,  
Six months but and other three,  
The lassie begud for to fret and to frown,  
And think lang for his blinkin ee.

6 'O wae be to my father's shepherd,  
An ill death may he die!  
He bigged the bughts sae far frae hame,  
And trysted a gentleman to me!'

7 It fell upon another fair evening  
The bonny lassie was milking her ky,  
And by came the troop of gentlemen,  
And rode the bonny lassie by.

8 Then one of them stopt, and said to her,  
'Whae's aught that baby ye are wi?'  
The lassie began for to blush, and think,  
To a father as good as ye.

9 'O had your tongue, my bonny may,  
Sae loud I hear you lie!  
O dinnae you mind the misty night  
I was in the bught with thee?'

10 Now he's come aff his milk-white steed,  
And he has taen her hame:  
'Now let your father bring hame the ky,  
You neer mair shall ca them agen.'

11 'I am a lord of castles and towers,  
With fifty ploughs of land and three,  
And I have gotten the bonniest lass  
That is in this countrie.'

### C

Kinloch MSS, VII, 143, from the recitation of Jenny  
Watson, 24 April, 1826; Clydesdale.

1 It was on a day whan a lovely may  
Was cawing out her father's kye,

And she spied a troop o' gentlemen,  
As they war passing bye.

2 'O show me the way, my pretty maid,  
O show me the way,' said he;



- 'My steed has just now rode wrong,  
And the way I canna see.'
- 3 'O haud you on the same way,' she said,  
'O haud ye on 't again,  
For, if ye haud on the king's hieway,  
Rank rievvers will do ye na harm.'
- 4 He took her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the gerss-green sleeve,  
And he has taiglet wi the fair may,  
And of her he askd na leave.
- 5 Whan ance he got her gudwill,  
Of her he craved na mair,  
But he poud out a ribbon frae his pouch,  
And snooded up the may's hair.
- 6 He put his hand into his pouch,  
And gave her guineas three:  
'If I come na back in twenty weeks,  
Ye need na look mair for me.'
- 7 But whan the may did gang hame,  
Her father did her blame;  
'Whare hac ye been now, dame?' he said  
'For ye've na been your lane.'
- 8 'The nicht is misty and mirk, father,  
Ye may come to the door and see;  
The nicht is misty and mirk, father,  
And there's na body wi me.
- 9 'But there cam a tod to your flock, father,  
The like o him I never saw;  
Or he had tane the lambie that he had,  
I wad rather he had tane them aw.
- 10 'But he seemd to be a gentleman,  
Or a man of some pious degree;  
For whanever he spak, he lifted up his hat,  
And he had [a] bonnie twinkling ee.'
- 11 Whan twenty weeks were come and gane,  
Twenty weeks and three,  
The lassie began to grow thick in the waist,  
And thought lang for his twinkling ee.
- 12 It fell upon a day whan bonnie may  
Was cawing out the kye,  
She spied the same troop o gentlemen,  
As they war passing bye.
- 13 'O well may you save, my pretty may,  
Weill may you save and see!  
Weill may ye save, my lovely may!  
Go ye wi child to me?'
- 14 But the may she turnd her back to him,  
She begoud to think meikle shame;  
'Na, na, na, na, kind sir,' she said,  
'I've a gudeman o my ain.'
- 15 'Sae loud as I hear ye lie, fair may,  
Sae loud as I hear ye lee!  
Dinna ye mind o yon misty nicht  
Whan I was in the bucht wi thee?'
- 16 He lichted aff his hie, hie horse,  
And he set the bonnie may on:  
'Now caw out your kye, gud father,  
Ye maun caw them out your lone.
- 17 'For lang will ye caw them out,  
And weary will ye be,  
Or ye get your dochter again  
. . . . .
- 18 He was the laird o Ochiltree,  
Of therty ploughs and three,  
And he has stown awa the loveliest may  
In aw the south cuntree.

## D

Motherwell's MS., p. 517; from the singing of Mrs Storie,  
of Lochwinnoch.

- 1 O BONNIE May is to the yowe-buchts gane,  
For to milk her daddie's yowes,  
And ay she sang, and her voice it rang  
Out-ower the tap o the knows, knows, knowes,  
Out-owr the tap o the knowes.
- 2 Ther cam a troop o gentilmen,  
As they were rydand by,  
And ane o them he lichtit doun,  
For to see May milkand her kye.
- 3 'Milk on, milk on, my bonnie lass,  
Milk on, milk on,' said he,  
'For out o the buchts I winna gang  
Till ye shaw me owr the lee.'

- 4 'Ryde on, ryde on, ye rank rydars,  
Your steeds are stout and strang,  
For out o the yowe-buchts I winna gae,  
For fear that ye do me some wrang.'
- 5 He took her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the green gown-sleive,  
And thare he took his will o her,  
Bot o her he askit nae leive.
- 6 But whan he gat his will o her  
He loot her up again,  
And a' this bonny maid said or did  
Was, Kind sir, tell me your name.
- 7 He pou't out a sillar kame,  
Sayand, Kame your yellow hair;  
And, gin I be na back in three quarters o a  
year,  
It's o me ye'll see nae mair.
- 8 He pu't out a silken purse  
And he gied her guineas thrie,  
Saying, Gin I may na be back in three quar-  
ters o a year,  
It will pay the nourice fee.
- 9 He put his fut into the stirrup  
And rade after his men,  
And a' that his men said or did  
Was, Kind maister, ye've taiglit lang.
- 10 'I hae rade east, I hae rade wast,  
And I hae rade ovr the knowes,  
But the bonniest lassie that I ever saw  
Was in the yowe-buchts, milkand her yowes.'
- 11 She put the pail upon her heid,  
And she's gane merrilie hame,  
And a' that her faither said or did  
Was, Kind dochter, ye've taiglit lang.
- 12 'Oh, wae be to your men, faither,  
And an ill deth may they die!  
For they cawit a' the yowes out-owre the  
knowes,  
And they left naebody wi me.
- 13 'There cam a tod unto the bucht,  
The like I never saw,  
An, afore that he took the ane that he took,  
I wad leifar he had tane ither twa.
- 14 'There cam a tod unto the bucht,  
The like I never did see,  
And, ay as he spak, he liftit his hat,  
And he had a bonnie twinkland ee.'
- 15 It was on a day, and it was a fine simmer day,  
She was cawing out her faither's kye,  
There cam a troup o gentilmen,  
And they rade ways the lass near by.
- 16 'Wha has dune to you this ill, my dear?  
Wha has dune to you this wrang?'  
And she had na a word to say for hersell  
But, 'Kind sir, I hae a man o my ain.'
- 17 'Ye lie, ye lie, bonnie May,' he says,  
'Aloud I hear ye lie!  
For dinna ye mind yon bonnie simmer nicht  
Whan ye war in the yowe-buchts wi me?
- 18 'Licht down, licht down, my foremaist man,  
Licht down and let her on,  
For monie a time she cawit her faither's  
kye,  
But she'll neir caw them again.
- 19 'For I am the laird o Ochiltree Wawis,  
I hae threttie pleuchs and thrie,  
And I hae tane awa the bonniest lass  
'That is in a' the north countrie.'

## E

Motherwell's Manuscript, p. 175; "from the recitation of Mrs Thomson, Kilbarchan, a native of Dumbartonshire, where she learned it."

- 1 THERE was a may, and a bonnie may,  
In the bught, milking the ewes,  
And by came a troop of gentlemen,  
And they rode by and by.

- 2 'O I'll give thee my milk-white steed,  
It cost me three hundred pound,  
If ye'll go to yon sheep-bught,  
And bring yon fair maid down.'
- 3 'Your steed ye canna want, master,  
But pay to ane a fee;  
Fifty pound of good red gold,  
To be paid down to me.'

- 4 'Come shew me the way, pretty may,' he  
said,  
'For our steeds are quite gone wrong;  
Will you do to me such a courtesy  
As to shew us the near-hand way?'
- 5 'O go ye down to yon meadow,  
Where the people are mowing the hay;  
Go ye down to yon meadow,  
And they'll shew you the near-hand way.'
- 6 But he's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the grass-green sleeve;  
He's bowed her body to the ground,  
Of her kin he asked no leave.
- 7 When he lifted her up again  
He's gien her guineas three:  
'If I be na back gin three quarters o a year,  
Ye need neer think mair on me.'
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 8 'O where hast thou been, bonnie may,' he  
said,  
'O where hast thou been sae lang?  
O where hast thou been, bonnie may?' he  
said,  
'Thou hast na been sae lang thy lane.'
- 9 'O come to the door and see, father,  
O come to the door and see,  
And see such a weety and a windy night;  
There were nobody wi me.
- 10 'But wae be to your herd, father,  
And an ill death may he die!  
For he left the ewes strayed owre the knowes,  
And he left naebody wi me.
- 11 'But there came a tod to your bught, father,  
The like o him I neer saw;
- For or he had taen the bonnie lamb he took,  
Ye had as weel hae gien them a'.
- 12 'There came a tod to your bught, father,  
The like o him I neer did see;  
For aye when he spak he lifted up his hat,  
And he had a bonnie twinkling ee.'
- 13 But when twenty weeks were come and gane,  
Aye, twenty weeks and three,  
This lassie began to spit and to spew,  
And to lang for the twinkling ee.
- 14 It fell on a day, and a bonnie summer day,  
She was ca'ing out her father's kye,  
And by came a troop of gentlemen,  
And they rode by and by.
- 15 'O wha got the bairn wi thee, bonnie may?  
O wha got the bairn wi thee?'
- . . . . .
- 16 She turned hersell right round about,  
She began to blush and think shame,  
And never a word this bonnie lassie spok  
But 'I have a good-man at hame.'
- 17 'Thou lie, thou lie, my bonnie may,  
Sae loud I hear thee lie!  
Do ye mind o the weety and windy night  
When I was in the ewe-bught wi thee?
- 18 'Light off, light off, the gentlest of my men,  
And set her on behind,  
And ca out your kye, good father, yoursell,  
For she'll never ca them out again.'
- 19 He was the laird o twenty plough o land,  
Aye, twenty plough and three,  
And he's taen awa the bonniest lass  
Was in a' the south countrie.

## F

Gibb MS., p. 9. "From recitation; traced to Mary Jack, Lochlee, Forfarshire, died 1881, aged 94."

- 1 BONNY MAY has to the ewe-bughts gane,  
To milk her father's ewes,  
An aye as she milked her bonny voice rang  
Far out amang the knowes.
- 2 'Milk on, milk on, my bonny, bonny may,  
Milk on, milk on,' said he;  
'Milk on, milk on, my bonny, bonny may;  
Will ye shew me out-ower the lea?'
- 3 'Ride on, ride on, stout rider,' she said,  
'Yere steed's baith stout and strang;

- For out o the ewe-bught I daurna come,  
For fear ye do me wrang.'
- 4 But he 's tane her by the milk-white hand,  
An by the green gown-sleeve,  
An he 's laid her low on the dewy grass,  
An at nae ane spiered he leave.
- 5 Then he 's mounted on his milk-white steed,  
An ridden after his men,  
An a' that his men they said to him  
Was, Dear master, ye 've tarried lang.
- 6 'I 've ridden east, an I 've ridden wast,  
An I 've ridden among the knowes,  
But the bonniest lassie eer I saw  
Was milkin her daddie's yowes.'
- 7 She 's taen the milk-pail on her heid,  
An she 's gane langin hame,  
An a her father said to her  
Was, Daughter, ye 've tarried lang.
- 8 'Oh, wae be to your shepherds! father,  
For they take nae care o the sheep;  
For they 've bygit the ewe-bught far frae  
hame,  
An they 've trysted a man to me.
- 9 'There came a tod unto the bucht,  
An a waefu tod was he,  
An, or ever he had tane that ae ewe-lamb,  
I had rather he had tane ither three.'
- 10 But it fell on a day, an a bonny summer day,  
She was ca'in out her father's kye,  
An bye came a troop o gentlemen,  
Cam ridin swiftly bye.
- 11 Out an spoke the foremost ane,  
Says, Lassie hae ye got a man?  
She turned herself saucy round about,  
Says, Yes, I 've ane at hame.
- 12 'Ye lee, ye lee, ye my bonny may,  
Sae loud as I hear ye lee!  
For dinna ye mind that misty nicht  
Ye were in the ewe-bughts wi me?'
- 13 He ordered ane o his men to get down;  
Says, Lift her up behind me;  
Your father may ca in the kye when he likes,  
They sall neer be ca'ed in by thee.
- 14 'For I 'm the laird o Athole swaird,  
Wi fifty ploughs an three,  
An I hae gotten the bonniest lass  
In a' the north countrie.'

## G

Scott's Minstrelsy, III, 280, 1803; from Ettrick Forest.

- 1 O THE broom, and the bonny, bonny broom,  
And the broom of the Cowdenknows!  
And aye sae sweet as the lassie sang,  
I the bought, milking the ewes.
- 2 The hills were high on ilka side,  
An the bought i the lirk o the hill,  
And aye, as she sang, her voice it rang  
Out-oor the head o yon hill.
- 3 There was a troop o gentlemen  
Came riding merrilie by,  
And one o them has rode out o the way,  
To the bought to the bonny may.
- 4 'Weel may ye save an see, bonny lass,  
An weel may ye save an see!  
'An sae wi you, ye weel-bred knight,  
And what 's your will wi me?'
- 5 'The night is misty and mirk, fair may,  
And I have ridden astray,  
And will ye be so kind, fair may,  
As come out and point my way?'
- 6 'Ride out, ride out, ye ramp rider!  
Your steed 's baith stout and strang;  
For out of the bought I dare na come,  
For fear at ye do me wrang.'
- 7 'O winna ye pity me, bonny lass?  
O winna ye pity me?  
An winna ye pity my poor steed,  
Stands trembling at yon tree?'



- 8 'I wadna pity your poor steed,  
Tho it were tied to a thorn;  
For if ye wad gain my love the night  
Ye wad slight me ere the morn.
- 9 'For I ken you by your weel-busked hat,  
And your merrie twinkling ee,  
That ye 're the laird o the Oakland hills,  
An ye may weel seem for to be.'
- 10 'But I am not the laird o the Oakland hills,  
Ye 're far mistaen o me;  
But I 'm ane o the men about his house,  
An right aft in his companie.'
- 11 He 's taen her by the middle jimp,  
And by the grass-green sleeve,  
He 's lifted her over the fauld-dyke,  
And speerd at her sma leave.
- 12 O he 's taen out a purse o gowd,  
And streekd her yellow hair:  
'Now take ye that, my bonnie may,  
Of me till you hear mair.'
- 13 O he 's leapt on his berry-brown steed,  
An soon he 's oertaen his men;  
And ane and a' cried out to him,  
O master, ye 've tarryd lang!
- 14 'O I hae been east, and I hae been west,  
An I hae been far oer the knows,  
But the bonniest lass that ever I saw  
Is i the bought, milkin the ewes.'
- 15 She set the cog upon her head,  
An she 's gane singing hame:  
'O where hae ye been, my ae daughter?  
Ye hae na been your lane.'
- 16 'O nae body was wi me, father,  
O nae body has been wi me;  
The night is misty and mirk, father,  
Ye may gang to the door and see.
- 17 'But wae be to your ewe-herd, father,  
And an ill deed may he die!
- He bug the bought at the back o the know  
And a tod has frightened me.
- 18 'There came a tod to the bought-door,  
The like I never saw;  
And ere he had taken the lamb he did  
I had loured he had taen them a'.'
- 19 O whan fifteen weeks was come and gane,  
Fifteen weeks and three,  
That lassie began to look thin and pale,  
An to long for his merry-twinkling ee.
- 20 It fell on a day, on a het simmer day,  
She was ca'ing out her father's kye,  
By came a troop o gentlemen,  
A' merrilie riding bye.
- 21 'Weel may ye save an see, bonny may!  
Weel may ye save and see!  
Weel I wat ye be a very bonny may,  
But whae 's aught that babe ye are wi?'
- 22 Never a word could that lassie say,  
For never a ane could she blame,  
An never a word could the lassie say,  
But, I have a good man at hame.
- 23 'Ye lied, ye lied, my very bonny may,  
Sae loud as I hear you lie!  
For dinna ye mind that misty night  
I was i the bought wi thee?
- 24 'I ken you by your middle sae jimp,  
An your merry-twinkling ee,  
That ye 're the bonny lass i the Cowdenknow,  
An ye may weel seem for to be.'
- 25 Than he 's leapt off his berry-brown steed,  
An he 's set that fair may on:  
'Caw out your kye, gude father, yoursel,  
For she 's never caw them out again.
- 26 'I am the laird of the Oakland hills,  
I hae thirty plows and three,  
An I hae gotten the bonniest lass  
That 's in a' the south country.'

## H

Kinloch MSS, I, 137; from Mrs Boutchart.

- 1 THERE was a may, a maiden sae gay,  
Went out wi her milking-pail;  
Lang she foucht or her ewes wad bucht,  
And syne she a milking fell.
- 2 And ay as she sang the rocks they rang,  
Her voice gaed loud and shill;  
Ye wad hae heard the voice o the maid  
On the tap o the ither hill.
- 3 And ay she sang, and the rocks they rang,  
Her voice gaed loud and hie;  
Till by there cam a troop o gentlemen,  
A riding up that way.
- 4 'Weel may ye sing, ye bonnie may,  
Weel and weel may ye sing!  
The nicht is misty, weet, and mirk,  
And we hae ridden wrang.'
- 5 'Hand by the gate ye cam, kind sir,  
Haud by the gate ye cam;  
But tak tent o the rank river,  
For our streams are unco strang.'
- 6 'Can ye na pity me, fair may,  
Canna ye pity me?  
Canna ye pity my puir steed,  
Stands trembling at yon tree?'
- 7 'What pity wad ye hae, kind sir?  
What wad ye hae frae me?  
If he has neither corn nor hay,  
He has gerss at libertie.'
- 8 'Can ye na pity me, fair may,  
Can ye na pity me?  
Can ye na pity a gentle knicht  
That 's deeing for love o thee?'
- 9 He 's tane her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the gerss-green sleeve;  
He 's laid her laigh at the bucht-end,  
At her kin speird na leave.
- 10 'After ye hae tane your will o me,  
Your will as ye hae tane,  
Be as gude a gentle knicht  
As tell to me your name.'
- 11 'Some do ca me Jack,' says he,  
'And some do ca me John;  
But whan I 'm in the king's hie court  
Duke William is my name.
- 12 'But I ken by your weel-fanrd face,  
And by your blinking ee,  
That ye are the Maid o the Cowdenknows,  
And seem very weel to be.'
- 13 'I am na the maid o the Cowdenknows,  
Nor does not think to be;  
But I am ane o her best maids,  
That 's aft in her companie.
- 14 'But I ken by your black, black hat,  
And by your gay gowd ring,  
That ye are the Laird o Rochna hills,  
Wha beguiles a' our women.'
- 15 'I am na the Laird o Rochna hills.  
Nor does na think to be;  
But I am ane o his best men,  
That 's aft in his companie.'
- 16 He 's put his hand in his pocket  
And tane out guineas three;  
Says, Tak ye that, my bonnie may;  
It 'll pay the nourice fee.
- 17 She 's tane her cog upon her head,  
And fast, fast gaed she hame:  
'Whare hae ye been, my dear dochter?  
Ye hae na been your lane.
- 18 'The nicht is misty, weet, and mirk;  
Ye may look out and see;  
The ewes war skippin oure the knowes,  
They wad na bucht in for me.
- 19 'But wae be to your shepherd, father,  
An ill death may he dee!  
He bigget the buchts sae far frae the toun,  
And he trysted a man to me.
- 20 'There cam a tod among the flock,  
The like o him I neer did see;  
Afore he had tane the lamb that he took,  
I 'd rather he 'd tane ither three.'
- 21 Whan twenty weeks war past and gane,  
Twenty weeks and three,

- The lassie begoud to spit and spue,  
And thought lang for 's blinkin ee.
- 22 'T was on a day, and a day near bye,  
She was ca'ing out the kye,  
That by cam a troop o merry gentlemen,  
Cam riding bye that way.
- 23 'Wha's gien ye the scorn, bonnie may?  
O wha's done ye the wrang?'  
'Na body, na body, kind sir,' she said,  
'My baby's father's at hame.'
- 24 'Ye lee, ye lee, fause may,' he said,  
'Sae loud as I hear ye lee!  
Dinna ye mind o the mirk misty nicht  
I bucht the ewes wi thee?'
- 25 'Weel may I mind yon mirk misty nicht,  
Weel may I mind,' says she;  
'For ay whan ye spak ye lifted up your hat,  
Ye had a merry blinkin ee.'
- 26 He's turned him round and richt about,  
And tane the lassie on;  
'Ca out your ky, auld father,' he said,  
'She sall neer ca them again.'
- 27 'For I am the Laird o Rochna hills,  
O thirty plows and three;  
And I hae gotten the bonniest lass  
O a' the west countrie.'
- 28 'And I'm the Maid o the Cowdenknows,  
O twenty plows and three;  
And I hae gotten the bonniest lad  
In a' the north countrie.'

## I

Kinloch MSS, VII, 153; from the recitation of Miss M. Kinnear, August 23, 1826, a North Country version.

- 1 THE lassie sang sae loud, sae loud,  
The lassie sang sae shill;  
The lassie sang, and the greenwud rang,  
At the farther side o yon hill.
- 2 Bye there cam a troop o merry gentlemen,  
They aw rode merry bye;  
The very first and the foremaist  
Was the first that spak to the may.
- 3 'This is a mark and misty nicht,  
And I have ridden wrang;  
If ye wad be sae gude and kind  
As to show me the way to gang.'
- 4 'If ye binna the laird o Lochnie's lands,  
Nor nane o his degree,  
I'll show ye a nearer road that will keep you frae  
The glen-waters and the raging sea.'
- 5 'I'm na the laird o Lochnie's lands,  
Nor nane o his degree;  
But I am as brave a knight,  
And ride aft in his company.
- 6 'Have ye na pity on me, pretty maid?  
Have ye na pity on me?  
Have ye na pity on my puir steed,  
That stands trembling by yon tree?'
- 7 'What pity wad ye hae, kind sir?  
What pity wad ye hae frae me?  
Though your steed has neither corn nor hay,  
It has gerss at its liberty.'
- 8 He has trysted the pretty maid  
Till they cam to the brume,  
And at the end o yon ew-buchts  
It's there they baith sat doun.
- 9 Till up she raise, took up her milk-pails,  
And away gaed she hame;  
Up bespak her auld father,  
'It's wbare hae ye been sae lang?'
- 10 'This is a mark and a misty nicht,  
Ye may gang to the door and see;  
The ewes hae taen a skipping out-oure the  
knows,  
They winna bucht in for me.
- 11 'I may curse my father's shepherd;  
Some ill death mat he dee!  
He has bucht the ewes sae far frae the toun,  
And has trysted the young men to me.'

## J

Kinloch MSS, VI, 11; in the handwriting of Dr Joseph Robertson, and given him by his mother, Christian Leslie.

- 1 It was a dark and a misty night,  
     . . . . .  
 And by came a troop o gentlemen,  
 Said, Lassie, shew me the way.
- 2 'Oh well ken I by your silk mantle,  
 And by your grass-green sleeve,  
 That you are the maid of the Cowdenknows,  
 And may well seem to be.'
- 3 'I'm nae the maid of the Cowdenknows,  
 Nor ever think to be;  
 I am but ane of her hirewomen,  
 Rides aft in her companie.
- 4 'Oh well do I ken by your milk-white steed,  
 And by your merry winking ee,  
 That you are the laird of Lochinvar,  
 And may well seem to be.'
- 5 'I'm nae the laird of Lochinvar,  
 Nor may well seem to be;  
 But I am one of his merry young men,  
 And am oft in his companie.'

\* \* \* \* \*

- 6 'The tod was among your sheep, father,  
 You may look forth and see;  
 And before he had taen the lamb he 's taen  
 I had rather he had taen three.'
- 7 When twenty weeks were come and gane,  
 Twenty weeks and three,  
 The lassie she turned pale and wan  
     . . . . .
- 8 . . . . .  
 And was caain out her father's kye,  
 When by came a troop of gentlemen,  
 Were riding along the way.
- 9 'Fair may it fa thee, weel-fa'rt may!  
 Wha's aught the bairn ye 're wi?'  
 'O I hae a husband o my ain,  
 To father my bairn te.'
- 10 'You lie, you lie, you well-far'd may,  
 Sae loud 's I hear you lie!  
 Do you mind the dark and misty night  
 I was in the bught wi thee?'
- 11 'Oh well do I ken by your milk-white steed,  
 And by your merry winkin ee,  
 That you are the laird of Lochinvar,  
 That was in the bught wi me.'

## K

Joseph Robertson's Journal of Excursions, No 6; "taken down from a man in the parish of Leochel, 12 February, 1829."

- \* \* \* \* \*
- 1 THERE was four and twenty gentlemen,  
 As they were ridin by,  
 And aff there louns the head o them,  
 Cums in to this fair may.
- 2 'It's a mark and a mark and a misty night,  
 And we canna know the way;  
 And ye wad be as gude to us  
 As shew us on the way.'

- 3 'Ye'll get a boy for meat,' she says,  
 'Ye'll get a boy for fee,  
     . . . . .  
 That will shew you the right way.'
- 4 'We'll get a boy for meat,' he says,  
 'We'll get a boy for fee,  
 But we do not know where to seek  
 That bonny boy out.'  
     \* \* \* \* \*
- 5 'It's foul befa my auld father's men,  
 An ill death mat they die!  
 They've biggit the ewe bucht sae far frae the  
 town  
 They've trusted the men to me.'



## L

Buchan's MSS, II, 178.

- O THE broom, the bonny, bonny broom,  
The broom grows oer the burn!  
Aye when I mind on 's bonny yellow hair,  
I aye hae cause to mourn.
- 1 There was a bonny, a well-fared may,  
In the fauld milking her kye,  
When by came a troop of merry gentlemen,  
And sae merrily they rode by.  
O the broom, etc.
- 2 The maid she sang till the hills they rang,  
And a little more forebye,  
Till in came aye of these gentlemen  
To the bught o the bonny may.
- 3 'Well mat ye sing, fair maid,' he says,  
'In the fauld, milking your kye;  
The night is misty, weet and dark,  
And I've gane out o my way.'
- 4 'Keep on the way ye ken, kind sir,  
Keep on the way ye ken;  
But I pray ye take care o Clyde's water,  
For the stream runs proud and fair.'
- 5 'I ken you by your lamar beads,  
And by your blinking ee,  
That your mother has some other maid  
To send to the ewes than thee.'
- 6 'I ken you by your powderd locks,  
And by your gay gold ring,  
That ye are the laird o Rock-rock lays,  
That beguiles all young women.'
- 7 'I'm not the laird o the Rock-rock lays,  
Nor ever hopes to be;  
But I am one o the finest knights  
That's in his companie.
- 8 'Are ye the maid o the Cowden Knowes?  
I think you seem to be;  
'No, I'm not the maid o the Cowden Knowes,  
Nor ever hopes to be;  
But I am one o her mother's maids,  
And oft in her companie.'
- 9 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
And by her grass-green sleeve,
- He's set her down upon the ground  
Of her kin spierd nae leave.
- 10 He's gien her a silver comb,  
To comb her yellow hair;  
He bade her keep it for his sake,  
For fear she never got mair.
- 11 He pat his hand in his pocket,  
He's gien her guineas three;  
Says, Take ye that, fair maid, he says,  
'T will pay the nourice's fee.
- 12 She's taen her milk-pail on her head,  
And she gaed singing hame,  
And a' that her auld father did say,  
'Daughter, ye've tarried lang.'
- 13 'Woe be to your shepherd, father,  
And an ill death mat he die!  
He's biggit the bught sae far frae the town,  
And trystit a man to me.
- 14 'There came a tod into the bught,  
The like o 'm I neer did see;  
Before he'd taen the lamb he's taen,  
I'd rather he'd taen other three.'
- 15 Or eer six months were past and gane,  
Six months but other three,  
The lassie begud for to fret and frown,  
And lang for his blinking ee.
- 16 It fell upon another day,  
When ca'ing out her father's kye,  
That by came the troop o gentlemen,  
Sae merrily riding by.
- 17 Then aye of them stopt, and said to her,  
'Wha's aught that bairn ye're wi?'  
The lassie began for to blush, and think,  
To a father as good as ye.
- 18 She turnd her right and round about  
And thought nae little shame;  
Then a' to him that she did say,  
'I've a father to my bairn at hame.'
- 19 'Ye lie, ye lie, ye well-fared may,  
Sae loud's I hear ye lie!  
For dinna ye mind yon misty night  
I was in the bught wi thee?

20 'I gave you a silver comb,  
To comb your yellow hair;  
I bade you keep it for my sake,  
For fear ye'd never get mair.

21 'I pat my hand in my pocket,  
I gae you guineas three;  
I bade you keep them for my sake,  
And pay the nourice's fee.'

22 He's lappen aff his berry-brown steed  
And put that fair maid on;

'Ca hame your kye, auld father,' he says,  
'She shall never mair return.'

23 'I am the laird o the Rock-rock lays,  
Hae thirty ploughs and three,  
And this day will wed the fairest maid  
That eer my eyes did see.'

O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,  
The broom grows oer the burn!  
Aye when she minds on his yellow hair,  
She shall neer hae cause to mourn.

### M

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 172.

1 'T WAS on a misty day, a fair maiden gay  
Went out to the Cowdenknowes;  
Lang, lang she thought ere her ewes woud  
bught,  
Wi her pail for to milk the ewes.  
O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,  
The broom o the Cowdenknowes!  
And aye sae sweet as the lassie sang,  
In the ewe-bught, milking her ewes.

2 And aye as she sang the greenwoods rang,  
Her voice was sae loud and shrill;  
They heard the voice o this well-far'd maid  
At the other side o the hill.

3 'My mother she is an ill woman,  
And an ill woman is she;  
Or than she might have got some other maid  
To milk her ewes without me.

4 'My father was ance a landed laird,  
As mony mair have been;  
But he held on the gambling trade  
Till a's free lands were dune.

5 'My father drank the brandy and beer,  
My mother the wine sae red;  
Gars me, poor girl, gang maiden lang,  
For the lack o tocher guid.'

6 There was a troop o merry gentlemen  
Came riding along the way,  
And one o them drew the ewe-bughts unto,  
At the voice o this lovely may.

7 'O well may you sing, my well-far'd maid,  
And well may you sing, I say,  
For this is a mirk and a misty night,  
And I've ridden out o my way.'

8 'Ride on, ride on, young man,' she said,  
'Ride on the way ye ken;  
But keep frae the streams o the Rock-river,  
For they run proud and vain.

9 'Ye winna want boys for meat, kind sir,  
And ye winna want men for fee;  
It sets not us that are young women  
To show young men the way.'

10 'O winna ye pity me, fair maid?  
O winna ye pity me?  
O winna ye pity my poor steed,  
Stands trembling at yon tree?'

11 'Ride on, ride on, ye rank rider,  
Your steed's baith stout and strang;  
For out o the ewe-bught I winna come,  
For fear that ye do me wrang.

12 'For well ken I by your high-cold hat,  
And by your gay gowd ring,  
That ye are the Earl o Rock-rivers,  
That beguiles a' our young women.'

13 'O I'm not the Earl o the Rock-rivers,  
Nor ever thinks to be;  
But I am ane o his finest knights,  
Rides aft in his companie.

14 'I know you well by your lamar beads,  
And by your merry winking ee,

- That ye are the maid o the Cowdenknowes,  
And may very well seem to be.'
- 15 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the grass-green sleeve,  
He's laid her down by the ewe-bught-wa,  
At her he spiered nae leave.
- 16 When he had got his wills o her,  
And his wills he had taen,  
He lifted her up by the middle sae sma,  
Says, Fair maid, rise up again.
- 17 Then he has taen out a siller kaim,  
Kaimd down her yellow hair;  
Says, Fair maid, take that, keep it for my sake,  
Case frae me ye never get mair.
- 18 Then he put his hand in his pocket,  
And gien her guineas three;  
Says, Take that, fair maiden, till I return,  
'T will pay the nurse's fee.
- 19 Then he lap on his milk-white steed,  
And he rade after his men,  
And a' that they did say to him,  
'Dear master, ye've tarried lang.'
- 20 'I've ridden east, I've ridden west,  
And over the Cowdenknowes,  
But the bonniest lass that eer I did see,  
Was i the ewe-bught, milking her ewes.'
- 21 She's taen her milk-pail on her head,  
And she gaed singing hame;  
But a' that her auld father did say,  
'Daughter, ye've tarried lang.'  
'O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,  
The broom o the Cowdenknowes!  
Aye sae sair's I may rue the day,  
In the ewe-bughts, milking my ewes.
- 22 'O this is a mirk and a misty night,  
O father, as ye may see;  
The ewes they ran skipping over the knowes,  
And they woudna bught in for me.
- 23 . . . . .  
'Before that he'd taen the lamb that he took,  
I rather he'd taen other three.'
- 24 When twenty weeks were come and gane,  
And twenty weeks and three,
- The lassie's colour grew pale and wan,  
And she longed this knight to see.
- 25 Says, 'Wae to the fox came amo our flock!  
I wish he had taen them a'  
Before that he'd taen frae me what he took;  
It's occasiond my downfa.'
- 26 It fell ance upon a time  
She was ca'ing hame her kye,  
There came a troop o merry gentlemen,  
And they wyled the bonny lassie by.
- 27 But one o them spake as he rode past,  
Says, Who owes the bairn ye are wi?  
A little she spake, but thought wi hersell,  
'Perhaps to ane as gude as thee.'
- 28 O then she did blush as he did pass by,  
And dear! but she thought shame,  
And all that she did say to him,  
'Sir, I have a husband at hame.'
- 29 'Ye lie, ye lie, ye well-far'd maid,  
Sae loud as I hear you lie!  
For dinna ye mind yon misty night,  
Ye were in the bught wi me?  
'O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,  
The broom o the Cowdenknowes!  
Aye say sweet as I heard you sing,  
In the ewe-bughts, milking your ewes.'
- 30 'O well do I mind, kind sir,' she said,  
'As ye rode over the hill;  
Ye took frae me my maidenhead,  
Fell sair against my will.  
'O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,  
The broom o the Cowdenknowes!  
And aye sae sair as I rue the day  
I met you, milking my ewes.
- 31 'And aye as ye spake, ye lifted your hat,  
Ye had a merry winking ee;  
I ken you well to be the man,  
Then kind sir, O pity me!'
- 32 'Win up, win up, fair maiden,' he said,  
'Nae langer here ye'll stay;  
This night ye'se be my wedded wife,  
Without any more delay.'
- 33 He lighted aff his milk-white steed  
And set the lassie on;

'Ca in your kye, auld man,' he did say,  
'She'll neer ca them in again.

- 34 'I am the Earl o the Rock-rivers,  
Hae fifty ploughs and three,  
And am sure I've chosen the fairest maid  
That ever my eyes did see.'

- 35 Then he stript her o the robes o grey,  
Donned her in the robes o green,  
And when she came to her lord's ha  
They took her to be some queen.  
O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,  
The broom o the Cowdenknowes!  
And aye sae sweet as the bonny lassie sang,  
That ever she milked the ewes.

# N

Kinloch MSS, I, 145; from Mary Barr.

- 1 O THERE war a troop o merry gentlemen  
Cam riding oure the knowes,  
And they hear the voice o a bonny lass,  
In the buchts, milking the yowes.
- 2 'O save thee, O save thee, my bonnie may!  
O saved may ye be!  
My steed he has riden wrang,  
Fain wad I ken the way.'
- 3 She has tane the steed by the bridle-reins,  
Has led him till the way,  
And he has tane out three gowd rings,  
Gien them to that bonnie may.
- 4 And he has tane her by the milk-white hand  
And by the gerss-green sleeve,  
And he laid her down on the side o yon hill,  
At her daddie speird na leave.
- 5 Now she has hame to her father gane,  
Her father did her blame:  
'O whare hae ye been, my ae dochter?  
For ye hae na been your lane.'
- 6 'O the nicht is mirk, and very, very wet,  
Ye may gang to the door and see;  
O there's nobody been wi me, father,  
There's nobody been wi me.
- 7 'But there cam a tod to your bucht, father,  
The like o him I neer saw;  
Afore you'd gien him the lamb that he took,  
Ye'd rather hae gien them a'.
- 8 'O wae be to my father's sheep-hird,  
An ill death may he dee!

For bigging the bucht sae nar the road,  
Let the Lochinvar to me!'

- 9 She's tane her pig and her cog in her hand,  
And she's gane to milk the kye;  
But ere she was aware, the Laird o Lochinvar  
Cam riding in the way.
- 10 'O save thee, O save thee, my bonnie may!  
I wish ye may be sound;  
O save thee, O save thee, my bonnie may!  
What maks thy belly sae round?'
- 11 O she has turnd hersel round about,  
And she within her thought shame:  
'O it's nobody's wills wi me, kind sir,  
For I hae a gudeman o my ain.'
- 12 'Ye lee, ye lee, my bonnie may,  
Weel do I ken ye lee!  
For dinna ye mind o the three gowd rings  
I gied ye o the new moneye?'
- 13 'O weel do I mind thee, kind sir,  
O weel do I mind thee;  
For ae whan ye spak ye lifted up your hat,  
And ye had a bonnie twinklin ee.'
- 14 'O ye need na toil yoursel, my dear,  
Neither to card nor to spin;  
For there's ten pieces I gie unto thee;  
Keep them for your lying in.'
- 15 Now she has hame to her father gane,  
As fast as she could hie;  
And she was na weel crown'd wi joy  
Till her auld son gat she.
- 16 But she'll na tell the daddie o it  
Till father nor to mither,  
And she'll na tell the daddie o it  
To sister nor to brither.



17 And word is to the Lochinvar,  
And word is to him gane,  
That sic a tenant's dochter  
Has born a bastard son :

18 And she 'll na tell the daddie o it  
To father nor to mither,  
And she 'll na tell the daddie o it  
Till sister nor to brither.

19 'O weel do I ken the reason o that,  
And the reason weel do I ken;  
O weel ken I the reason o that;  
It's to some o her father's men.

20 'But I will awa to Littlejohn's house,  
Shule them out o the door;  
For there 's na tenant on a' my land  
Shall harbour an arrant hure.'

21 Then out and spak the house-keeper,  
'Ye 'd better lat her abee;  
For an onie harm befa this may,  
A' the wyte will be on me.'

22 O he has turnd himsel round about,  
Within himsel thought he  
'Better do I loe her little finger  
Than a' thy haill bodie.

23 'Gae saddle to me my six coach-mares,  
Put a' their harness on,

And I will awa to Littlejohn's house  
For reports o this bastard son.'

24 Now whan he cam to Littlejohn's house,  
Littlejohn was at the door :  
'Ye rascal, ye rogue, ye impudent dog,  
Will ye harbour an arrant lure !'

25 'O pardon me, my sovereign liege,  
O pardon me, I pray;  
Oh that the nicht that she was born  
She 'd deed the very neist day !'

26 But he is in to his bonnie lassie gane,  
And has bolted the door behind,  
And there he has kissd his bonnie lassie sweet,  
It's over and over again.

27 'Ye did weel, ye did weel, my bonnie may,  
To keep the secret twixt me and thee;  
For I am the laird o the Ochilberry swair,  
The lady o 't I 'll mak thee.

28 'Come down, come down, now gentlemen a',  
And set this fair lady on;  
Mither, ye may milk the ewes as ye will,  
For she 'll neer milk them again.

29 'For I am the laird o the Ochilberry swair,  
O thirty plows and three,  
And I hae gotten the bonniest may  
That 's in a' the south countrie.'

B. a. 6 *should probably come before* 5. 9<sup>2</sup>. Whare.

b. 2<sup>2</sup>. lassie shew.

5<sup>1</sup>. But when twenty weeks were.

5<sup>2</sup>. O twenty weeks and three.

5<sup>8</sup>. lassie began to grow pale and wan.

6<sup>1</sup>. father's herd. 6<sup>4</sup>. And wadna bide wi me.

9<sup>2</sup>. loud 's.

11. He was the laird of Auchentrone,  
With fifty ploughs and three,  
And he has gotten the bonniest lass  
In a' the south countrie.

C. 3<sup>8</sup>. if he.

*Kinloch has made changes in his printed copy.*

D. 1. Oh.

1<sup>8</sup>. *Changed later to* ay as she sang, her.

2<sup>4</sup>. *Burden* : To see.

3<sup>4</sup>. *Changed to* out owr.

5<sup>4</sup>. *axit in the burden.* 6<sup>1</sup>. But quhan.

7<sup>4</sup>. *neer inserted later after* ye 'll.

*Burden* : It 's ye 'll see me.

8<sup>1</sup>. *purse-string originally.* 8<sup>8</sup>. in 3.

8<sup>4</sup>. It will; t *seems to be crossed out.* I in the burden.

9<sup>1</sup>. *fit originally, altered to* fut, or fot.

13<sup>8</sup>. *Originally,* An afore the ane he took.

15<sup>1</sup>. *Changed to* and a bonnie simmer day.

16<sup>1,2</sup>. Quha. 17<sup>2</sup>. *Changed to* Sae loud 's.

*The first stanza is given by Motherwell, Minstrelsy, Appendix, xvii, X, under the title 'Ochiltree Walls,' with the variation, O May, bonnie May.*

E. 2<sup>1</sup>. Oh.

I. *Kinloch has made changes in his printed copy.*

J. 11<sup>4</sup>. thee for me.

L. 4<sup>4</sup>. fair. vain? Cf. M, 8<sup>4</sup>.

## APPENDIX

## THE LOVELY NORTHERNE LASSE

a. Roxburghe Ballads, I, 190, in the Ballad Society's reprint, ed. W. Chappell, I, 587. b. Rawlinson Ballads, 566, fol. 205.

a WAS printed at London for F. Coules, who, according to Mr Chappell, flourished during the last five years of James First's reign and throughout that of Charles First: dated by Mr Bullen, 1640. b was printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright, 1655-80 (Chappell). There is another copy in the Euing collection, No 166, printed for Francis Coles in the Old Bayly, who may be the same person as the printer of a; and a fourth in the Douce collection, II, 137, *verso*, without printer's name. A copy differing from a by only three words is given by R. H. Evans, *Old Ballads*, 1810, I, 88.

Burton, in the fifth edition of his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Oxford, 1638, p. 536, says: "The very rusticks and hog-rubbers . . . have their ballads, country tunes, O the broome, the bonny, bonny broome," etc. (Chappell). This remark is not found in the fourth edition, Oxford, 1632, p. 544. Concerning the air, see Chappell's *Popular Music*, pp. 458-61, 613, 783.

## THE LOVELY NORTHERNE LASSE.

Who in this ditty, here complaining, shewes  
What harme she got, milking her dadyes ewes.

To a pleasant Scotch tune, called The broom of Cowden Knowes.

- 1 THROUGH Liddersdale as lately I went,  
I musing on did passe;  
I heard a maid was discontent,  
she sighd, and said, Alas!  
*All maids that ever deceived was  
beare a part of these my woes,  
For once I was a bonny lasse,  
when I milkt my dadyes ewes.  
With, O the broome, the bonny broome,  
the broome of Cowdon Knowes!  
Faine would I be in the North Countrey,  
to milke my dadyes ewes.*
- 2 'My love into the fields did come,  
when my dady was at home;  
Sugred words he gave me there,  
praisd me for such a one.  
His honey breath and lips so soft,  
and his alluring eye  
And tempting tong, hath woo'd me oft,  
now forces me to cry,  
*All maids, &c.*

- 3 'He joyed me with his pretty chat,  
so well discourse could he,  
Talking of this thing and of that,  
which greatly likèd me.  
I was so greatly taken with his speech,  
and with his comely making;  
He usèd all the meanes could be  
to inchant me with his speaking.
- 4 'In Danby Forest I was borne;  
my beauty did excell;  
My parents dearely lovèd me  
till my belly began to swell.  
I might have beene a prince's peere  
when I came over the knoes,  
Till the shepherds boy beguiled me,  
milking my dadyes ewes.
- 5 'When once I felt my belly swell,  
no longer might I abide;  
My mother put me out of doores,  
and bangd me backe and side.  
Then did I range the world so wide,  
wandering about the knoes,  
Cursing the boy that helpèd me  
to fold my dadyes ewes.
- 6 'Who would have thought a boy so young  
would have usd a maiden so  
As to allure her with his tongue,  
and then from her to goe?  
Which hath also procured my woe,  
to credit his faire shewes,  
Which now too late repent I doe,  
the milking of the ewes.
- 7 'I often since have wisht that I  
had never seen his face;  
I needed not thus mournefully  
have sighd, and said Alas!  
I might have matchèd with the best,  
as all the country knowes,  
Had I escaped the shepherds boy  
helpt me to fold my ewes.
- 8 'All maidens faire, then have a care  
when you a milking goe;  
Trust not to young men's tempting tongues,  
that will deceive you so.  
Them you shall finde to be unkinde  
and glory in your woes;  
For the shepherds boy beguiled mee  
folding my dadyes ewes.'
- 9 'If you your virgin honours keepe,  
esteeming of them deare,  
You need not then to waile and weepe,  
or your parents anger feare.

As I have said, of them beware  
would glory in your woes ;  
You then may sing with merry cheere,  
milking your dadyes ewes.'

10 A young man, hearing her complaint,  
did pity this her case,  
Saying to her, Sweet beautilous saint,  
I grieve so faire a face  
Should sorrow so; then, sweeting, know,  
to ease thee of thy woes,  
He goe with thee to the North Country,  
to milke thy dadyes ewes.

11 'Leander like, I will remaine  
still constant to thee ever,  
As Pirus, or Troyalus,  
till death our lives shall sever.  
Let me be hated evermore,  
of all men that me knowes,  
If false to thee, sweet heart, I bee,  
milking thy dadyes ewes.'

12 Then modestly she did reply,  
'Might I so happy bee

Of you to finde a husband kinde,  
and for to marrie me,  
Then to you I would during life  
continue constant still,  
And be a true, obedient wife,  
observing of your will.  
*With, O the broome, the bonny broome,  
the broome of Cowden Knoes!*  
*Faine would I be in the North Country,  
milking my dadyes ewes.*

13 Thus, with a gentle soft imbrace,  
he tooke her in his armes,  
And with a kisse he smiling said,  
'He shield thee from all harmes,  
And instantly will marry thee,  
to ease thee of thy woes,  
And goe with thee to the North Country,  
to milke thy dadyes ewes.'  
*With, O the broome, the bonny broome,  
the broome of Cowden Knoes!*  
*Faine would I be in the North Country,  
to milke my dadyes ewes.*

a. *After 7: The Second Part.*

b. *Title: in the ditty.*

2<sup>1</sup>. field. 2<sup>2</sup>. from home. 5<sup>6</sup>. amongst *for* about.  
6<sup>8</sup>. So to. 6<sup>5</sup>. hath alas. 7. *Wanting.*

8<sup>5</sup>. Then. 9<sup>1</sup>. virgins.

10<sup>5</sup>. I know. 13<sup>8</sup>. my *for* thy.

13<sup>9</sup>. With O the broom, &c.

## 218

### THE FALSE LOVER WON BACK

A. 'The Fause Lover,' Buchan's MSS, I, 114; Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 268.

B. 'The place where my love Johnny dwells,' Christie's Traditional Ballad Airs, I, 144.

A YOUNG man is deserting one maid for another. The object of his new fancy lives at a distance, and he is on his way to her. He is followed by his old love from stage to stage; he repelling her, and she tenderly remonstrating. His heart gradually softens; he buys her gifts from town to town, and though each time he bids her go back, he ends with buying

her a wedding gown (ring) and marrying her.

Two pretty stanzas in A, 4, 5, seem not to belong to this story. The inconstant youth would have been only too glad to have the faithful maid look to other men, and gives her all liberty to do so. These two stanzas are first found in Herd's MSS, I, 53, and in

Herd's Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs,  
1776, II, 6, as follows:

False luv, and hae ye played me this,  
In the simmer, mid the flowers?  
I sall repay ye back agen,  
In the winter, mid the showers.

Bot again, dear luv, and again, dear luv,  
Will ye not turn again?  
As ye look to ither women,  
Sall I to ither men.

In a manuscript at Abbotsford, entitled  
Scottish Songs, 1795 (containing pieces dated  
up to 1806), fol. 69, they stand thus:

False luv, and hae ye played me this,  
In simmer among the flowers?

I shall repay you back agen  
In winter among the showers.

Unless again, again, dear luv,  
But if ye turn agen,  
As ye look other women to,  
Sall I to other men.

Scott has put these verses, a little varied,  
into Davie Gellatley's mouth, in the ninth  
chapter of 'Waverley.' The first, with a  
change, occurs also in 'The Gardener,' No  
219, A 7, B 15, C 3.

A is translated by Rosa Warrens, Schot-  
tische Volkslieder, p. 141, No 32; by Gerhard,  
p. 114.

### A

Buchan's MSS, I, 114.

1 A FAIR maid sat in her bower-door,  
Wringing her lily hands,  
And by it came a sprightly youth,  
Fast tripping oer the strands.

2 'Where gang ye, young John,' she says,  
'Sae early in the day?  
It gars me think, by your fast trip,  
Your journey 's far away.'

3 He turnd about wi surly look,  
And said, What 's that to thee?  
I 'm gaen to see a lovely maid,  
Mair fairer far than ye.

4 'Now hae ye playd me this, fause love,  
In simmer, mid the flowers?  
I shall repay ye back again,  
In winter, mid the showers.

5 'But again, dear love, and again, dear love,  
Will ye not turn again?  
For as ye look to other women,  
I shall to other men.'

6 'Make your choice of whom you please,  
For I my choice will have;

I 've chosen a maid more fair than thee,  
I never will deceive.'

7 But she 's kilt up her claithing fine,  
And after him gaed she;  
But aye he said, Ye 'll turn again,  
Nae farder gae wi me.

8 'But again, dear love, and again, dear love,  
Will ye never love me again?  
Alas for loving you sae well,  
And you nae me again!'

9 The first an town that they came till,  
He bought her brooch and ring;  
And aye he bade her turn again,  
And gang nae farder wi him.

10 'But again, dear love, and again, dear love,  
Will ye never love me again?  
Alas for loving you sae well,  
And you nae me again!'

11 The next an town that they came till,  
He bought her muff and gloves;  
But aye he bade her turn again,  
And choose some other loves.

12 'But again, dear love, and again, dear love,  
Will ye never love me again?



Alas for loving you sae well,  
And you nae me again!'

- 13 The next an town that they came till,  
His heart it grew mair fain,  
And he was as deep in love wi her  
As she was ower again.

- 14 The next an town that they came till,  
He bought her wedding gown,  
And made her lady of ha's and bowers,  
Into sweet Berwick town.

## B

Christie's Traditional Ballad Airs, I, 144; from the recitation of a woman born in Buchan.

- 1 THE sun shines high on yonder hill,  
And low on yonder town;  
In the place where my love Johnny dwells,  
The sun gaes never down.

- 2 'O when will ye be back, bonny lad,  
O when will ye be hame?'  
'When heather-hills are nine times brunt,  
And a' grown green again.'

- 3 'O that 's ower lang awa, bonny lad,  
O that 's ower lang frae hame;  
For I'll be dead and in my grave  
Ere ye come back again.'

- 4 He put his foot into the stirrup  
And said he maun go ride,  
But she kilted up her green claitthing  
And said she woudna bide.

- 5 The firsten town that they came to,  
He bought her hose and sheen,

And bade her rue and return again,  
And gang nae farther wi him.

- 6 'Ye likena me at a', bonny lad,  
Ye likena me at a';'  
'It's sair for you likes me sae weel  
And me nae you at a'.'

- 7 The nexten town that they came to,  
He bought her a braw new gown,  
And bade her rue and return again,  
And gang nae farther wi him.

- 8 The nexten town that they came to,  
He bought her a wedding ring,  
And bade her dry her rosy cheeks,  
And he would tak her wi him.

- 9 'O wae be to your bonny face,  
And your twa blinkin een!  
And wae be to your rosy cheeks!  
They've stown this heart o mine.

- 10 'There's comfort for the comfortless,  
There's honey for the bee;  
There's comfort for the comfortless,  
There's nane but you for me.'

A. 9<sup>1</sup>. first and: come. 11<sup>1</sup>, 13<sup>1</sup>. next and.  
*Variations in Buchan's Ballads of the North*  
of Scotland, I, 268.

5<sup>4</sup>. Shall I. 6<sup>1</sup>. your choose. 7<sup>8</sup>. turn back.  
7<sup>4</sup>. gang. 11, 12. *Omitted*. 13<sup>8</sup>. as *wanting*.  
14<sup>4</sup>. In bonny Berwick.

## 219

## THE GARDENER

A. Kinloch MSS, V, 47. 'The Gardener,' Kinloch MSS, VII, 19; Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 74.

B. 'The Gardener Lad,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 187.

C. Fragment communicated by Dr Thomas Davidson.

A GARDENER will apparel a maid from head to foot with flowers, if she will be his bride. He gets a wintry answer: the snow shall be his shirt, the wind his hat, the rain his coat.

B 1-6 is mere jargon, foisted into this pretty ballad as a preface.

A 7, B 15, C 3, is found, substantially, in

the preceding ballad, and perhaps belonged originally to neither.

Freely translated from A and B by Rosa Warrens, Schottische Volkslieder, p. 134, No 30.

## A

Kinloch MSS, V, 47, in the handwriting of James Beattie; from the recitation of his aunt, Miss Elizabeth Beattie.

- 1 The gardener stands in his bower-door,  
With a primrose in his hand,  
And by there came a leal maiden,  
As jimp's a willow wand.  
And by, etc.
- 2 'O lady, can you fancy me,  
For to be my bride,  
You'll get a' the flowers in my garden,  
To be to you a weed.
- 3 'The lily white shall be your smock;  
Becomes your body neat;  
And your head shall be deckd with jelly-flower,  
And the primrose in your breast.
- 4 'Your gown shall be o the sweet-william,  
Your coat o camovine,  
And your apron o the salads neat,  
That taste baith sweet and fine.

- 5 'Your stockings shall be o the broad kail-blade,  
That is baith broad and long;  
And narrow, narrow at the coot,  
And broad, broad at the brawn.
- 6 'Your gloves shall be the marygold,  
All glittering to your hand,  
Well spread oer wi the blue blaewort,  
That grows in corn-land.'
- 7 'O fare you well, young man,' she says,  
'Farewell, and I bid adieu;  
Since you've provided a weed for me,  
Among the summer flowers,  
Then I'll provide another for you,  
Among the winter showers.
- 8 'The new-fallen snow to be your smock;  
Becomes your body neat;  
And your head shall be deckd with the eastern wind,  
And the cold rain on your breast.'

## B

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 187

- 1 ALL ye young men, I pray draw near,  
I'll let you hear my mind  
Concerning those who fickle are,  
And inconstant as the wind.
- 2 A pretty maid who late livd here,  
And sweethearts many had,  
The gardener-lad he viewd them all,  
Just as they came and gaed.
- 3 The gardener-lad he viewd them all,  
But swore he had no skill:  
'If I were to go as oft to her,  
Ye surely would me kill.
- 4 'I'm sure she's not a proper maid,  
I'm sure she is not tall;  
Another young man standing by,  
He said, Slight none at all.
- 5 'For we're all come of woman,' he said,  
'If ye woud call to mind,  
And to all women for her sake  
Ye surely should be kind.'
- 6 'The summer hours and warm showers  
Make the trees yield in the ground,  
And kindly words will woman win,  
And this maid I'll surround.'
- 7 The maid then stood in her bower-door,  
As straight as ony wand,  
When by it came the gardener-lad,  
With his hat in his hand.
- 8 'Will ye live on fruit,' he said?  
'Or will ye marry me?  
And amongst the flowers in my garden  
I'll shape a weed for thee.'
- 9 'I will live on fruit,' she says,  
'But I'll never marry thee;  
For I can live without mankind,  
And without mankind I'll die.'
- 10 'Ye shall not live without mankind,  
If ye'll accept of me;  
For among the flowers in my garden  
I'll shape a weed for thee.
- 11 'The lily white to be your smock;  
Becomes your body best;  
And the jelly-flower to be your quill,  
And the red rose in your breast.
- 12 'Your gown shall be o the pingo white,  
Your petticoat cammovine,  
Your apron o the seel o downs;  
Come smile, sweet heart o mine!
- 13 'Your shoes shall be o the gude rue red —  
Never did I garden ill —  
Your stockings o the mary mild;  
Come smile, sweet heart, your fill!
- 14 'Your gloves shall be o the green clover,  
Comes lockerin to your hand,  
Well dropped oer wi blue blavers,  
That grow among white land.'
- 15 'Young man, ye've shap'd a weed for me,  
In summer among your flowers;  
Now I will shape another for you,  
Among the winter showers.
- 16 'The snow so white shall be your shirt;  
It becomes your body best;  
The cold bleak wind to be your coat,  
And the cold wind in your breast.
- 17 'The steed that you shall ride upon  
Shall be o the weather snell,  
Well bridled wi the northern wind,  
And cold sharp showers o hail.
- 18 'The hat you on your head shall wear  
Shall be o the weather gray,  
And aye when you come into my sight  
I'll wish you were away.'

## C

Communicated from memory by Dr Thomas Davidson as learned in Old Deer, Aberdeenshire.

1 BURD ELLEN stands in her bower-door,  
As straucht 's a hollan wand,  
And by it comes the gairdner-lad,  
Wi a red rose in his hand.

2 Says, I have shapen a weed for thee  
Amang my simmer flowers;

. . . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

3 'Gin ye hae shapen a weed for me,  
Amang your simmer flowers,  
It's I'll repay ye back again,  
Amang the winter showers.

4 'The steed that ye sall ride upon  
Sall be o the frost sae snell,  
And I'll saddle him wi the norlan winds,  
And some sharp showers o hail.'

\* \* \* \* \*

A. *Kinloch has made changes in MSS, VII, 19, which appear in his printed copy.*

C. 2. "He goes on to describe his weed, promising

to array her in flowers more gorgeously than Solomon in all his glory."

4. "She continues, after the same style."

## 220

## THE BONNY LASS OF ANGLESEY

A. 'The Bonny Lass of Anglesey,' Herd's MSS, I, 148; Herd's Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, 1776, II, 231.

B. 'The Bonny Lass o Englessie's Dance,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 63.

THIS little ballad might perhaps rightfully have come in earlier, if I had known what to make of it. There is a resemblance, remarkable as far as it goes, to 'Little Kirstin's Dance,' Grundtvig, V, 118, No 263. Here the dance is for a match; the lass asks what she is to have if she wins, and is promised fifteen (five) ploughs and a mill, and her choice of the king's knights for a husband. In the Danish ballad (A), a king's son, to induce Little Kirstin to dance before him, promises a succession of gifts, none of which avail until he plights his honor and troth. The remainder of the story is like the conclusion of 'Gil

Brenton,' No 5: see especially I, 66. (Danish A is translated by Prior, III, 89, No 112.)

Kirstin tires out fifteen knights in Danish A 12, B 10, D 14 (in C 7 eleven); and a Kirstin tires out fifteen partners again in Grundtvig, No 126, F 32, No 245, A 16. In Norwegian versions of No 263, given by Grundtvig in an appendix, numbers are not specified; Kirstin in Norwegian A 6, D 18, tires out all the king's knights.

Buchan quite frightens one by what he says of his version, II, 314: "It is altogether a political piece, and I do not wish to interfere much with it."



## A

Herd's MSS, I, 148.

- 1 OUR king he has a secret to tell,  
And ay well keepit it must be :  
The English lords are coming down  
To dance and win the victory.
- 2 Our king has cry'd a noble cry,  
And ay well keepit it must be :  
'Gar saddle ye, and bring to me  
The bonny lass of Anglesey.'
- 3 Up she starts, as white as the milk,  
Between him and his company :  
What is the thing I hae to ask,  
If I sould win the victory ?'

- 4 'Fifteen ploughs but and a mill  
I gie thee till the day thou die,  
And the fairest knight in a' my court  
To chuse thy husband for to be.'
- 5 She's taen the fifteen lord[s] by the hand,  
Saying, 'Will ye come dance with me?'  
But on the morn at ten o'clock  
They gave it oer most shamefully.
- 6 Up then rais the fifteenth lord —  
I wat an angry man was he —  
Laid by frae him his belt and sword,  
And to the floor gaed manfully.
- 7 He said, 'My feet shall be my dead  
Before she win the victory ;'  
But before 't was ten o'clock at night  
He gaed it oer as shamefully.

## B

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 63.

- 1 WORD has gane thro a' this land,  
And O well noticed it maun be !  
The English lords are coming down  
To dance and gain the victorie.
- 2 The king has made a noble cry,  
And well attended it maun be :  
'Come saddle ye, and bring to me  
The bonny lass o Englessie.'
- 3 She started up, a' dress'd in white,  
Between him and his companie ;  
Said, What will ye gie, my royal liege,  
If I will dance this dance for thee ?

- 4 'Five good ploughs but and a mill  
I'll give you till the day ye die ;  
The bravest knight in all my court,  
I'll give, your husband for to be.'
- 5 She's taen the first lord by the hand,  
Says, 'Ye'll rise up and dance wi me ;'  
But she made a' these lords fifeteen  
To gie it up right shamefullie.
- 6 Then out it speaks a younger lord,  
Says, 'Fye for shame ! how can this be ?'  
He loosd his brand frae aff his side,  
Likewise his buckler frae his knee.
- 7 He sware his feet should be his dead  
Before he lost the victorie ;  
He dane'd full fast, but tired at last,  
And gae it up as shamefullie.

A. 1<sup>2</sup>, 2<sup>2</sup>. we'll keep it must and be.

## 221

## KATHARINE JAFFRAY

- A. a. 'Katharine Jaffray,' Herd's MSS, I, 61, II, 56.  
 b. The Aldine edition of Burns, 1839, III, 181, four stanzas.
- B. 'The Laird of Laminton,' Herd's MSS, I, 164, II, 58.
- C. 'Katherine Jaffarie,' "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 30, Abbotsford.
- D. 'The Laird of Laminton,' "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 3, Abbotsford.
- E. 'Cathrine Jaffray,' Skene MS., p. 81.
- F. 'Catherine Janferry,' Kinloch MSS, V, 315.
- G. 'Catharine Jaffery,' Maidment's North Countrie Garland, 1824, p. 34.
- H. Kinloch MSS, V, 313.
- I. Motherwell's MS., p. 327.
- J. 'Catherine Johnson,' Motherwell's MS., p. 75; 'Catherine Johnstone,' Motherwell's Minstrelsy, 1827, p. 225.
- K. 'Loch-in-var,' Buchan's Gleanings, 1825, p. 74.
- L. Macmath MS., p. 72, two stanzas.

THE ballad was first published by Sir Walter Scott, under the title 'The Laird of Laminton,' in the first edition of the Minstrelsy, 1802, I, 216. This copy was fashioned by the editor from two in Herd's MSS, A, B. In later editions of the Minstrelsy (III, 122, 1833), the ballad was given, with the title Katharine Janfarie, "in a more perfect state, from several recited copies." Twelve stanzas out of twenty-one, however, are repeated from the first edition. Much the larger part of what is not in Herd is taken from C; the name Lochinvar is adopted from D.\* A few peculiar readings may be from copies now not known, or may be the editor's.

The ballad in Christie, II, 16, is Scott's later copy, with the omission of the 16th stanza. That in Nimmo's Songs and Ballads of Clydesdale, p. 141, is J, from Motherwell's Minstrelsy.

A Scots laird woos a Scots maid and wins

\* Of D, W. Laidlaw writes as follows, September 11, 1802: "I had the surprise of a visit from my crack-brained acquaintance Mr Bartram of Biggar, the other day. He brought me a copy of the 'Laird of Laminton,' which has greatly disappointed my expectations. It is composed of those you have and some nonsense. But it overturns the

her favor. An English laird or lord, very liberal as to gowd and gear, comes to court the same lass, gains the consent of her friends (who had at least made no opposition to the earlier suit), and sets the wedding-day. The first lover comes to the wedding, backed by a strong body of armed men, whom he keeps out of sight. He is asked why he has come; it is for a sight of the bride or a word with her, or to take a glass of wine with her or the bridegroom, and this had he will go away. Getting near the bride on this pretence, he swings her on to his horse and is off. A bloody fight follows, but the bride is not retrieved. Englishmen may take warning by this not to seek wives in Scotland; it will always end in their being tricked and balked.

The attitude of the young woman to her first lover is not distinctly brought out in several copies. That she had jilted him in favor of a wealthier Englishman would probably

tradition of this country, for it makes the wedding and battle to have been at Lauchinwar." Letters addressed to Sir Walter Scott, I, No 73, Abbotsford.

For the particulars of the compilation of the copies in the Minstrelsy, see the notes to B, C.

not lessen the Scot's pleasure in carrying her off. In E 18, she does not go willingly; she greets and wrings her hands, and says it's foul play.\* In F 2, G 2, the first lover openly charges her with changing and foul play, and such is the implication in E 13. In B 14, the bride, seeing the bloodshed, exclaims, Wae 's me for foul play! and her lover replies, Wae to your wilful will for causing so much good blood to be spilt! from which we must infer a fault on her part. I 2 has the ambiguous line 'and his love drew away,' which cannot be interpreted to mean that the first lover was inconstant without flying in the face of all the other copies. D, J, K, unequivocally represent the lass as faithful to her first love. The bridegroom, in these versions, arranges the match with the family, and does not mention the matter to the lass until the wedding-day: so in C, H. † She sends word to her lover that if he will come for her she will go with him, D; writes 'to let him understand,' J, K, and not to pay him the cold compliment of an invitation to see her wed the man that has supplanted him, as in B 3, E 5, F 5, I 3.

In E 7-9, while the first lover is drinking with his comrades they incite him to carry off the bride on her wedding-day; so G 6, without explanation of the circumstances. In E 7-9, 12-15, he goes to the bridal-house, and sitting at a table vents words which the other guests cannot understand: there was a young man who loved a lass that to-day goes another man's bride, and plays her old love foul play; had *he* been so served, he would take the bride away. Upon this the English ask if he wishes a fight. There is something of this in B 7-10, F 13, 14, G 11-14.

The lover would wish to keep the strong body of men that he had brought with him

\* This phrase, owing to the accidents of tradition, comes in without much pertinency in some places; as in A 11, K 22, where *she* gars the trumpet sound foul play (altered in J 17, 18, to 'a weel won play' and 'a fair play').

† And in A, as here printed; but in the MS., by misplacement of 3, 5, the *lover* is absurdly made to omit telling the lass till her wedding-day.

‡ Four-and-twenty bonnie boys of the bridegroom's party are in C 13 clad in 'the simple gray;' for which Scott reads 'Johnstone grey,' 'the livery of the ancient family of Johnstone.' This circumstance, says this editor, appears to support J, "which gives Katharine the surname of John-

quite in the background until their cue came. When, therefore, in I 8, 9, the bridegroom's friends ask him what was that troop of youngers they had seen, he puts them off with the phrase, It must have been the Fairy Court; so in L. In B 5, 6 (where a stanza, and more, has dropped out), when the bridegroom sees this troop from a high window, the bride (from incredulity, it must be, and not because she is in concert with her old lover) says he must have seen the Fairy Court. G 15, 16, where the phrase comes in again, seems to have suffered corruption; any way, the passage is not quite intelligible to me.

Katharine Jaffray (Jamphray, Janfarie) is the lass's name in A, C-G, K, L; Katharine Johnstone ‡ in J; in B, H, I, she is nameless.

The lover is Lochinvar in E, F, G, I, K, L (note); Lamington in D, H, J; Lauderdale in A, C; he has no name in B. The bridegroom is Lochinvar in D, H; Lamington in B, Lymington, K; Lauderdale in F, G; Lochinton A, Lamendall E, Limberdale I (obvious mixtures of the preceding); Faughanwood in C; in J he has no name. The bridegroom should be an Englishman, but Lochinvar, Lamington, and Lauderdale are all south-Scottish names. B puts a Scot from the North Country in place of the titular Englishman of the other copies, but this Norland man is laird of Lamington.

The place of the fight is Cadan bank and Cadan brae, C, D; Cowden bank (banks) and Cowden brae (braes), A, H, J, the variation being perhaps due to the very familiar Cowdenknows; Callien, Caylin, Caley bank (buss) and brae, in E, I, F; Foudlin dyke and Foudlin stane in K. No place is named in B, G §. In I, the lass lives in Bordershellin.

A copy from the recitation of a young

stone." But the grey is the livery of Lord 'Faughanwood' in C, and the Johnstone seems to be a purely capricious venture of Scott's.

§ "Caddon bank," says W. Laidlaw in a letter to Scott, September 28, [1802], "is a very difficult pass on Tweedside opposite Innerliethen. The road is now formed through the plantation of firs. The bank is exceedingly steep, and I would not think it difficult even yet with ten clever fellows to give a hundred horsemen a vast of trouble." Letters addressed to Sir Walter Scott, I, No 74, Abbotsford. — Callien, etc., may be taken to be corruptions of Caden. Foudlin, in the northern K, might be Foudland, Aberdeenshire.



Irishwoman living in Taunton, Massachusetts (learned from print, I suppose, and in parts imperfectly remembered), puts the scene of the story at Edenborough town. A squire of high degree had courted a comely country girl. When her father came to hear of this, he was an angry man, and "requested of his daughter dear to suit his company," or to match within her degree. The only son of a farmer in the east had courted this girl until he thought he had won her, and had got the consent of her father and mother. The girl writes the squire a letter to tell him that she is to be married to the farmer's son. He writes in answer that she must dress in green at her wedding (a color which no Scots girl would wear, for ill luck), and he will wear a suit of the same, and wed her 'in spite of all that's there.' He mounts eight squire-men on milk-white steeds, and rides 'to the wedding-house, with the company dressed in green.' (See the note to L.)

'O welcome you, fair welcome!  
And where have you spent all day?  
Or did you see those gentlemen  
That rode along this way?'

He looked at her and scoffed at her,  
He smiled and this did say,  
'They might have been some fairy troops,  
That rode along this way.'

She fills him a glass of new port wine,  
which he drinks to all the company, saying,  
Happy is the man that is called the groom,  
but another may love her as well as he and  
take her from his side.

\* The heroine of this ballad, an historical lady of high rank, was the third in a regular line to be forcibly carried off by a lover. The date is 1287. Her mother and her grandmother were taken by the strong hand out of a convent in 1245 and about 1210; these much against their will,

Up spoke the intended groom,  
And an angry man was he,  
Saying, If it is to fight that you came here,  
I am the man for thee.

'It is not to fight that I came here,  
But friendship for to show;  
So give me one kiss from your lovely bride,  
And away from you I'll go.'

He took her by the waist so small,  
And by the grass-green sleeve;  
He took her out of the wedding-house,  
Of the company asked no leave.

The drums did beat and the trumpets sound,  
Most glorious to be seen,  
And then away to Edenborough town,  
With the company dressed in green.

Scott's *Lochinvar*, in the fifth canto of *Marmion*, was modelled on 'Katharine Jaffray.'

Another ballad (but a much later and inferior) in which a lover carries off a bride on her wedding-day is 'Lord William,' otherwise 'Lord Lundy,' to be given further on.

A Norse ballad of the same description is 'Magnus Algotson,' Grundtvig, No 181, III, 734,\* Syv, No 77, = 'Ungen Essendal,' Kristensen, *Jydske Folkeminder*, I, 104, No 41, 'Hr. Essendal,' X, 247, No 61, A. B. Syv's version is translated by Jamieson, *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, p. 335.

Scott's ballad is translated by Schubart, p. 198, Doenniges, p. 15. Knortz, *Schottische Balladen*, p. 65, translates Aytoun.

the other not so reluctantly, according to ballads in which they are celebrated, for curiously enough each has her ballad. See Grundtvig, vol. iii, Nos 138, 155, and No. 181, as above, and his remarks, p. 234, third note, and p. 738 f.



## A

a. Herd's MSS, I, 61, II, 56. b. The Aldine edition of Burns's Poems, by Sir Harris Nicolas, 1839, III, 181, from Burns's autograph.

- 1 THERE livd a lass in yonder dale,  
And down in yonder glen, O  
And Kathrine Jaffray was her name,  
Well known by many men. O
- 2 Out came the Laird of Lauderdale,  
Out frae the South Countree,  
All for to court this pretty maid,  
Her bridegroom for to be.
- 3 He has told her father and mither baith,  
And a' the rest o her kin,  
And has told the lass hersell,  
And her consent has win.
- 4 Then came the Laird of Lochinton,  
Out frae the English border,  
All for to court this pretty maid,  
Well mounted in good order.
- 5 He's told her father and mither baith,  
As I hear sindry say,  
But he has nae told the lass her sell,  
Till on her wedding day.
- 6 When day was set, and friends were met,  
And married to be,  
Lord Lauderdale came to the place,  
The bridal for to see.
- 7 'O are you came for sport, young man :  
Or are you come for play ?  
Or are you come for a sight o our bride,  
Just on her wedding day ?'
- 8 'I'm nouthar come for sport,' he says,  
'Nor am I come for play ;  
But if I had one sight o your bride,  
I'll mount and ride away.'
- 9 There was a glass of the red wine  
Filld up them atween,  
And ay she drank to Lauderdale,  
Wha her true-love had been.
- 10 Then he took her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the grass-green sleeve,  
And he mounted her high behind him there,  
At the bridegroom he askt nae leive.
- 11 Then the blude run down by the Cowden Banks,  
And down by Cowden Braes,  
And ay she gard the trumpet sound,  
'O this is foul, foul play !'
- 12 Now a' ye that in England are,  
Or are in England born,  
Come nere to Scotland to court a lass,  
Or else ye'll get the scorn.
- 13 They haik ye up and settle ye by,  
Till on your wedding day,  
And gie ye frogs instead o fish,  
And play ye foul, foul play.

## B

Herd's MSS, I, 164, II, 58.

- 1 THE gallant laird of Lamington  
Cam frae the North Countree  
To court a gallant gay lady,  
And wi presents entered he.
- 2 He neither stood for gould nor gear —  
For she was a well-fared may —  
And whan he got her friends' consent  
He set the wedding-day.
- 3 She's sent unto her first fere love,  
Gin he would come to see,
- And he has sent word back again  
Weel answered should she be.
- 4 He has sent a messenger  
Right quietly throo the land,  
Wi mony armed men,  
To be at his command.
- 5 The bridegroom looked out at a high window,  
Beheld baith dool and doon,  
And there he spied her first fere love,  
Come riding to the toun.
- 6 She scoffed and she scorned him,  
Upo the wedding-day,

- And said it had been the Fairy Court  
That he had seen in array.
- 7 But as he sat at yon table-head,  
Amo yon gentlemen,  
And he began to speak some words  
That na ane there could ken.
- 8 'There is a lass into this town —  
She is a weel-far'd may —  
She is another man's bride today,  
But she 'll play him foul play.'
- 9 Up did start the bonny bridegroom,  
His hat into his hand,  
. . . . .
- 10 'O cam you here, young man, to fight?  
Or came you here to flee?  
Or cam you here to drink good wine,  
And be good company?'
- 11 They filled a cup o good red wine,  
Drunk out between them twa:  
'For one dance wi your bonny bride,  
I shall gae hame my wa.'
- 12 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the grass-green sleeve,
- He's mounted her high behind himself,  
At her kin's speired nae leave.
- 13 Now . . . . .  
And swords flew in the skies,  
And droop and drowsie was the blood  
Ran our yon lilly braes.
- 14 The blood ran our the lilly bank,  
And our the lilly brae,  
And sighing said the bonny bride,  
'A, wae's me for foul play!'
- 15 'My blessing on your heart, sweet thing,  
Wae to your wilfu will!  
So many a gallant gentleman's blood  
This day as ye've garred spill.
- 16 'But a' you that is norland men,  
If you be norland born,  
Come never south to wed a bryde,  
For they 'll play you the scorn.
- 17 'They will play you the scorn  
Upo your wedding-day,  
And gie you frogs instead o fish,  
And do you foul, foul play.'

## C

"Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy,"  
No 30, Abbotsford. Sent Scott by William Laidlaw, in  
September, 1802; obtained by him from Jean Scott.

- 1 THERE leeft a may, an a weel-far'd may,  
High, high up in yon glen; O  
Her name was Katarine Janfarie,  
She was courtit by monie men. O
- 2 Up then cam Lord Lauderdale,  
Up thrae the Lawland border,  
And he has come to court this may,  
A' mountit in gude order.
- 3 He's telld her father, he's telld her mother,  
An a' the lave o her kin,  
An he has telld the bonnie lass hersel,  
An has her favour win.
- 4 Out then cam Lord Faughanwood,  
Out frae the English border,  
An for to court this well-far'd may,  
A' mountit in gude order.
- 5 He telld her father, he telld her mother,  
An a' the rest o her kin,  
But he neer telld the bonnie lass hersel  
Till on her waddin-een.
- 6 When they war a' at denner set,  
Drinkin the bluid-red wine,  
'T was up then cam Lord Lauderdale,  
The bridegroom soud hae been.
- 7 Up then spak Lord Faughanwood,  
An he spak very slee:  
'O are ye come for sport?' he says,  
'Or are ye come for play?'

- Or are ye come for a kiss o our bride,  
An the morn her waddin-day?’
- 8 ‘O I’m no come for ought,’ he says,  
‘But for some sport or play;  
An ae word o yer bonnie bride,  
Than I’ll horse an ride away.’
- 9 She filld a cup o the gude red wine,  
She filld it to the ee:  
‘Here’s a health to you, Lord Lauderdale,  
An a’ your companie.’
- 10 She filld a cup o the gude red wine,  
She filld it to the brim:  
‘Here’s a health to you, Lord Lauderdale,  
My bridegroom should hae been.’
- 11 He’s taen her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the gars-green sleeve,  
An he has mountit her behind him,  
O the bridegroom spierd nae leave.
- 12 ‘It’[s] now take yer bride, Lord Faughan-  
wood,  
Now take her an ye may;  
But if ye take yer bride again  
We will ca it foul play.’
- 13 There war four a twenty bonnie boys,  
A’ clad i the simple gray;  
They said the wad take their bride again,  
By the strang hand an the may.
- 14 Some o them were fu willin men,  
But they war na willin a’;  
Sae four an twentie ladies gay  
Bade them ride on their way.
- 15 The bluid ran down by the Cadan bank,  
An in by the Cadan brae,  
An ther the gard the piper play  
It was a’ for foul, foul play.
- 16 A’ ye lords in fair England  
That live by the English border,  
Gang never to Scotland to seek a wife,  
Or than ye’ll get the scorn.
- 17 They’ll keep ye up i temper guid  
Untill yer wadin-day,  
They’ll thraw ye frogs instead o fish,  
An steal your bride away.

## D

“Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy,” No.  
3, Abbotsford. Sent Scott September 11, 1802, by William  
Laidlaw; received by him from Mr Bartram of Biggar.

- 1 There lives a lass into yon bank,  
She lives hersell alone,  
Her name is Kathrine Jamphray,  
Well known by many a one.
- 2 Than came the Laird of Lamington,  
It’s frae the West Countrie,  
And for to court this bonnie may,  
Her bridegroom hopes to be.
- 3 He asked at her father, sae did he at her  
mother,  
And the chief of all her kin,  
But still he askd the lass hersell,  
Till he had her true love won.
- 4 At length the Laird of Lachenware  
Came from the English border,  
And for to court this bonnie bride,  
Was mounted in good order.
- 5 He asked at her father, sae did he at her  
mother,  
As I heard many say,  
But he never loot the lassie wit  
Till on her wedding-day.
- 6 She sent a spy into the west  
Where Lamington might be,  
That an he wad come and meet wi her  
That she wad with him gae.
- 7 They taen her on to Lachenware,  
As they have thought it meet;  
They taen her on to Lachanware,  
The wedding to compleat.

- 8 When they came to Lachanware,  
And near-han by the town,  
There was a dinner-making,  
Wi great mirth and renown.
- 9 Lamington has mounted twenty-four wiel-wight  
men,  
Well mounted in array,  
And he's away to see his bonnie bride,  
Just on her wedding-day.
- 10 When she came out into the green,  
Amang her company,  
Says, 'Lamington and Lachanware  
This day shall fight for me.'
- 11 When he came to Lachanware,  
And lighted on the green,  
There was a cup of good red wine  
Was filled them between,  
And ay she drank to Lamington,  
Her former love who'd been.
- 12 It's out and spake the bridegroom,  
And a angrie man was he:  
'It's wha is this, my bonnie bride,  
That ye loe better than me?
- 13 'It's came you here for sport, young man?  
Or came you here for play?  
Or came you for a sight of my bonnie bride,  
Upon her wedding-day?'
- 14 'I came not here for sport,' he says,  
'Nor came I here for play;
- But an I had ae word of your bride,  
I'll horse and gae my way.'
- 15 The first time that he calld on her,  
Her answer was him Nay;  
But the next time that he calld on her,  
She was not slow to gae.
- 16 He took her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the grass-green sleeve,  
He's pulld her on behind him,  
At the bridegroom speard nae leave.
- 17 The blood ran up the Caden bank,  
And down the Caden brae,  
And ay she bade the trumpet sound  
'It's a' for foul, foul play.'
- 18 'I wonder o you English squires,  
That are in England born,  
That ye come to court our Scots lasses,  
For fear ye get the scorn.
- 19 'For fear you get the scorn,' she says,  
'Upon *your* wedding-day;  
They'll gee you frogs instead of fish,  
And take your bride away.'
- 20 Fair fa the lads of Lamington,  
Has taen their bride away!  
They'll set them up in temper wood  
And scorn you all day.

## E

Skene MS., p. 81; taken down in the north of Scotland,  
1802-3.

- 1 BONNY Cathrin Jaffray,  
That proper maid sae fare,  
She has loved young Lochinvar,  
She made him no compare.
- 2 He courted her the live-long winter-night,  
Sae has he the simmer's day;  
He has courted her sae long  
Till he sta her heart away.
- 3 But the lusty laird of Lamendall  
Came frae the South Country,  
An for to gain this lady's love  
In entreid he.
- 4 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
He has gained her friends' consent,  
An sett the wedding-day.
- 5 The wedding-day it being set,  
An a' man to it . . . ,  
She sent for her first fair love,  
The wedding to come to.



- 6 His father an his mother came,  
 . . . . .  
 They came a', but he came no;  
 It was a foul play.
- 7 Lochinvar, as his comrads  
 Sat drinkine at the wine,  
 ['Fie] on you,' said his comrads,  
 'Tak yer bride for shame.
- 8 'Had she been mine, as she was yours,  
 An done as she has done to you,  
 I wad tak her on her bridal-day,  
 Fra a' her companie.
- 9 'Fra a' her companie,  
 Without any other stay;  
 I wad gie them frogs insted o fish,  
 An tak their bride away.'
- 10 He gat fifty young men,  
 They were gallant and gay,  
 An fifty maidens,  
 An left them on a lay.
- 11 Whan he cam in by Callien bank,  
 An in by Callien brae,  
 He left his company  
 Dancing on a lay.
- 12 He cam to the bridal-house,  
 An in entred he;  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .
- 13 'There was a young man in this place  
 Loved well a comly may,

- But the day she gaes an ither man's bride,  
 An played him foul play.
- 14 'Had it been me as it was him,  
 An don as she has don him tee,  
 I wad ha geen them frogs instead o fish,  
 An taen their bride away.'
- 15 The English spiered gin he wad fight;  
 It spak well in his mind;  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .
- 16 'It was no for fightin I cam here,  
 But to bear good fellowship;  
 Gae me a glass wi your bridegroom,  
 An so I go my way.'
- 17 The glass was filled o guid red wine,  
 . . . between them twa:  
 'Man, man I see yer bride,  
 An so I gae my waa.'
- 18 He was on guid horseback,  
 An whipt the bride him wi;  
 She grat an wrang her hands,  
 An said, 'It is foul play.
- 19 . . . . .  
 'An this I dare well say,  
 For this day I gaed anither man's bride,  
 An it's been foul play.'
- 20 But now sh's Lochinvar's wife,  
 . . . . .  
 He gaed them frogs instead o fish,  
 An tain their bride away.

## F

Kinloch MSS, V, 315, in the handwriting of John Hill Burton.

- 1 BONNY Catherine Janferry,  
 The dainty dame so fair,  
 She's faun in love wi young Lochinvar,  
 And she loved him without compare.
- 2 She loved him well, and wondrous well  
 To change her mind away;

- But the day she goes another man's bride,  
 And plays him foul play.
- 3 Home came the Laird o Lauderdale,  
 A' from the South Countree,  
 And a' to court this weel-fart may,  
 And I wat good tent took he.
- 4 Gold nor gear he did no spare,  
 She was so fair a may,  
 And he agreed wi her friends all,  
 And set the wedding-day.

- 5 She sent for her first true-love,  
Her wedding to come tee;  
His father and his mother both,  
They were to come him wi.
- 6 His father and his mother both,  
They were to come him wi;  
And they came both, and he came no,  
And this was foul play.
- 7 He 's sent a quiet messenger  
Now out thro a' the land,  
To warn a hundred gentlemen,  
O gallant and good renown.
- 8 O gallant and good renown,  
And all o good aray,  
And now he 's made his trumpet soun  
A voss o foul play.
- 9 As they came up by Caley buss,  
And in by Caley brae,  
'Stay still, stay still, my merry young men,  
Stay still, if that you may.
- 10 'Stay still, stay still, my merry young men,  
Stay still, if that you may;  
I 'll go to the bridal-house,  
And see what they will say.'
- 11 When he gaed to the bridal-house,  
And lighted and gaed in,  
There were four and twenty English lords,  
O gallant and good renown.
- 12 O gallant and good renown,  
And all o good aray,  
But aye he garred his trumpets soun  
A voss o foul play.
- 13 When he was at the table set,  
Amang these gentlemen,  
He begoud to vent some words  
They couldna understan.
- 14 The English lords, they waxed wroth  
What could be in his mind;  
They stert to foot, on horseback lap,  
'Come fecht! what 's i your mind?'
- 15 'I came na here to fecht,' he said,  
'But for good sport and play;  
And one glass wi yer bonny bridegroom,  
And I 'll go boun away.'
- 16 The glass was filled o good reed wine,  
And drunken atween the twa;  
'And one glass wi your bonny bride,  
And I 'se go boun away.'
- 17 Her maiden she stood forbye,  
And quickly she said, 'Nay  
I winna gee a word o her  
To none nor yet to thee.'
- 18 'Oh, one word o yer bonny bride!  
Will ye refuse me one?  
Before her wedding-day was set,  
I would hae gotten ten.
- 19 'Take here my promise, maiden,  
My promise and my hand,  
Out oer her father's gates this day  
Wi me she shanna gang.'
- 20 He 's bent him oer his saddle-bow,  
To kiss her ere he gaed,  
And he fastened his hand in her gown-breast,  
And tust her him behind.
- 21 He pat the spurs into his horse  
And fast rade out at the gate;  
Ye wouldna hae seen his yellow locks  
For the dust o his horse feet.
- 22 Fast has he ridden the wan water,  
And merrily taen the know,  
And then the battle it began;  
I 'me sure it was na mow.
- 23 Bridles brack, and weight horse lap,  
And blades flain in the skies,  
And wan and drousie was the blood  
Gaed lapperin down the lays.
- 24 Now all ye English lords,  
In England where ye 'r borne,  
Come never to Scotland to woo a bride,  
For they 'le gie you the scorn.
- 25 For they 'le gie you the scorn,  
The scorn, if that they may;  
They 'll gie you frogs instead of fish,  
And steal your bride away.

## G

Maidment's North Countrie Garland, p. 34.

- 1 O BONNY Catharine Jaffery,  
That dainty maid so fair,  
Once lovd the laird of Lochinvar,  
Without any compare.
- 2 Long time she lood him very well,  
But they changed her mind away,  
And now she goes another's bride,  
And plays him foul play.
- 3 The bonny laird of Lauderdale  
Came from the South Countrie,  
And he has wooed the pretty maid,  
Thro presents entered he.
- 4 For tocher-gear he did not stand,  
She was a dainty may;  
He 'greed him with her friends all,  
And set the wedding-day.
- 5 When Lochinvar got word of this,  
He knew not what to do,  
For losing of a lady fair  
That he did love so true.
- 6 'But if I were young Lochinvar,  
I woud not care a fly  
To take her on her wedding-day  
From all her company.
- 7 'Get ye a quiet messenger,  
Send him thro all your land  
For a hundred and fifty brave young lads,  
To be at your command.
- 8 'To be all at your command,  
And your bidding to obey,  
Yet still cause you the trumpet sound  
The voice of foul play.'
- 9 He got a quiet messenger  
To send thro all his land,  
And full three hundred pretty lads  
Were all at his command.
- 10 Were all at his command,  
And his bidding did obey,  
Yet still he made the trumpet sound  
The voice of foul play.
- 11 Then he went to the bridal-house,  
Among the nobles a',  
And when he stepped upon the floor  
He gave a loud huzza.
- 12 'Huzza! huzza! you English men,  
Or borderers who were born,  
Neer come to Scotland for a maid,  
Or else they will you scorn.
- 13 'She 'll bring you on with tempting words,  
Aye till the wedding-day,  
Syne give you frogs instead of fish,  
And play you foul play.'
- 14 The gentlemen all wondered  
What could be in his mind,  
And asked if he 'd a mind to fight;  
Why spoke he so unkind?
- 15 Did he e'er see such pretty men  
As were there in array?  
'O yes,' said he, 'a Fairy Court  
Were leaping on the hay.
- 16 'As I came in by Hyland banks,  
And in by Hyland braes,  
There did I see a Fairy Court,  
All leaping on the leas.
- 17 'I came not here to fight,' he said,  
'But for good fellowship gay;  
I want to drink with your bridegroom,  
And then I 'll boun my way.'
- 18 The glass was filled with good red wine,  
And drunk between them twae:  
'Give me one shake of your bonny bride's hand,  
And then I 'll boun my way.'
- 19 He 's taen her by the milk-white hands,  
And by the grass-green sleeve,  
Pulld her on horseback him behind,  
At her friends askd nae leave.
- 20 Syne rode the water with great speed,  
And merrily the knows;  
There fifty from the bridal came —  
Indeed it was nae mows —
- 21 Thinking to take the bride again,  
Thro strength if that they may;  
But still he gart the trumpet sound  
The voice of foul play.

22 There were four and twenty ladies fair  
 All walking on the lea;  
 He gave to them the bonny bride,  
 And bade them boun their way.

23 They splintered the spears in pieces now,  
 And the blades flew in the sky,

But the bonny laird of Lochinvar  
 Has gained the victory.

24 Many a wife- and widow's son  
 Lay gasping on the ground,  
 But the bonny laird of Lochinvar  
 He has the victory won.

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## H

Kinloch MSS, V, 313.

1 THERE was a lady fair, fair,  
 Lived low down in yon glen, O  
 And she's been courted far an near  
 By several gentlemen. O

2 At length the laird of Lammington  
 Came frae the West Country,  
 All to court that pretty girl,  
 And her bridegroom for to be.

3 He told her father, so did he her mother,  
 And all the rest of her kin,  
 And he has told the lass hersel,  
 And her kind favour has won.

4 At length the laird of Laughenwaur  
 Came frae the English border,  
 And all to court that pretty girl,  
 Well mounted in good order.

5 He told her father, so did he her mother,  
 As I heard people say,  
 But he ner told the lass hersel,  
 Till on her wedding-day.

6 But when the wedding-day was fixed,  
 And married for to be,  
 Then Lamington came to the town,  
 The bridegroom for to see.

7 'O are ye come for sport, sir?' he said,  
 'Or are ye come for play?

Or are ye for a sight o my bonny bride,  
 Upon her wedding-day?'

8 'A'm neither come for sport, sir,' he said,  
 'Nor am I come for play,  
 But if I had one word o the bride  
 I'd mount and go away.'

9 There was a cup of the good red wine  
 Was filled out them between,  
 And aye she drank to Lammington,  
 Who her true-love had been.

10 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
 And by the grass-green sleeve;  
 He's mounted her behind him then,  
 At the bridegroom speered no leave.

11 The blood ran down by Cowden banks,  
 And down by Cowden brae,  
 And aye they gaured the piper play  
 'It was a foul, foul play.'

12 Ye gentlemen of Lochenwaur,  
 That's laigh in England born,  
 Come ner to Scotland to court a wife,  
 Or be sure ye'll get the scorn.

13 The'll keep ye up, and tamper ye at,  
 Until yer wedding-day,  
 And they'll gie ye frogs instead o fish,  
 And they'll play ye a foul play.



## I

Motherwell's MS., p. 327, "from the recitation of Robert Sim, weaver, in Paisley, 16 July, 1825. It was a song of his father's, a great reciter of heroick ballads."

- 1 In Bordershellin there did dwell  
A comely, handsome may,  
And Lochinvar he courted her,  
And stole her heart away.
- 2 She loved him but owre weel,  
And his love drew away ;  
Another man then courted her,  
And set the wedding-day,
- 3 They set the wedding-day so plain,  
As plain as it might be ;  
She sent a letter to her former love,  
The wedding to come see.
- 4 When Lochinvar the letter read,  
He sent owre a' his land  
For four and twenty beltit knights,  
To come at his command.
- 5 They all came to his hand, I say,  
Upon that wedding-day ;  
He set them upon milk-white steeds,  
And put them in array.
- 6 He set them in array, I say,  
Most pleasant to be seen,  
And he 's awa to the wedding-house,  
A single man his lane.
- 7 And when he was to the wedding-house come,  
They were all sitten down ;  
Baith gentlemen and knights was there,  
And lords of high renown.
- 8 They saluted him, baith auld and young,  
Speired how he had spent the day,  
And what young Lankashires was yon  
They saw all in array.
- 9 But he answerd them richt scornfullie,  
Upon their wedding-day ;  
He says, It 's been some Fairy Court  
Ye 've seen all in array.
- 10 Then rose up the young bridegroom,  
And an angry man was he :  
'Lo, art thou come to fight, young man ?  
Indeed I 'll fight wi thee.'
- 11 'O I am not come to fight,' he sayd,  
'But good fellowship to hae,  
And for to drink the wine sae red,  
And then I 'll go away.'
- 12 Then they filld him up a brimming glass,  
And drank it between them twa :  
'Now one word of your bonnie bride,  
And then I 'll go my wa.'
- 13 But some were friends, and some were faes,  
Yet nane o them was free  
To let the bride on her wedding-day  
Gang out o their companie.
- 14 But he took her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the grass-green sleeve,  
And set her on a milk-white steed,  
And at nane o them speerd he leave.
- 15 Then the blood ran down the Caylin bank,  
And owre the Caylin brae ;  
The auld folks knew something o the sport,  
Which gart them cry, Foul play !
- 16 Ye lusty lads of Limberdale,  
Tho ye be English born,  
Come nae mair to Scotland to court a maid,  
For fear ye get the scorn.
- 17 For fear that ye do get the scorn  
Upon your wedding-day ;  
Least ye catch frogs instead of fish,  
And then ye 'll ca 't foul play.

## J

Motherwell's MS., p. 75, from the recitation of Mrs Thomson, an old woman of Kilbarchan.

- 1 THERE was a lass, as I heard say,  
Lived low down in a glen;  
Her name was Catharine Johnson,  
Weel known to many men.
- 2 Doun cam the laird o Lamingtoun,  
Doun frae the South Countrie,  
And he is for this bonnie lass,  
Her bridegroom for to be.
- 3 He 's askd her father and mother,  
The chief of a' her kin,  
And then he askd the bonnie lass,  
And did her favour win.
- 4 Doun cam an English gentleman,  
Doun frae the English border;  
He is for this bonnie lass,  
To keep his house in order.
- 5 He askd her father and mother,  
As I do hear them say,  
But he never askd the lass hersell,  
Till on her wedding-day.
- 6 But she has wrote a lang letter,  
And sealed it wi her hand,  
And sent it to Lord Lamington,  
To let him understand.
- 7 The first line o the letter he read,  
He was baith glad and fain;  
But or he read the letter owre  
He was baith pale and wan.
- 8 Then he has sent a messenger,  
And out through all his land,  
And four-and-twenty armed men  
Was all at his command.
- 9 But he has left his merry men,  
Left them on the lea;  
And he 's awa to the wedding-house,  
To see what he could see.
- 10 But when he came to the wedding-house,  
As I do understand,  
There were four-and-twenty belted knights  
Sat at a table round.
- 11 They rose all for to honour him,  
For he was of high renown;  
They rose all for to welcome him,  
And bade him to sit dbun.
- 12 O meikle was the good red wine  
In silver cups did flow,  
But aye she drank to Lamingtoun,  
For with him would she go.
- 13 O meikle was the good red wine  
In silver cups gaed round;  
At length they began to whisper words,  
None could them understand.
- 14 'O came ye here for sport, young man?  
Or cam ye here for play?  
Or cam ye for our bonnie bride,  
On this her wedding-day?'
- 15 'I came not here for sport,' he said,  
'Neither did I for play;  
But for one word o your bonnie bride  
I 'll mount and ride away.'
- 16 They set her maids behind her,  
To hear what they would say,  
But the first question he askd at her  
Was always [answered] nay;  
The next question he askd at her  
Was, 'Mount and come away.'
- 17 It 's up the Couden bank,  
And doun the Couden brae;  
And aye she made the trumpet sound,  
'It 's a weel won play.'
- 18 O meikle was the blood was shed  
Upon the Couden brae;  
And aye she made the trumpet sound,  
'It 's a' fair play.'
- 19 Come, all ye English gentlemen,  
That is of England born,  
Come nae doun to Scotland,  
For fear ye get the scorn.
- 20 They 'll feed ye up wi flattering words,  
And that 's foul play;  
And they 'll dress ye frogs instead o fish,  
Just on your wedding-day.

## K

Buchan's Gleanings of Scotch, English and Irish Scarce Old Ballads, 1825, pp. 74, 193; "taken down from oral tradition."

- 1 THERE lives a lass in yonder dale,  
In yon bonny borrows-town,  
Her name it is Catherine Jeffrey,  
She is loved by mony a ane.
- 2 Lord Lochinvar has courted her  
These twelve months and a day;  
With flattering words and fair speeches  
He has stown her heart away.
- 3 There came a knight from south sea-bank,  
From north England I mean,  
He alighted at her father's yetts,  
His stile is Lord Lymington.
- 4 He has courted her father and moth  
Her kinsfolk ane and aye,  
But he never told the lady hersell  
Till he set the wedding-day.
- 5 'Prepare, prepare, my daughter dear,  
Prepare, to you I say;  
For the night it is good Wednesday night,  
And the morn is your wedding-day.'
- 6 'O tell to me, father,' she said,  
'O tell me who it is wi;  
For I'll never wed a man on earth  
Till I know what he be.'
- 7 'He's come a knight from the south sea-bank,  
From north England I mean,  
For when he lighted at my yetts,  
His stile is Lord Lymington.'
- 8 'O where will I get a bonny boy  
Will win baith meet and fee,  
And will run on to Lochinvar  
And come again to me?'
- 9 'O here am I, a bonny boy  
That will win baith hose and sheen,  
And will run on to Lochinvar.  
And come right seen again.'
- 10 'Where ye find the brigs broken,  
Bend your bow and swim;  
Where ye find the grass growing,  
Slack your bow and run.
- 11 'When ye come on to Lochinvar,  
Byde not to chap nor ca,  
But set your bent bow to your breast  
And lightly loup the wa.
- 12 'Bid him mind the words he last spake,  
When we sended on the lee;  
Bid him saddle and ride full fast,  
If he be set for me.'
- 13 Where he found the brigs broken,  
He bent his bow and swam;  
Where he found the grass growing,  
He slackt his bow and ran.
- 14 When he came on to Lochinvar,  
He did not chap nor ca;  
He set his bent bow till his breast  
And lightly leapt the wa.
- 15 'What news? what news, my bonny boy?  
What news have ye to me?'  
'Bad news, bad news, my lord,' he said,  
'Your lady awa will be.'
- 16 'You'r bidden mind the words ye last spake,  
When we sended on the lee;  
You'r bidden saddle and ride full fast,  
Gin ye set for her be.'
- 17 When he came to her father's yetts,  
There he alighted down;  
The cups of gold of good red wine  
Were going roun and roun.
- 18 'Now came ye here for sport?' they said,  
'Or came ye here for play?  
Or for a sight of our bonny bride,  
And then to boun your way?'
- 19 'I came not here for sport,' he says,  
'Nor came I here for play,  
But if I had a sight of your bonny bride  
Then I will boun my way.'
- 20 When Lymington he called on her,  
She would not come at a',  
But Lochinvar he called on her,  
And she was not sweer to draw.
- 21 He has taen her by the milk-white hand,  
And by her silken sleeve,  
He has mounted her high him behind,  
He spiered nae mair their leave.

22 And aye she scoffed and scorned them,  
 And aye she rode away,  
 And aye she gart the trumpet sound  
 The voice of foul play,  
 To take the bride frae her 'bridegroom  
 Upon her wedding-day.

23 As they came in by Foudlin dyke,  
 And in by Foudlin stane,  
 There were mony gallant Englishmen  
 Lay gasping on the green.

24 Now a' you that are English lords,  
 And are in England born,  
 Come never here to court your brides,  
 For fear ye get the scorn.

25 For aye they 'll scoff and scorn you,  
 And aye they 'll ride away;  
 They 'll gie you frogs instead of fish,  
 And call it foul play.

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L

Macmath MS., p. 72, communicated January 13, 1883, by Dr Robert Trotter, as remembered from the recitation of his father, Dr Robert Trotter, of Dalry, Kirkcudbrightshire.

1 THEY askèd him and speirèd him,  
 And unto him did say,

'O saw ye ocht o an armed band,  
 As ye cam on your way?'

2 He jested them and jeerèd them,  
 And thus to them did say,  
 'O I saw nocht but a fairy troop,  
 As I rode on my way.'

A. a. *The second copy has some different spellings, and drops the second the in 11<sup>1</sup>. 3, 5 are 5, 3 in both. Sense requires the change: cf. also F 5, H 5, I 4.*

b. 1<sup>4</sup>. to many. 3 = the MS. 3. 4<sup>4</sup>. All mounted.

B. *The first copy is written in long lines (two to a stanza); neither is divided into stanzas. There are differences of spelling. 3<sup>1</sup>, 5<sup>2</sup>, fere seems to be meant for fair: cf. C 5<sup>2</sup>. 4<sup>4</sup>. At her, both: cf. E 7, G 4, H 8. 5<sup>2</sup>. Both copies have doom. 5<sup>2</sup>, 15<sup>4</sup>. First, behold, garned, in my copy, probably by error. Second, beheld, gard.*

*The second copy has these variations. 2<sup>3</sup>. got the. 3<sup>1</sup>, 5<sup>2</sup>. fere wanting. 15<sup>4</sup>. thing wanting. 16<sup>1</sup>. that are.*

*The first edition of the ballad in Scott's Minstrelsy is made up as follows (it being remembered that the editor did not profess or practice a servile fidelity in the treatment of his materials): B 1-6; B 10, A 7; A 8, B 11; A 9; B 12; B 13 (but mostly Scott's); A 11, B 14; B 15; B 16; A 13.*

*12 of these 15 stanzas are repeated in the later edition; the new stanzas in that copy*

*are 1-5, 14-16, 20. These are substantially C 1-5, 12-14, 16.*

*Some variations will be noticed under C.*

C. O, the tag to the second and fourth lines, is not written in 2, 4, 16<sup>2</sup>, 17<sup>4</sup>.

1<sup>2</sup>. into written over up.

2<sup>4</sup>. Weel in the margin against A'.

3<sup>2</sup>. rest struck out before lave.

4<sup>1</sup>. Up struck out before Out. Faughan Wood, here and 7<sup>1</sup>; in 12<sup>1</sup>, Faughan Wood.

7<sup>1</sup>. Up the then.

9<sup>1</sup>. gude struck out before red, and red written over.

15<sup>1</sup>. Originally down by; down struck out.

15<sup>2</sup>. Originally in by; in struck out. These last two changes, and others, seem to be editorial.

1-5, 12-14, 16, with variations, are 1-5, 14-16, 20 of the later edition of the ballad in Scott's Minstrelsy. Slight alterations, such as Scott was accustomed to make, do not require notice.

Scott, 3<sup>1,2</sup>. He told na in the Minstrelsy: almost certainly an arbitrary change, and not a good one, since it makes the hardship to Lauderdale the less.



- 4<sup>1</sup>. Lochinvar (*also in 14<sup>1</sup>*) for Lord Faughan-wood; *introduced from D.*  
 15<sup>2</sup>. clad in the Johnstone grey: *for which no authority is known.*  
 16<sup>3</sup>. Leader lads for ladies gay: *probably a conjectural emendation.*  
 20<sup>4</sup>. For fear of sic disorder: *presumably a change for rhyme, disorder suggested by 2<sup>4</sup>.*
- D. 9<sup>1</sup>. 24. 12<sup>1</sup>. It's is of later insertion, *perhaps editorial.*  
 14<sup>1</sup>. I came not here: *obscured in the process of binding.*  
 20. *This must be a mixture of two stanzas. The third line has no sense, and is not much improved by reading temper good, as in C 17<sup>1</sup>.*
- E. *Written mostly in long lines, without separation of stanzas, sometimes without a proper separation of verses. The division here made is partly conjectural.*  
 2<sup>1</sup>. She courted him.  
 3<sup>4</sup>. entreid or entried: *indistinct.*
- 6, 7<sup>1,2</sup>. His father an his mother came they  
   came a  
   but he came no  
 It was a foul play Lochinvar  
 As his comrades sat drinkine at the  
   wine
- 7<sup>3</sup>. . . . on. 13<sup>2</sup>. Lodged for Loved.  
 16<sup>3</sup>. Gae man glass me your.  
 17<sup>2,3</sup>.                                   between them tva man  
   Man I see, *etc.*
- F. 23<sup>1</sup>. *We have had a similar verse in the north-Scottish version of 'Hugh Spencer,' No 158, C 11: O bridles brak and great horse lap.*  
 H. 11<sup>4</sup>. It was awful foul foul play. *Awful was probably a misunderstanding of a foul.*  
 I. 8<sup>3</sup>. Lank-a-Shires. 14<sup>3</sup>. He is written over And.  
   15<sup>1</sup>. bank, *the original reading, is changed to heuch.*  
 J. 12<sup>1</sup>. Oh. 15<sup>4</sup>. go is written over ride.  
   *Motherwell made two slight changes in his printed copy.*  
 K. 1<sup>4</sup>. my mony. 2<sup>1</sup>. Loch-in-var; *and always.*  
   3<sup>1</sup>. South sea bank. 7<sup>1</sup>. the South sea bank.  
   10<sup>3</sup>. For for Where: *probably a misprint, perhaps a preservation of the northern f for wh.*  
   13<sup>3</sup>. the brigs broken, *wrongly repeated.*  
   16<sup>2</sup>. When we, *preserved from 12<sup>2</sup>.*  
   23<sup>3</sup>. Englishman.
- L. "The story of the ballad was that Lochinvar went to Netherby with a band of men dressed in green, whom he concealed near the tower, and with whose assistance he forcibly abducted the young lady."

## 222

## BONNY BABY LIVINGSTON

- A. 'Bonny Baby Livingston.' a. Jamieson-Brown MS. b. Jamieson's Popular Ballads, II, 135.  
 C. Motherwell's MS., p. 375; 'Barbara Livingston,' Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 304.  
 B. 'Barbara Livingston,' Buchan's MSS, I, 77.  
 D. 'Annie Livingston,' Campbell MSS, II, 254.  
 E. 'Baby Livingstone,' Kinloch MSS, V, 355.

Mrs Brown was not satisfied with A b, which Jamieson had taken down from her mouth, and after a short time she sent him A a. The verbal differences are considerable. We need not suppose that Mrs Brown had heard two "sets" or "ways," of which she

blended the readings; the fact seems to be that, at the time when she recited to Jamieson, she was not in good condition to remember accurately.

A a. Glenlioni carries off Barbara Livingston from Dundee and takes her to the High-

lands. She is in a stupor of grief. Glenlion folds her in his arms, and says that he would give all his flocks and herds for a kind look. She tells him that he shall never get look or smile unless he takes her back to Dundee; and he her that she shall never see Dundee till he has married her. His brother John tries to dissuade him; he himself would scorn a hand without a heart; but Glenlion has long loved her, and is resolved to keep her, nevertheless. Glenlion's three sisters receive Baby kindly, and the youngest begs her to disclose the cause of her grief. Baby tells the sympathetic Jean that she has been stolen from her friends and from her lover, and obtains not only the means of writing a letter to Johny Hay, the lover, but a swift-footed boy to carry it to Dundee. Johny Hay, with a band of armed men, makes all speed to Glenlion's castle. He calls to Baby to jump, and he will catch her; she, more prudently, slips down on her sheets; her lover takes her on his horse and rides away. Glenlion hears the ring of a bridle and thinks it is the priest come to marry him. His brother corrects the mistake; there are armed men at the castle-gate, and it turns out that there are enough of them to deter Glenlion's Highlanders from an attack. So Johny Hay conveys Baby Livingstone safely back to Dundee.

The other versions give the story a tragical catastrophe. In B, Barbara is forced into Glenlion's bed. Afterwards she exclaims that if she had paper and pen she would write to her lover in Dundee. No difficulty seems to be made; she writes her letter, and sends it by the ever-ready boy. Geordie, lying in a window, sees the boy, asks for news, and is told that his love is stolen by Glenlion. He orders his horse, in fact three horses, and also

\* At the end of the account of the parish of Livingstone, in *The Statistical Account of Scotland*, XX, 17, 1798, there is this paragraph: "It may also be expected that something should be said of the Bonny Lass of Livingstone, so famed in song; but although this ballad and the air to which it is sung seem to have as little claim to antiquity as they have to merit, yet we cannot give any satisfactory information upon the subject. All we can say is, that we have heard that she kept a public house at a place called the High House of Livingstone, about a mile west of the church; that she was esteemed handsome, and knew how to turn her charms to the best account." Dr Robertson, at the place above cited, treats this passage as pertaining to the ballad

a mourning hat and cloak; but though he tires out all three horses, his love is dead before he reaches Glenlion. This copy is pieced out with all sorts of commonplaces from other ballads: see 9 (which is nonsense), 10, 13, 14, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 29, 30.

C is a briefer, that is, an unforced, form of B. Glenlion is corrupted to Linlyon.

D has its commonplaces again. For Barbara we have Annie, and Glendinning for Glenlion, and a brother Jemmy instead of a lover. In E the ravisher is Lochell.

Dr Joseph Robertson in his *Adversaria*, MS., p. 87, gives these two lines of 'Baby Livingston':

O bony Baby Livingston  
Was playin at the ba.\*

The kidnapping of women for a compulsory marriage was a practice which prevailed for hundreds of years, and down to a late date, and, of course, not only in Great Britain. The unprotected female, especially if she had any property, must have been in a state of miserable insecurity, and even a convent was far from furnishing her an asylum. See for England, in the first half of the fifteenth century, Beamont's *Annals of the Lords of Warrington*, pp. 256-61 and 265 f.; for Scotland, in the same century and the two following, Sharpe's *Ballad Book*, p. 99 ff., R. Chambers's *Domestic Annals of Scotland*, 1858, I, 223-5, 415 f.; for Ireland, Froude, *The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*, 1872, I, 417 ff. Other Scottish ballads celebrating similar abductions are 'Eppie Morrie,' 'The Lady of Arngosk,' and 'Rob Roy,' which immediately follow. †

A b is translated by Grundtvig, *Engelske og skotske Folkeviser*, p. 126, No 18.

before us. But the reference is certainly to a song known as the "Lass o Livingston," beginning, 'The bonie lass o Liviston;' concerning which see Cromek's *Reliques of Robert Burns*, p. 204 of the edition of 1817, and Johnson's *Museum*, IV, 18, 1853.

† I will add one more corn to a heap. "Mrs Wharton, who was lately stole, is returned home to her friends, having been married against her consent to Captain Campbell" (November, 1690). *Luttrell's Relation*, II, 130. There is partial comfort, but somewhat cold, in the fact that the ravisher was in many cases ultimately unsuccessful in his object, as he is in all the ballads here given.

## A

a. Jamieson-Brown MS., Appendix, p. xii, sent by Mrs Brown to Jamieson, in a letter dated September 15, 1800.  
 b. Jamieson's Popular Ballads, II, 135, as taken from Mrs Brown's recitation a short time before a was written down.

- 1 O BONNY Baby Livingston  
 Went forth to view the hay,  
 And by it came him Glenlion,  
 Sta bonny Baby away.
- 2 O first he's taen her silken coat,  
 And neest her satten gown,  
 Syne rowd her in a tartan plaid,  
 And hapd her round and rown.
- 3 He has set her upon his steed  
 And roundly rode away,  
 And neer loot her look back again  
 The live-long summer's day.
- 4 He's carried her oer hills and muirs  
 Till they came to a Highland glen,  
 And there he's met his brother John,  
 With twenty armed men.
- 5 O there were cows, and there were ewes,  
 And lasses milking there,  
 But Baby neer anse lookd about,  
 Her heart was filld wi care.
- 6 Glenlion took her in his arms,  
 And kissd her, cheek and chin;  
 Says, I'd gie a' these cows and ewes  
 But ae kind look to win.
- 7 'O ae kind look ye neer shall get,  
 Nor win a smile frae me,  
 Unless to me you'll favour shew,  
 And take me to Dundee.'
- 8 'Dundee, Baby? Dundee, Baby?  
 Dundee you neer shall see  
 Till I've carried you to Glenlion  
 And have my bride made thee.
- 9 'We'll stay a while at Auchingour,  
 And get sweet milk and cheese,  
 And syne we'll gang to Glenlion,  
 And there live at our ease.'
- 10 'I winna stay at Auchingour,  
 Nor eat sweet milk and cheese,

Nor go with thee to Glenlion,  
 For there I'll neer find ease.'

- 11 Than out it spake his brother John,  
 'O were I in your place,  
 I'd take that lady hame again,  
 For a' her bonny face.
- 12 'Commend me to the lass that's kind,  
 Tho na so gently born;  
 And, gin her heart I coudna gain,  
 To take her hand I'd scorn.'
- 13 'O had your tongue now, John,' he says,  
 'You wis na what you say;  
 For I've lood that bonny face  
 This twelve month and a day.
- 14 'And tho I've lood her lang and sair  
 A smile I neer coud win;  
 Yet what I've got anse in my power  
 To keep I think nae sin.'
- 15 When they came to Glenlion castle,  
 They lighted at the yate,  
 And out it came his sisters three,  
 Wha did them kindly greet.
- 16 O they've taen Baby by the hands  
 And led her oer the green,  
 And ilka lady spake a word,  
 But bonny Baby spake nane.
- 17 Then out it spake her bonny Jean,  
 The youngest o the three,  
 'O lady, dinna look sae sad,  
 But tell your grief to me.'
- 18 'O wherefore should I tell my grief,  
 Since lax I canna find?  
 I'm stown frae a' my kin and friends,  
 And my love I left behind.
- 19 'But had I paper, pen, and ink,  
 Before that it were day,  
 I yet might get a letter sent  
 In time to Johny Hay.'
- 20 O she's got paper, pen, and ink,  
 And candle that she might see,  
 And she has written a broad letter  
 To Johny at Dundee.



- 21 And she has gotten a bonny boy,  
That was baith swift and strang,  
Wi philabeg and bonnet blue,  
Her errand for to gang.
- 22 'O boy, gin ye 'd my blessing win  
And help me in my need,  
Run wi this letter to my love,  
And bid him come wi speed.
- 23 'And here 's a chain of good red gowd,  
And gowdn guineas three,  
And when you 've well your errand done,  
You 'll get them for your fee.'
- 24 The boy he ran oer hill and dale,  
Fast as a bird coud flee,  
And eer the sun was twa hours height  
The boy was at Dundee.
- 25 And when he came to Johny's door  
He knocked loud and sair;  
Then Johny to the window came,  
And loudly cry'd, 'Wha 's there?'
- 26 'O here 's a letter I have brought,  
Which ye maun quickly read,  
And, gin ye woud your lady save,  
Gang back wi me wi speed.'
- 27 O when he had the letter read,  
An angry man was he;  
He says, Glenlion, thou shalt rue  
This deed of villany!
- 28 'O saddle to me the black, the black,  
O saddle to me the brown,  
O saddle to me the swiftest steed  
That eer rade frae the town.
- 29 'And arm ye well, my merry men a',  
And follow me to the glen,  
For I vow I 'll neither eat nor sleep  
Till I get my love again.'
- 30 He 's mounted on a milk-white steed,  
The boy upon a gray,  
And they got to Glenlion's castle  
About the close of day.
- 31 As Baby at her window stood,  
The west wind saft did bla;  
She heard her Johny's well-kent voice .  
Beneath the castle wa.
- 32 'O Baby, haste, the window jump!  
I 'll kep you in my arm;  
My merry men a' are at the yate,  
'To rescue you frae harm.'
- 33 She to the window fixt her sheets  
And slipped safely down,  
And Johny catchd her in his arms,  
Neer loot her touch the ground.
- 34 When mounted on her Johny's horse,  
Fou blithely did she say,  
'Glenlion, you hae lost your bride!  
She 's aff wi Johny Hay.'
- 35 Glenlion and his brother John  
Were birling in the ha,  
When they heard Johny's bridle ring,  
As first he rade awa.
- 36 'Rise, Jock, gang out and meet the priest,  
I hear his bridle ring;  
My Baby now shall be my wife  
Before the laverocks sing.'
- 37 'O brother, this is not the priest;  
I fear he 'll come oer late;  
For armed men with shining brands  
Stand at the castle-yate.'
- 38 'Haste Donald, Duncan, Dugald, Hugh!  
Haste, take your sword and spier!  
We 'll gar these traytors rue the hour  
That eer they ventured here.'
- 39 The Highland men drew their claymores,  
And gae a warlike shout,  
But Johny's merry men kept the yate,  
Nae ane durst venture out.
- 40 The lovers rade the live-lang night,  
And safe gat on their way,  
And bonny Baby Livingston  
Has gotten Johny Hay.
- 41 'Awa, Glenlion! fy for shame!  
Gae hide ye in some den!  
You 've lett'n your bride be stown frae you,  
For a' your armed men.'



## B

Buchan's MSS, I, 77.

- 1 BONNY Barbara Livingston  
Went out to take the air,  
When came the laird o Glenlyon  
And staw the maiden fair.
- 2 He staw her in her cloak, her cloak,  
He staw her in her gown;  
Before he let her look again,  
Was mony mile frae town.
- 3 So they rade over hills and dales,  
Through m[o]ny a wilsome way,  
Till they came to the head o yon hill,  
And showed her ewes and kye.
- 4 'O will ye stay with me, Barbara,  
And get good curds and whey?  
Or will ye go to Glenlyon,  
And be a lady gay?'
- 5 'The Highlands is nae for me, kind sir,  
The Highlands is nae for me,  
But, gin ye woud my favour win,  
Have me to bonny Dundee.'
- 6 'Dundee, Barbara? Dundee, Barbara?  
That town ye 'se never see;  
I'll hae you to a finer place  
Than eer was in Dundee.'
- 7 But when she came to Glenlyon,  
And lighted on the green,  
Every lady spake Earse to her,  
But Barbara could speak nane.
- 8 When they were all at dinner set,  
And placed the table round,  
Every one took some of it,  
But Barbara took nane.
- 9 She put it to her cheek, her cheek,  
She put it to her chin,  
And put it to her rosey lips,  
But neer a bit gaed in.
- 10 When day was gone, and night was come,  
And a' man bound for bed,  
Glenlyon and that fair lady  
To one chamber were laid.
- 11 'O strip, O strip, my love,' he said,  
'O strip and lay you down;'  
'How can I strip? How can I strip,  
To bed wi an unco man?'
- 12 He's taen out his little pen-knife,  
And he slit down her gown,  
And cut her stays behind her back,  
And forc'd her to lie down.
- 13 'O day, dear sir! O day, dear sir!  
O dear! if it were day,  
And me upon my father's steed,  
I soon shoud ride away.'
- 14 'Your father's steed is in my stable,  
Eating good corn and hay,  
And ye are in my arms twa;  
What needs you lang for day?'
- 15 'If I had paper, pens, and ink,  
And light that I may see,  
I woud write a broad, broad letter  
To my love in Dundee.'
- 16 They brought her paper, pen, and ink,  
And light that she might see,  
And she has written a broad letter  
To her love in Dundee.
- 17 And aye she wrote, and aye she grat,  
The saut tear blinded her ee;  
And aye at every verse's end,  
'Haste, my bonny love, to me!'
- 18 'If I had but a little wee boy,  
Would work for meat and fee,  
Would go and carry this letter  
To my love in Dundee!'
- 19 'O here am I, a little wee boy  
Will work for meat and fee,  
Will go and carry that letter  
To your love in Dundee.'
- 20 Upstarts the morn, the boy he ran  
Oer mony a hill and dale,  
And he wan on to bonny Dundee  
About the hour o twall.
- 21 There Geordy oer a window lay,  
Beholding dale and down;

- And he beheld a little wee boy  
Come running to the town.
- 22 'What news? what news, my little wee boy,  
You run sae hastilie?'  
'Your love is stown by Glenlyon,  
And langs your face to see.'
- 23 'Gae saddle to me the black, the black,  
Gae saddle to me the brown;  
Gae saddle to me the swiftest steed  
Will hae me to the town.
- 24 'Get me my hat, dyed o the black,  
My mourning-mantle tee,  
And I will on to Glenlyon,  
See my love ere she die.'
- 25 First he tired the black, the black,  
And then he tired the brown,  
And next he tired the swiftest steed  
Ere he wan to the town.
- 26 But for as fast as her love rade,  
And as fast as he ran,
- Before he wan to Glenlyon  
His love was dead and gane.
- 27 Then he has kissd her cheek, her cheek,  
And he has kissd her chin,  
And he has kissd her comely mouth,  
But no life was therein.
- 28 'O wae mat worth you, Glenlyon,  
An ill death mat ye die!  
Ye 've twind me and the fairest flower  
My eyes did ever see.
- 29 'But I will kiss your cheek, Barbara,  
And I will kiss your chin,  
And I will kiss your comely mouth,  
But neer woman's again.
- 30 'Deal well, deal well at my love's lyke  
The beer but and the wine,  
For ere the morn at this same time  
Ye 'll deal the same at mine.'

## C

Motherwell's MS., p. 375, from the recitation of Agnes  
Lyle of Kilbarchan.

- 1 FOUR-AND-TWENTY ladies fair  
Was playing at the ba,  
And out cam Barbra Livingston,  
The flower amang them a'.
- 2 Out cam Barbra Livingston,  
The flower amang them a';  
The lusty laird of Linlyon  
Has stown her clean awa.
- 3 'The Hielands is no for me, kind sir,  
The Hielands is no for me;  
But, if you wud my favour win,  
You 'll tak me to Dundee.'
- 4 'The Hielands 'll be for thee, my dear,  
The Hielands will be for thee;  
To the lusty laird o Linlyon  
A-married ye shall be.'
- 5 When they came to Linlyon's yetts,  
And lichted on the green,  
Every ane spak Earse to her,  
The tears cam trinkling down.
- 6 When they went to bed at nicht,  
To Linlyon she did say,  
'Och and alace, a weary nicht!  
Oh, but it's lang till day!'
- 7 'Your father's steed in my stable,  
He's eating corn and hay,  
And you're lying in my twa arms;  
What need you long for day?'
- 8 'If I had paper, pen, and ink,  
And candle for to see,  
I wud write a lang letter  
To my love in Dundee.'
- 9 They brocht her paper, pen, and ink,  
And candle for to see,  
And she did write a lang letter  
To her love in Dundee.

10 When he cam to Linlyon's yetts,  
And lichtit on the green,  
But lang or he wan up the stair  
His love was dead and gane.

11 'Woe be to thee, Linlyon,  
An ill death may thou die!  
Thou micht hae taen anither woman,  
And let my lady be.'

## D

Campbell MSS, II, 254.

1 BONNIE Annie Livingstone  
Was walking out the way,  
By came the laird of Glendinning,  
And he's stolen her away.  
The Highlands are no for me, kind sir,  
The Highlands are no for me,  
And, if you wad my favour win,  
You'd take me to Dundee.

2 He mounted her on a milk-white steed,  
Himself upon a grey,  
He's taen her to the Highland hills,  
And stolen her quite away.

3 When they came to Glendinning gate,  
They lighted on the green;  
There many a Highland lord spoke free,  
But fair Annie she spake nane.

4 When bells were rung, and mass begun,  
And a' men bound for bed,  
Bonnie Annie Livingstone  
Was in her chamber laid.

5 'O gin it were but day, kind sir!  
O gin it were but day!  
O gin it were but day, kind sir,  
That I might win away!'

6 'Your steed stands in the stall, bonnie Ann,  
Eating corn and hay,

And you are in Glendinning's arms;  
What need ye long for day?'

7 'O fetch me paper, pen, and ink,  
A candle that I may see,  
And I will write a long letter  
To Jemmy at Dundee.'

8 When Jemmie looked the letter on,  
A loud laughter gave he;  
But eer he read the letter oer  
The tear blinded his ee.

9 'Gar saddle,' he cried, 'my war-horse fierce,  
Warn a' my trusty clan,  
And I'll away to Glendinning Castle  
And see my sister Ann.'

10 When he came to Glendinning yet,  
He lighted on the green,  
But ere that he wan up the stair  
Fair Annie she was gane.

11 'The Highlands were not for thee, bonnie  
Ann,  
The Highlands were not for thee,  
And they that would have thy favour won  
Should have brought you home to me.

12 'O I will kiss thy cherry cheeks,  
And I will kiss thy chin,  
And I will kiss thy rosy lips,  
For they will neer kiss mine.'

## E

Kinloch MSS, V, 355, in the handwriting of John Hill Burton.

- 1 BONNY Baby Livingstone  
Went out to view the hay,  
And by there came a Hieland lord,  
And he's stown Baby away.
- 2 He's stown her in her coat, her coat,  
And he's stown her in her gown,  
And he let not her look back again  
Ere she was many a mile from town.
- 3 He set her on a milk-white steed,  
Himself upon another,  
And they are on to bonny Lochell,  
Like sister and like brother.
- 4 The bells were rung, the mass was sung,  
And all men bound to bed,  
And Baby and her Hieland lord  
They were both in one chamber laid.

5 'Oh day, kind sir! Oh day, kind sir!  
Oh day fain would I see!  
I would gie a' the lands o Livingstone  
For day-light, to lat me see.'

6 'Oh day, Baby? Oh day, Baby?  
What needs you long for day?  
Your steed is in a good stable,  
And he's eating baith corn and hay.

7 'Oh day, Baby? Oh day, Baby?  
What needs you long for day?  
You'r lying in a good knight's arms,  
What needs you long for day?'

8 'Ye'll get me paper, pen, and ink,  
And light to let me see,  
Till I write on a broad letter  
And send 't to Lord . . .'

\* \* \* \* \*

A. "On the other page you will find the whole ballad of Bonny Baby Livingston. I found upon recollection that I had the whole story in my memory, and thought it better to write it out entire, as what I repeated to you was, I think, more imperfect." *Mrs Brown, MS., Appendix, p. xv.*

- a. 35<sup>4</sup>. first *may be* fast, as in b.  
b. 1<sup>2</sup>. gaed out. 2<sup>1</sup>. And first. 2<sup>3</sup>. in his.  
3<sup>1</sup>. He's mounted her upon a.  
4<sup>1</sup>. oer yon hich hich hill. 4<sup>2</sup>. Intill a.  
4<sup>3</sup>. He met. 5<sup>1</sup>. And there.  
5<sup>2</sup>. And there were kids sae fair.  
5<sup>3</sup>. But sad and wae was bonny Baby.  
5<sup>4</sup>. was fu o.  
6<sup>1</sup>. He's taen her in his arms twa.  
6<sup>3</sup>. I wad gie a' my flocks and herds.  
6<sup>4</sup>. Ae smile frae thee to.  
7. A smile frae me ye'se never win,  
I'll neer look kind on thee;  
Ye've stown me awa frae a' my kin,  
Frae a' that's dear to me.

Dundee, kind sir, Dundee, kind sir,  
Tak me to bonny Dundee!

For ye sall neer my favour win  
Till it ance mair I see.

- 8<sup>3</sup>. But I will carry you.  
8<sup>4</sup>. Where you my bride shall be.  
9<sup>1</sup>. Or will ye stay at. 9<sup>2</sup>. And get.  
9<sup>3</sup>. Or gang wi me to. 9<sup>4</sup>. we'll live.  
10<sup>2</sup>. I care neither for milk nor. 10<sup>3</sup>. gang.  
11<sup>2</sup>. If I were in. 11<sup>3</sup>. I'd send.  
12<sup>3</sup>. coudna win.  
13<sup>1</sup>. tongue, my brother John. 13<sup>3</sup>. I hae.  
13<sup>4</sup>. This mony a year and day.  
14<sup>1</sup>. I've lued her lang and lued her weel.  
14<sup>2</sup>. But her love I.  
14<sup>3</sup>. And what I canna fairly gain.  
14<sup>4</sup>. To steal. 15<sup>3</sup>. they cam, his three sisters.  
15<sup>4</sup>. Their brother for to greet.  
16<sup>1</sup>. And they have taen her bonny Baby.  
17<sup>3</sup>. why look ye sae. 17<sup>4</sup>. Come tell.  
18<sup>3</sup>. I'm far frae. 19<sup>2</sup>. Afore.  
19<sup>3</sup>. letter wrate. 19<sup>4</sup>. And sent to.  
*After* 19: And gin I had a bonny boy  
To help me in my need,  
That he might rin to bonny Dundee,  
And come again wi speed.



20. *Wanting*. 21<sup>1</sup>. And they hae.  
 21<sup>2</sup>. Their errand for to gang.  
 21<sup>3</sup>. And bade him run to bonny Dundee.  
 21<sup>4</sup>. And nae to tarry lang. 22, 23. *Wanting*.  
 24<sup>1</sup>. oer muir. 24<sup>2</sup>. As fast as he.  
 25, 26. *Wanting*.

27. Whan Johnie lookit the letter on,  
 A hearty laugh leuch he ;  
 But ere he read it till an end  
 The tear blinded his ee.

O wha is this, or what is that,  
 Has stown my love frae me?

Although he were my ae brither,  
 An ill dead sall he die.

28<sup>1</sup>. Gae saddle to me the black, he says.  
 28<sup>2,3</sup>. Gae. 29<sup>1</sup>. He 's called upon his merry.  
 29<sup>2</sup>. To follow him to.  
 29<sup>3</sup>. And he 's vowd he 'd neither.  
 29<sup>4</sup>. he got his. 30<sup>1</sup>. him on.  
 30<sup>2</sup>. And fast he rade away.  
 30<sup>3</sup>. And he 's come to Glenlyon's yett.  
 31<sup>2</sup>. And the. 31<sup>4</sup>. Aneath.  
 32<sup>1</sup>. window loup. 34. *Wanting*.  
 35<sup>4</sup>. As fast. 36<sup>4</sup>. laverock. 37<sup>1</sup>. nae the.

B. 3<sup>4</sup>. ewes. *Indistinctly written*. 5<sup>2</sup>. fore.

## 223

## EPPIE MORRIE

'Eppie Morrie,' Maidment's North Countrie Garland, p. 40, 18

"THIS ballad," says Maidment, "is probably much more than a century old, though the circumstances which have given rise to it were unfortunately too common to preclude the possibility of its being of a later date." He does not tell us where the ballad came from, and no other editor seems to know of it. Two stanzas, 10, 11, occur in a copy of 'Rob Roy' (No 225, J) which had once been in Maidment's hands, and perhaps was obtained from the same region.

Four-and-twenty Highlanders, the leader of whom is one Willie, come to Strathdon from Carrie (Carvie?) side to steal away Eppie Morrie, who has refused to marry Willie. They tie her on a horse and take her to a minister, whom Willie, putting a pistol to his breast, orders to marry them. The minister will not consent unless Eppie is willing, and she strenuously refuses; so they take her to

Carrie side and put her to bed. She defends herself successfully, and in the morning comes in her lover, Belbordlane, or John Forsyth, well armed, and we presume well supported, who carries her back to her mother, to be his bride.

Scott, Introduction to Rob Roy, Appendix, No V, cites two stanzas of a ballad derived from tradition which, if we had the whole, might possibly turn out to be the same story with different names.

Four-and-twenty Hieland men  
 Came down by Fiddoch side,  
 And they have sworn a deadly aith  
 Jean Muir suld be a bride.

And they have sworn a deadly aith,  
 Ilke man upon his durke,  
 That she should wed with Duncan Ger,  
 Or they 'd make bloody worke.

- 1 FOUR-and-twenty Highland men  
Came a' from Carrie side  
To steal awa Eppie Morrie,  
Cause she would not be a bride.
- 2 Out it's came her mother,  
It was a moonlight night,  
She could not see her daughter,  
Their swords they shin'd so bright.
- 3 'Haud far awa frae me, mother,  
Haud far awa frae me;  
There's not a man in a' Strathdon  
Shall wedded be with me.'
- 4 They have taken Eppie Morrie,  
And horse back bound her on,  
And then awa to the minister,  
As fast as horse could gang.
- 5 He's taken out a pistol,  
And set it to the minister's breast:  
'Marry me, marry me, minister,  
Or else I'll be your priest.'
- 6 'Haud far awa frae me, good sir,  
Haud far awa frae me;  
For there's not a man in all Strathdon  
That shall married be with me.'
- 7 'Haud far awa frae me, Willie,  
Haud far awa frae me;  
For I darna avow to marry you,  
Except she's as willing as ye.'
- 8 They have taken Eppie Morrie,  
Since better could nae be,  
And they're awa to Carrie side,  
As fast as horse could flee.
- 9 When mass was sung, and bells were rung,  
And all were bound for bed,  
Then Willie an Eppie Morrie  
In one bed they were laid.
- 10 'Haud far awa frae me, Willie,  
Haud far awa frae me;  
Before I'll lose my maidenhead,  
I'll try my strength with thee.'
- 11 She took the cap from off her head  
And threw it to the way;  
Said, Ere I lose my maidenhead,  
I'll fight with you till day.
- 12 Then early in the morning,  
Before her clothes were on,  
In came the maiden of Scalletter,  
Gown and shirt alone.
- 13 'Get up, get up, young woman,  
And drink the wine wi me;'  
'You might have called me maiden,  
I'm sure as leal as thee.'
- 14 'Wally fa you, Willie,  
That ye could nae prove a man  
And taen the lassie's maidenhead!  
She would have hired your han.'
- 15 'Haud far awa frae me, lady,  
Haud far awa frae me;  
There's not a man in a' Strathdon  
The day shall wed wi me.'
- 16 Soon in there came Belbordlane,  
With a pistol on every side:  
'Come awa hame, Eppie Morrie,  
And there you'll be my bride.'
- 17 'Go get to me a horse, Willie,  
And get it like a man,  
And send me back to my mother  
A maiden as I cam.
- 18 'The sun shines oer the westlin hills;  
By the light lamp of the moon,  
Just saddle your horse, young John Forsyth,  
And whistle, and I'll come soon.'

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5<sup>1</sup>. pistol, and. 5<sup>2</sup>. Set.

16<sup>1</sup>. their.

## 224

## THE LADY OF ARNGOSK

Sharpe's Ballad Book, 1823, p. 99.

"THE following fragment," says Sharpe in his preface (he had not then recovered the second stanza), "I cannot illustrate either from history or tradition." Very soon after the publication of the Ballad Book, full particulars of the carrying off of the Lady of Arngosk were procured for him by David Webster, the bookseller. Webster addressed himself to Mrs Isobell Dow, otherwise Mrs Mac Leish, of Newburgh, Fife, whose mother, he had learned, was waiting-maid to the lady at the time of the rape. "In my very early years," he wrote, July 4, 1823, "I have listened with great delight to my mother when she sung me a song the first stanza of which was this:

The Highlandmen are a' cum down,  
They're a' cum down almost,  
They've stowen awa the bonny lass,  
The lady of Arngosk.

"Now Miss Finlay informs me that Isobel Stewart, your mother, was waiting-maid to the 'bonny lass' at the time she was 'stowen awa,' and that you are the most likely person now alive who will be able to recollect the song, or the particulars that gave rise to it. My reason for requesting this favour from a lady I have not the pleasure to know is, some gentlemen, my acquaintance, are making a collection of old Scots songs, which is printing, and they are anxious to have it as full as possible. We therefore wish a copy of the song entire, if you can recollect it, and the name of the lady who was the 'bonny lass,' etc. Mrs Dow replied, July 8, through John Masterton, that she was "sorrow" to say that

she could not recollect more of the song than Webster was already in possession of, but the story she could never forget, having heard her mother repeat it so often: and this story Masterton proceeds to give in Mrs Dow's own words. Although Mrs Dow was liberal of details, Webster seems to have wanted to hear more, and accordingly Masterton writes at greater length July 30, repeating what had been said before, with "some particular incidents" omitted in the former letter, but nothing very material except that Miss Gibb was rich, and that Isobell Dow had "brought to her recollection another verse of the song" (st. 2). The earlier letter even is somewhat out of proportion to so meagre a relic of verse, an intolerable deal of bread to a half-penny worth of sack; but it is very readable, and has some value as a chapter from domestic life in Scotland in the first half of the last century.\*

NEWBURGH, 8 July, 1823.

DEAR SIR. I am directed by Isobell Dow to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and to write you an answer to your request respecting the stealing awa the Lady of Arngosk. She is sorrow to say she cannot recollect any more of the song than what you are in possession of already. As for the truth of the story, she can never forget, having heard her mother repeat it so often. I will therefore give you it in her own words.

Yours, &amp;c., JN MASTERTON.

My mother was waiting-maid to the Lady of Arngask, whose name was Miss Margret Gibb, at which time two gentlemen paid addresses to her; the one a Mr Jamieson, a writer in Strathmiglo, the other a Mr Graham, of Bracko Castle, who was

\* I owe the knowledge of these letters to Mr Macmath, who sent me a copy that he was allowed to make by the  
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courtesy of the Messrs Brodie of Edinburgh, in whose possession they now are.



the subject of the story; but his love did not meet with a return suitable to his wishes; he therefore came to the strong resolution of taking her away by force. It will be proper to mention that he came two nights previous, when my mother was in the barn dighiting corn, and accosted her thus: Tiby, I want to see Margret. She answered: I doubt, Mr Graham, you canna see her the night, but I'll gang an tell her. She went and was ordered to tell him that he could not see her; which put him in such a frenzy that he ran up and down the barn through chaff and corn up to the middle; however, he forced in to her company, but what passed betwixt them my mother did not know. But on the second night after, at midnight, when in bed (my mother alway sleeping with Miss Gibb),\* a very sharp knock was heard at the door, which alarmed them very much, it being a lonely place. My mother went and called, who was there; she was answered, Open the door, Tiby, and see. She said: Keep me! Mr Graham, what way are you here at this time? Ye canna won in the night. She drew the bar, and was almost frightened out of her senses by the appearance of above thirty Hillandmen on horseback, all armed with swords and dirks, &c. She attempted to shut the door again, but Mr Graham pressed his knee in and forced his way. He went ben, and ordered them to put on their clothes an go along with him. Miss Gibb insisted on stoping ere daylight, and she would go with good will; but he would admit of no delay, but ordered her to dress herself immediately, otherwise he would do it by force. She then said she would not go unless Tiby accompanied her, which he said he intended to propose had she not mentioned it; but my mother would not go, she said, to ride behind none of these Hillandmen. Mr Graham then proposed to take her behind himself. They did then all mount; he at the same time used the precaution of placing sentries on the houses where the other servants lodged, to prevent them giving the alarm, and also three stout men at the bell of the church, to prevent it being rung. They kept their posts till they thought them a sufficient distance on the way, Mr Graham always joking to my mother about something or other, assuring her so soon as he had all over he would make her happy and comfortable all the days of her life. They rode on over hill and dale till within sight of Bracko Castle, when all of a sudden the Hillanmen dispersed, or deserted them, excepting his own imediate servants; which my

\* "Being her guardian as well as waiting-maid, as appointed by old Mrs Gibb when on her death-bed, they being, as the saying is, cousins once removed." Letter of July 30.

mother thought was because he had deceived them, saying that the lady was willing to marry him but her friends would not allow, which by this time they must have found out. He told my mother that a minister was waiting them at Bracko, but he must have been disappointed, for the minister never appeared; else, she always thought, they would be married. Report said that Mr Jamieson had so contrived to stop his arrival. My mother and Miss Margret were then secured in an upper room in the castle till the next day, when there appeared mostly all the men of the parishes of Arngask and Strathmiglo, demanding their lady; my father among the rest, demanding my mother as his intended wife. It seemed so soon as the Hillan sentries were gone from the houses and church-bell of Arngask, that the servants ran to the bell, and rang such a peal as made all the Ochles resound wi the sad news that their lady was stowen awa by Graham an his clan. Mr Jamieson was no less busy in alarming and rousing the indignation of the good folk of Strathmiglo, who were much attached to her interest, so that both parishes rose to a man, and armed themselves with whatever came in the way, and marched in a body to make an attack on the castle, and rescue their much esteemed lady. But on their making their appearance before the castle in such formidable array, Mr Graham thought it prudent to surrender rather than sustain the attack of such a body of desperate men. Mr Graham conducted them down stairs with his cap in hand (the gentlemen in those days wore velvet caps), and addressed her thus: I shall see you on your horse, Margret, for a' the ill you've done me, and bade her a long and lasting farewell; at which she stamped with her foot and recommended him to the devil. They all came home in safety, and the bells, that so lately rang to alarm and spread the dismal news, were again rung to proclaim the happy return of the lady that was stowen awa. Bonafires were also erected on the highest of the Ochles. She was married that same year to Mr Jamieson, and I suppose some of their children are alive to this day. It was generally reported that Mr Graham was so much affronted at the dissatisfaction that he left the country soon after.

Such, sir, is the story that gave rise to the song you are so much in request off, which I have gathered from Isobell Dow, and put in order according to my weak capacity, knowing it will fall into better and abler hands, and that, altho the song be a wanting, there is ample mater for composition.

I remain your most Obed<sup>t</sup> H<sup>le</sup> Serv<sup>t</sup>,

JOHN MASTERTON, for ISOBELL DOW.



P. S. I had almost forgot to mention as to the period of time when it happened, which cannot be less than 87 years, which Isobell makes out in the following maner; it being two years before her father and mother was married, and that they

lived together fifty-one years, it being now thirty-four years since her mother died, which makes it to have been about the year 1736.

J. M.

1 THE Highlandmen hae a' come down,  
They 've a' come down almost,  
They 've stowen away the bonny lass,  
The Lady of Arngosk.

2 They hae put on her petticoat,  
Likewise her silken gown;

The Highland man he drew his sword,  
Said, Follow me ye 's come.

3 Behind her back they 've tied her hands,  
An then they set her on;  
'I winna gang wi you,' she said,  
'Nor ony Highland loon.'

## 225

### ROB ROY

A. Skene MS., p. 44.

B. 'Rob Roy,' Kinloch MSS, I, 343.

C. 'Rob Roy MacGregor,' Motherwell's MS., p. 93.

D. 'Rob Roy,' "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 147, Abbotsford.

E. 'Rob Roy,' Piteairn's MSS, III, 41.

F. 'Rob Roy,' Campbell MSS, II, 229.

G. 'Rob Roy,' Cromek's Select Scottish Songs, 1810, II, 199.

H. Sir Walter Scott's Introduction to "Rob Roy," Appendix, No V.

I. 'Rob Roy,' Campbell's MSS, II, 58.

J. 'Rob Oig,' A Garland of Old Historical Ballads, p. 10, Aungervyle Society, 1881.

K. 'Rob Roy,' Laing's Thistle of Scotland, p. 93.

THE hero of this ballad was the youngest of the five sons of the Rob Roy who has been immortalized by Sir Walter Scott, and was known as Robert Oig, young, or junior. When a mere boy (only twelve years old, it is said) he shot a man mortally whom he considered to have intruded on his mother's land, and for not appearing to underlie the law for this murder he was outlawed in 1736. He had fled to the continent, and there he enlisted in the British army, and was wounded and made

prisoner at Fontenoy in 1745. He was exchanged, returned to Scotland and obtained a discharge from service, and, though still under ban, was able to effect a marriage with a woman of respectable family. She lived but a few years, and after her death, whether spontaneously or under the influence of his brother James, a man of extraordinary hardihood, Rob Oig formed a plan of bettering his own fortune, and incidentally that of his kin, by a marriage of the Sabine fashion with a

woman of means. The person selected was Jean Key, who had been two months the widow of John Wright. She was but nineteen years of age, and was living with her mother at Edinbelly, in Stirlingshire, and her property is said to have been, not the twenty thousand pounds of some of the ballads, but some sixteen or eighteen thousand marks.

On the night of December 8, 1750, Rob Oig, accompanied by his brothers James and Duncan and others, first placing guards at the door and windows, to prevent escape from within and help from without, entered the house of Jean Key, and not finding her, because she had taken alarm and hidden herself in a closet, obliged the mother to produce her daughter, under threats "to murder every person in the family, or to burn the house and every person in it alive." Jean Key, on being brought out, was told by James MacGregor that the party had come to marry her to Robert, his brother. "Upon her desiring to be allowed till next morning, or some few hours, to deliberate upon the answer she was to give to so unexpected and sudden a proposal as a marriage betwixt her, then not two months a widow, and a man with whom she had no manner of acquaintance," after some little expostulation, they laid hands upon her, dragged her out of doors, tied her on the back of a horse, and carried her first to a house at Buchanan, six miles from Edinbelly, thence to Rowerdennan, "thence, by water, to some part of the Highlands about the upper part of Loch Lomond, out of the reach of her friends and relations, where she was detained in captivity and carried from place to place for upwards of three months." At Rowerdennan, or further north, a priest read the marriage-service while the resolute James held up the young woman before him, and declared Rob Oig and her to be man and wife.

The rest of the story does not come into the ballad, but it may be added that both the military and the civil power took the matter in hand; that the MacGregors found it necessary to release their captive (who died, but not of the violence she had undergone, ten months after she was taken away); that James MacGregor was brought to trial in July, 1752, for hamesucken (invasion of a private house), forcible abduction of a woman, and constraining her to a marriage, was convicted of a part of the charge but not of the last count, and while the court had the verdict under consideration made his escape from Edinburgh castle; that Rob Oig was apprehended the following year, tried and condemned to death, and was executed in February, 1754.\*

We may easily believe that, as Scott says, the imagination of half-civilized Highlanders was not much shocked at the idea of winning a wife in a violent way. It had been common, and they may naturally have wondered why it should seem so particular in their instance. It is certain that Jean Key did not receive the sympathy of all of her own sex. A lady of much celebrity has told us that it is safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion, and there were those in Jean Key's day, and after, who thought it mere silliness to make a coil about a little compulsion. "It is not a great many years," Sir Walter Scott testifies, "since a respectable woman, above the lower rank of life, expressed herself very warmly to the author on his taking the freedom to censure the behaviour of the MacGregors on the occasion in question. She said, 'that there was no use in giving a bride too much choice upon such occasions; that the marriages were happiest lang syne which had been done off hand.' Finally, she averred that her 'own mother had never seen her father till the night he brought her up from

\* The jury, in James's trial, brought in a special verdict with the intent to save his life, but no such effort was made in favor of Rob Oig, though there was a mitigating circumstance in his case. For Jean Key "had informed her friends that, on the night of her being carried off, Robin Oig, moved by her cries and tears, had partly consented to let her return, when James came up, with a pistol in his hand, and asking whether he was such a coward as to relin-

quish an enterprise in which he had risked everything to procure him a fortune, in a manner compelled his brother to persevere." It may be remarked, by the way, that Duncan MacGregor had his trial as well, but was found not guilty. (Scott, Introduction to "Rob Roy," which I have mostly followed, introducing passages from the indictment in James MacGregor's case when brevity would allow.)

the Lennox with ten head of black cattle, and there had not been a happier couple in the country.'"

The ballad adheres to fact rather closely; indeed a reasonably good "dittay" could be made out of it. The halt at Buchanan is mentioned B 8, C 10, K 14; the road would be through Drymen, as in C 10, K 13; and Balmaha, H 2, is a little beyond Buchanan. Ballyshine is substituted for Buchanan in E 6, J 4. At Buchanan, or Ballyshine ('as they came in by Drimmen town, and in by Edin-garry,' K 13), a cloak and gown are bought (fetched) for the young woman to be married in, B 8, C 10, F 4. It is a cotton gown, E 6, coat and gown, A 8; in cotton gown she is married, J 4; meaning probably that she was married in a night-gown, having been roused from her bed. It is at Buchanan, or Ballyshine, that she is married. Four held her up to the priest, A, C, F (two, D, I, K, three, E, J, six, B), four laid her in bed, A, B, E, F, I, J, K (two, C, D).

Rob Roy is said to come from Drunkie (the home of his first wife), J 1; to come over the Loch of Lynn, G 2. Jean Key's abode

seems to be called White House (Wright?) in A 2, but Blackhills, C 2, and in K 2 Jean Key is called Blackhill's daughter. Blackhill is apparently a corruption of Mitchell, Jean's mother's maiden name. The mother is called Jean Mitchell in J 2.

In A 8, Rob Roy's party are wrongly said to tarry at Stirling. In J 2, Glengyle is said to go with him to steal Jean Mitchell's daughter. Glengyle, Rob Oig's cousin, and chief of his immediate family was, for a MacGregor, an orderly man,\* and did not countenance the proceeding. J 6, 7 belong to the ballad of 'Eppie Morrie,' No 223.

Rob Oig puts Jean Key's fortune at £20,000, A 13, C 19; 50,000 merks, D 14; 30,000, K 23; 20,000, which was not very far from right, E 10. The reading in B 15 is a manifest corruption of thirty thousand merks.

Old Rob Roy is in several copies spoken of as still alive. Though the time both of his birth and death is not accurately known, this was certainly not the case.

H is translated by Fiedler, *Geschichte der schottischen Liederdichtung*, I, 52.

### A

Skene MS., p. 44; from recitation in the north of Scotland, 1802-3.

- 1 ROB ROY, frae the high Highlands,  
Came to the Lawlan border;  
It was to steel a lady away,  
To keep his Highland house in order.
- 2 As he came in by White House,  
He sent nae ane before him;  
She wad hae secured the house,  
For she did ay abhor him.
- 3 Twenty men surrount the house, an twenty  
they went in,  
They found her wi her mither;

\* "Such, at least, was his general character; for when James Mohr [the Big], while perpetrating the violence at Edinbelly, called out, in order to overawe opposition, that Glengyle was lying in the moor with a hundred men to pat-

Wi sighs an cries an watery eyes  
They parted frae ane anither.

- 4 'O will ye be my dear?' he says,  
'Or will ye be my honnie?  
O will ye be my wedded wife?  
I lee you best of ony.'

- 5 'I winna be your dear,' [she says,]  
'Nor will I be your honnie,  
Nor will I be your wedded wife;  
Ye lee me for my money.'

- 6 . . . . . by the way,  
This lady aftimes fainted;  
Says, Woe be to my cursed gold,  
This road for me's invented!

ronise his enterprise, Jean Key told him he lied, since she was confident Glengyle would never countenance so scoundrelly a business." Scott, Introduction to "Rob Roy," ed. 1846, p. c.



- 7 He gave her no time for to dress  
Like ladies when they 're ridin,  
But set her on hie horseback,  
Himsel was ay beside her.
- 8 Whan they came to the Black House,  
And at Stirling tarried,  
There he bought her coat an gown,  
But she would not [be] married.
- 9 Four men held her to the priest,  
An four they did her bed,  
Wi sighs an cries an watery eyes  
Whan she by him was laid.
- 10 'Be content, be content,  
Be content wi me, lady;  
Now ye are my wedded wife  
Untill the day ye die, lady.
- 11 'My father was a Highlan laird,  
McGrigor was his name, lady;  
A' the country roun about  
They dreadit his great fame, lady.
- 12 'He kept a hedge about his lands,  
A prickle to his foes, lady,  
An every ane that did him wrang,  
He took him by the nose, lady.
- 13 'My father he delights in nout and goats,  
An me in horse and sheep, lady;  
You an twenty thousan pounds  
Makes me a man complete, lady.
- 14 'You 're welcome to this Highlan lan,  
It is my native plain, lady;  
Think nae mair of gauin back,  
But tak it for your hame, lady.
- 15 'I 'm gauin, [I 'm gauin,]  
I 'm gauin to France, lady;  
Whan I come back  
I 'll learn ye a dance, lady.
- 16 'Set your foot, [set your foot,]  
Set your foot to mine, lady;  
Think nae mair of gauin back,  
But tak it for your hame, lady.'

## B

Kinloch MSS, I, 343.

- 1 ROB ROY frae the Hielands cam  
Unto the Lawland border,  
And he has stown a ladie fair,  
To haud his house in order.
- 2 He guarded the house round about,  
Himsel went in and found her out,  
She hung close by her mither;  
Wi dolefu cries and watery eyes  
They parted frae each ither.
- 3 'Gang wi me, my dear,' he says,  
'Gang and be my honey;  
Gang and be my wedded wife,  
I loe ye best o onie.'
- 4 'I winna gang wi you,' she says,  
'I winna be your honey;  
I winna be your wedded wife;  
Ye loe me for my money.'
- 5 He gied na her na time to dress  
As ladies whan they 're brides,  
But hurried her awa wi speed,  
And rowd her in his plaids.
- 6 He gat her up upon a horse,  
Himsel lap on ahind her;  
And they 're awa to the Hieland hills;  
Her friends they canna find her.
- 7 As they gaed oure the Hieland hills,  
This lady aften fainted,  
Saying, Wae be to my cursed gowd,  
'This road to me invented!
- 8 As they gaed oure the Hieland hills,  
And at Buchanan tarried,  
He bought to her baith cloak and gown,  
Yet she wadna be married.
- 9 Six held her up afore the priest,  
Four laid her in a bed; O;  
Maist mournfully she wept and cried  
Whan she bye him was laid, O.



10 'O be content, be content,  
Be content to stay, ladie;  
For now ye are my wedded wife  
Unto your dying day, ladie.

11 'Rob Roy was my father calld,  
M'Gregor was his name, ladie;  
And in a' the country whare he dwalt  
He exceeded ae in fame, ladie.

12 'He was a hedge unto his friends,  
A heckle to his faes, ladie;  
And ilka ane that did him wrang,  
He beat him on the neis, ladie.

13 'I'm as bold, I am as bold  
As my father was afore, ladie;

Ilka ane that does me wrang  
Sall feel my gude claymore, ladie.

14 'There neer was frae Lochlomond west  
That eer I did him fear, ladie;  
For, if his person did escape,  
I seizd upon his gear, ladie.

15 'My father delights in horse and kye,  
In sheep and goats and a', ladie,  
And thee wi me and thirty merks  
Will mak me a man fu braw, ladie.

16 'I hae been in foreign lands,  
And servd the king o France, ladie;  
We will get the bagpipes,  
And we'll hae a dance, ladie.'

### C

Motherwell's MS., p. 93.

1 ROB ROY 's from the Hielands come  
Unto our Lowland border,  
And he has stolen a lady away,  
To keep his house in order.

2 Rob Roy 's come to Blackhill's gate,  
Twenty men his arms did carry,  
And he has stolen a lady away,  
On purpose her to marry.

3 None knew till he surrounded the house,  
No tidings came before him,  
Or else she had been gone away,  
For she did still abhor him.

4 All doors and windows guarded were,  
None could the plot discover;  
Himself went in and found her out,  
Professing how he loved her.

5 'Come go with me, my dear,' he said,  
'Come go with me, my honey,  
And you shall be my wedded wife,  
I love you best of onie.'

6 'I will not go with you,' she said,  
'Nor will I be your honey;  
I neer shall be your wedded wife,  
You love me for my money.'

7 But he her drew amongst his crew,  
She holding by her mother;  
With mournful cries and watery eyes  
They parted from each other.

8 No time they gave her to be dressed  
As ladies when they're brides, O,  
But hurried her away in haste;  
They rowed her in their plaids, O.

9 As they went over hills and rocks,  
The lady often fainted;  
Says, Wae may it be, my cursed money,  
This road to me invented!

10 They passed away by Drymen town,  
And at Buchanan tarried;  
They bought to her a cloak and gown,  
Yet she would not be married.

11 But without consent they joined their hands;  
By law ought not to carry;  
The priest his zeal it was so hot  
On her will he would not tarry.

12 Four held her up before the priest,  
Two laid her in the bed, O;  
Och, mournfully she weeped and cried  
When she by him was laid, O.

13 'Now you're come to the Highland hills,  
Out of your native clime, lady,

- Never think of going back,  
But take this for your hame, lady.
- 14 'Be content, be content,  
Be content to stay, lady;  
Now ye are my wedded wife  
Unto your dying day, lady.
- 15 'O Rob Roy was my father called,  
But McGregor was his name, lady;  
In all the country far and near  
None did exceed his fame, lady.
- 16 'I'm as bold, I'm as bold,  
I'm as bold as he, lady;  
In France and Ireland I'll dance and fight,  
And from them take the gree, lady.

- 17 'He was a hedge about his friends,  
But a heckle to his faes, lady,  
And every one that did him wrong,  
He took them owre the nose, lady.
- 18 'I'm as bold, I'm as bold,  
I'm as bold, and more, lady;  
Every one that does me wrong  
Shall feel my good claymore, lady.
- 19 'My father he has stots and ewes,  
And he has goats and sheep, lady,  
But you and twenty thousand puns  
Makes me a man complete, lady.'

## D

"Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy,"  
No 147, Abbotsford; in a handwriting of the early part of  
this century.

- 1 Rob Roy from the Highlands came  
Unto the Lowland border;  
It was to steal a ladie away,  
To keep his house in order.
- 2 He gae her nae time to dress herself  
Like a lady that was to be married,  
But he hoisd her out among his crew,  
And rowd her in his plaidie.
- 3 'Will ye go wi me, my dear?' he says,  
'Will ye go wi me, my honey?  
Will ye go wi me, my dear?' he says,  
'For I love you best of ony.'
- 4 'I winna be your dear,' she says,  
'Nor I'll never be your honey;  
I'll never be your wedded wife,  
For you love me but for my money.'
- 5 He hoisd her out among his crew,  
She holding by her mother;  
Wi watry eyes and mournfu cries  
They parted from each other.
- 6 As they gaed oer yon high hill,  
The ladie often fainted;

'Oh, wae be to my gold,' she said,  
'This road for me invented!'

- 7 Two held her up before the priest,  
And two put her to bed,  
Wi mournful cries and watry eyes  
As she lay by his side.
- 8 'Be content, be content,  
Be content wi me, ladie,  
For now you are my wedded wife  
' Until the day ye die, ladie.
- 9 'Rob Roy was my father calld,  
McGrigor was his name, ladie,  
And a' the country round about  
Has heard of Roy's fame, ladie.
- 10 'You do not think yourself a match  
For such a one as I, ladie;  
But I been east and I been west,  
And saird the king of France, ladie.
- 11 'And now we hear the bag-pipe play,  
And we maun hae a dance, ladie,  
And a' the country round about  
Has heard of Roy's fame, ladie.
- 12 'Shake your foot, shake your foot,  
Shake your foot wi me, ladie,  
For now you are my wedded bride  
Until the day ye die, ladie.

13 'My father dealt in cows and ewes,  
Likewise in goats and sheep, ladie,  
And a' the country round about  
Has heard of Roy's fame, ladie.

14 'And ye have fifty thousand marks,  
Makes me a man compleat, ladie ;

Why mayn't I maid  
May I not ride in state, ladie ?

15 'My father was a Highland laird,  
Altho he be now dead, ladie,  
And a' the country round about  
Has heard of Roy's fame, ladie.'

## E

Pitcairn's MSS, III, 41 ; "from tradition (Widow Steven-son)."

1 ROB ROY from the Highlands cam  
Unto our Scottish border,  
And he has stown a lady fair,  
To haud his house in order.

2 And when he cam he surrounded the house ;  
Twenty men their arms did carry ;  
And he has stown this lady fair,  
On purpose her for to marry.

3 And whan he cam he surrounded the house ;  
No tidings there cam before him,  
Or else the lady would have been gone,  
For still she did abhor him.

4 Wi murnfu cries and watery eyes,  
Fast hauding by her mother,  
Wi murnfu cries and watery eyes  
They parted frae each other.

5 Nae time he gried her to be dressed  
As ladys do when they 're bride, O,  
But he hastened and hurried her awa,  
And he rowd her in his plaid, O.

6 They rade till they cam to Ballyshine,  
At Ballyshine they tarried ;  
He bought to her a cotton gown,  
Yet would she never be married.

7 Three held her up before the priest,  
Four carried her to bed, O,  
Wi watery eyes and murnfu sighs  
When she behind was laid, O.

8 'O be content, be content,  
Be content to stay, lady,  
For you are my wedded wife  
Unto my dying day, lady.  
Be content, etc.

9 'My father is Rob Roy called,  
MacGregor is his name, lady ;  
In all the country whare he dwells,  
He does succeed the fame, lady.  
Be content, etc.

10 'My father he has cows and ewes,  
And goats he has anew, lady,  
And you and twenty thousand merks  
Will mak me a man complete, lady.'  
Be content, etc.

## F

Campbell MSS, II, 229.

1 ROB ROY frae the Highlands came  
Unto the Lawland border,  
And he has stolen a lady away,  
To haud his house in order.

2 He 's pu'd her out amang his men,  
She holding by her mother ;

With mournfu cries and watery eyes  
They parted frae each other.

3 When they came to the heigh hill-gate,  
O it 's aye this lady fainted :  
'O wae ! what has that cursed monie  
That 's thrown to me invented ?'

4 When they came to the heigh hill-gate,  
And at Buchanan tarried,

- They fetchd to her a cloak and gown,  
Yet wad she not be married.
- 5 Four held her up before the priest,  
Four laid her on her bed,  
With mournfu cries and watery eyes  
When she by him was laid.
- 6 'I'll be kind, I'll be kind,  
I'll be kind to thee, lady,  
And all the country for thy sake  
Shall surely favoured be, lady.
- 7 'Be content, be content,  
Be content and stay, lady;  
Now ye are my weded wife  
Until your dying-day, ladie.
- 8 'Rob Roy was my father called,  
McGregor was his name, lady;  
In every country where he was,  
He did exceed the fame, lady.

- 9 'He was a hedge about his friends,  
A terror to his foes, lady,  
And every one that did him wrong,  
He hit them oer the nose, lady.
- 10 'Be content, be content,  
Be content and stay, lady;  
Now ye are my wedded wife  
Until your dying-day, lady.
- 11 'We will go, we will go,  
We will go to France, lady,  
Where I before for safety fled,  
And there wee'll get a dance, lady.
- 12 'Shake a fit, shake a fit,  
Shake a fit to me, lady;  
Now ye are my wedded wife  
Until your dying-day, lady.

## G

Cromek, *Select Scottish Songs*, 1810, II, 194, 199; sent by Burns to William Tytler, in a letter.

- 1 ROB ROY from the Highlands cam  
Unto the Lawlan border,  
To steal awa a gay ladie,  
To haud his house in order.
- 2 He cam owre the Lock o Lynn,  
Twenty men his arms did carry;  
Himsel gaed in an fand her out,  
Protesting he would marry.
- 3 'O will ye gae wi me'? he says,  
'Or will ye be my honey?  
Or will ye be my wedded wife?  
For I love you best of any.'
- 4 'I winna gae wi you,' she says,  
'Nor will I be your honey,  
Nor will I be your wedded wife;  
You love me for my money.'

\* \* \* \* \*

- 5 But he set her on a coal-black steed,  
Himsel lap on behind her,  
An he's awa to the Highland hills,  
Whare her friens they canna find her.

\* \* \* \* \*

- 6 'Rob Roy was my father ca'd,  
MacGregor was his name, ladie;  
He led a band o heroes bauld,  
An I am here the same, ladie.
- 7 'Be content, be content,  
Be content to stay, ladie;  
For thou art my wedded wife  
Until thy dying day, ladie.
- 8 'He was a hedge unto his friens,  
A heckle to his foes, ladie,  
Every one that durst him wrang,  
He took him by the nose, ladie.
- 9 'I'm as bold, I'm as bold,  
I'm as bold, an more, ladie;  
He that daurs dispute my word  
Shall feel my guid claymore, ladie.'



## H

Sir Walter Scott's Introduction to his novel "Rob Roy,"  
Appendix, No V, Waverley Novels, Cadell, 1846, VII,  
cxxxiii; "from memory."

- 1 ROB ROY is frae the Hielands come  
Down to the Lowland border,  
And he has stolen that lady away,  
To haud his house in order.
- 2 He set her on a milk-white steed,  
Of none he stood in awe,  
Untill they reached the Hieland hills,  
Aboon the Balmaha.
- 3 Saying, Be content, be content,  
Be content with me, lady;  
Where will ye find in Lennox land  
Sae braw a man as me, lady?

- 4 'Rob Roy he was my father called,  
MacGregor was his name, lady;  
A' the country, far and near,  
Have heard MacGregor's fame, lady.
- 5 'He was a hedge about his friends,  
A heckle to his foes, lady;  
If any man did him gainsay,  
He felt his deadly blows, lady.
- 6 'I am as bold, I am as bold,  
I am as bold, and more, lady;  
Any man that doubts my word  
May try my gude claymore, lady.
- 7 'Then be content, be content,  
Be content with me, lady,  
For now you are my wedded wife  
Until the day ye die, lady.'

## I

Campbell MSS, II, 58.

- 1 ROB ROY is frae the Highlands come  
Unto the Scottish border,  
And he has stolen a lady gay,  
To keep his house in order.
- 2 He and his crew surrounded the house;  
No tidings came before him,  
Or else I'm sure she wad been gone,  
For she did still abhor him.
- 3 He drew her thro amang his crew,  
She holding by her mother;  
With watery eyes and mournfu cries  
They parted from each other.
- 4 He's set her on a milk-white steed,  
Himself jumped on behind her,  
And he's awa to the Highland hills,  
And her friends they couldna find her.
- 5 'O be content, be content,  
O be content and stay, lady,  
And never think of going back  
Until your dying day, lady.'
- 6 As they went over hills and dales,  
This lady oftimes fainted;

Cries, Wae be to that cursed money  
This road to me invented!

- 7 'O dinna think, O dinna think,  
O dinna think to ly, lady;  
O think na ye yersell weel matchd  
On sic a lad as me, lady?
- 8 'What think ye o my coal-black hair,  
But and my twinkling een, lady,  
A little bonnet on my head,  
And cocket up aboon, lady?
- 9 'O dinna think, O dinna think,  
O dinna think to ly, lady;  
O think nae ye yersell weel matchd  
On sic a lad as me, lady?
- 10 'Rob Roy was my father calld,  
But Gregory was his name, lady;  
There was neither duke nor lord  
Could eer succeed his fame, lady.
- 11 'O may not I, may not I,  
May not I succeed, lady?  
My old father did so design;  
O now but he is dead, lady.
- 12 'My father was a hedge about his friends,  
A heckle to his foes, lady,

- And every one that did him wrang,  
He hit them oer the nose, lady.
- 13 'I ['m] as bold, I ['m] as bold,  
I ['m] as bold, and more, lady,  
And every one that does me wrong  
Shall feel my good claymore, lady.
- 14 'You need not fear our country cheer,  
Ye 'se hae good entertain, lady;  
For ye shall hae a feather-bed,  
Both lang and broad and green, lady.
- 15 'Come, be content, come, be content,  
Come, be content and stay, lady,  
And never think of going back  
Until yer dying day, lady.'
- 16 Twa held her up before the priest,  
Four laid her in her bed,  
And sae mournfully she weeping cry'd  
When she by him was laid!
- 17 'Come, dinna think, come, dinna think,  
Come, dinna think to ly, lady;  
You 'll surely think yersell weel matchd  
On sic a lad as me, lady.
- 18 'Come, be content, come, be content,  
Come, be content and stay, lady,  
And never think of going back  
Until your dying day, lady.'

## J

A Garland of Old Historical Ballads, p. 10, Aungervyle Society, 1881, from a manuscript which had belonged to Maidment.

- 1 FROM Drunkie in the Highlands,  
With four and twenty men,  
Rob Oig is cam, a lady fair  
To carry from the plain.
- 2 Glengyle and James with him are cam,  
To steal Jean Mitchell's daughter,  
And they have borne her far away,  
To haud his house in order.
- 3 And he has taen Jean Key's white hand,  
And torn her grass-green sleeve,  
And rudely tyed her on his horse,  
At her friends asked nae leave.
- 4 They rode till they cam to Ballyshine,  
At Ballyshine they tarried;  
Nae time he gave her to be dressed,  
In cotton gown her married.
- 5 Three held her up before the priest,  
Four carried her to bed, O;  
Wi watery eyes and mournfu sighs  
She in bed wi Rob was laid, O.
- 6 'Haud far awa from me, Rob Oig,  
Haud far awa from me!  
Before I lose my maidenhead,  
I 'll try my strength with thee.'
- 7 She 's torn the cap from off her head  
And thrown it to the way,  
But ere she lost her maidenhead  
She fought with him till day.
- 8 'Wae fa, Rob Oig, upon your head!  
For you have ravished me,  
And taen from me my maidenhead;  
O would that I could dee!'
- 9 'My father he is Rob Roy called,  
And he has cows and ewes,  
And you are now my wedded wife,  
And can nae longer chuse.'

## K

Laing's Thistle of Scotland, p. 93; compounded, with some alterations, from two copies, one from Miss Harper, Kil-drummy, the other from the Rev. R. Scott, Glenbucket.

- 1 ROB ROY frae the Highlands came  
Doun to our Lowland border;  
It was to steal a lady away,  
To haud his house in order.
- 2 With four-and-twenty Highland men,  
His arms for to carry,  
He came to steal Blackhill's daughter,  
That lady for to marry.
- 3 Nae ane kend o his comming,  
Nae tiddings came before him,  
Else the lady woud hae been away,  
For still she did abhore him.
- 4 They guarded doors and windows round,  
Nane coud their plot discover;  
Rob Roy enterd then alane,  
Expressing how he lovd her.
- 5 'Come go with me, my dear,' he said,  
'Come go with me, my honey,  
And ye shall be my wedded wife,  
For I love you best of any.'
- 6 'I will not go with you,' she said,  
'I'll never be your honey;  
I will not be your wedded wife,  
Your love is for my money.'
- 7 They woud not stay till she was drest  
As ladies when thei'r brides, O,  
But hurried her awa in haste,  
And rowd her in their plaids, O.
- 8 He drew her out among his crew,  
She holding by her mother;  
With mournful cries and watry eyes  
They parted from each other.
- 9 He placed her upon a steed,  
Then jumped on behind her,  
And they are to the Highlands gone,  
Her friends they cannot find her.
- 10 With many a heavy sob and wail,  
They saw, as they stood by her,  
She was so guarded round about  
Her friends could not come nigh her.
- 11 Her mournful cries were often heard,  
But no aid came unto her;  
They guarded her on every side  
That they could not rescue her.
- 12 Over rugged hills and dales  
They rode; the lady fainted;  
Cried, Woe be to my cursed gold  
That has such roads invented!
- 13 As they came in by Drimmen town  
And in by Edingarry,  
He bought to her both cloak and gown,  
Still thinking she would marry.
- 14 As they went down yon bonny burn-side,  
They at Buchanan tarried;  
He clothed her there as a bride,  
Yet she would not be married.
- 15 Without consent they joind their hands,  
Which law ought not to carry;  
His passion waxed now so hot  
He could no longer tarry.
- 16 Two held her up before the priest,  
Four laid her in the bed then,  
With sighs and cries and watery eyes  
When she was laid beside him.
- 17 'Ye are come to our Highland hills,  
Far frae thy native clan, lady;  
Never think of going back,  
But take it for thy home, lady.
- 18 'I'll be kind, I'll be kind,  
I'll be kind to thee, lady;  
All the country, for thy sake,  
Shall surely favourd be, lady.
- 19 'Rob Roy was my father calld,  
MacGregor was his name, lady,  
And all the country where he dwelt  
He did exceed for fame, lady.
- 20 'Now or then, now or then,  
Now or then deny, lady;  
Don't you think yourself well of  
With a pretty man like I, lady?
- 21 'He was a hedge about his friends,  
A heckle to his foes, lady,  
And all that did him any wrong,  
He took them by the nose, lady.
- 22 'Don't think, don't think,  
Don't think I lie, lady,  
Ye may know the truth by what  
Was done in your countrý, lady.
- 23 'My father delights in cows and horse,  
Likewise in goats and sheep, lady,  
And you with thirty thousand marks  
Makes me a man complete, lady.

- 24 'Be content, be content,  
Be content and stay, lady;  
Now ye are my wedded wife  
Untill your dying day, lady.
- 25 'Your friends will all seek after me,  
But I'll give them the scorn, lady;  
Before dragoons come oer the Forth,  
We shall be down by Lorn, lady.
- 26 'I am bold, I am bold,  
But bolder than before, lady;

Any one dare come this way  
Shall feel my good claymore, lady.

- 27 'We shall cross the raging seas,  
We shall go to France, lady;  
There we'll gar the piper play,  
And then we'll have a dance, lady.

- 28 'Shake a foot, shake a foot,  
Shake a foot wi me, lady,  
'And ye shall be my wedded wife  
Until the day ye die, lady.'

A. 6<sup>12</sup>. *In one line*: By the way this lady aiftimes  
fainted. Cf. B 7, C 9, etc.

12<sup>2</sup>. prickle: a bad reading for heckle.

15, 16. *Each written in two lines in the MS.*

B. 15<sup>8</sup>. wi me and thirty merks. *Corrupted from*  
wi, or and, thirty thousand merks: cf. K, 23<sup>8</sup>.

C. "Tune, Gipsy Laddy," 1-12.

13. "Tune changes to Haud awa fra me, Do-  
nald."

14, 16, 18 *are written as a burden to the stan-  
zas preceding them.*

7<sup>8</sup>. weepin *originally written for watery, and*  
*erased.*

18<sup>2</sup>. as bold I'll roar: *more written over roar.*

D. *After 7*: Answer to Rob Roy. 8-15 *are writ-  
ten in four stanzas of long lines.*

9<sup>4</sup>. Rob *struck out before* Roy's.

E. "The first part [1-7] is sung to the air of  
Bonny House of Airly, and the last, Haud  
awa frae me, Donald."

7<sup>4</sup>. was laid behind, O: behind *wrongly for*  
*by him.* Cf. A 9<sup>4</sup>, etc.

9<sup>4</sup>. succeed the fame. *So I 10 nearly*: F 8  
did exceed the fame. *This line evidently*  
*troubled reciters. Another set, says Pit-*

*cairn, gives, It did exceed the same.* B 11,  
C 15, K 19 *have a reading which we may*  
*take to be near the original.*

F. 1<sup>4</sup>. To keep (haud).

G. *In stanzas of eight lines.* "Tune, a rude set  
of Mill, Mill O." *After 4*: "The song went  
on to narrate the forcing her to bed; when  
the tune changes to something like Jenny  
dang the weaver."

I. 12<sup>4</sup>. *As a variation, but wrongly (see 13<sup>4</sup>), Did*  
*feel his good claymore, lady.*

J. "I had the first copy from Miss Harper, Kil-  
drummy; but fearing imperfections, I made  
application, and by chance got another copy  
from the Rev. R. Scott, Glenbucket. These  
I blended together and formed a very good  
copy; but I have taken the liberty of alter-  
ing the order of some of the stanzas, and in  
particular, taking out the ninth and making  
it the eleventh, and changing some of the  
words to make it more agreeable." p. 97.  
*Original readings in 2<sup>2</sup>, specified by Laing,*  
*have been restored, and his 11 put back to*  
*9. What follows 16 has the title, Varia-*  
*tion.*



















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